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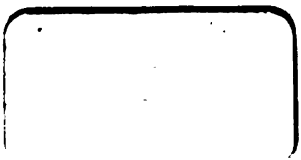

NOBLE DAMES AND NOTABLE MEN OF THE GEORGIAN ERA

Lady Mary Coke
after a painting by Allan Ramsay

NEW YORK
JOHN LANE COMPANY
MCMXI

NOBLE DAMES AND NOTABLE MEN OF THE GEORGIAN ERA

BY

JOHN FYVIE

AUTHOR OF "SOME FAMOUS WOMEN OF WIT AND BEAUTY," "COMEDY QUEENS OF THE GEORGIAN ERA," ETC., ETC.

NEW YORK

JOHN LANE COMPANY

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PREFACE

THE reader will be in little danger of supposing me to imply that the Georgian era did not produce nobler dames and more notable men than any I have included in the present volume. Nevertheless, it may perhaps be advisable for me to point out that the subjects of the six character sketches here brought together have been selected because, in addition to the interest of their several life histories, they all exhibit some peculiarity, or quaintness, or eccentricity, of mind and behaviour, such as would have caused our forebears to dub them emphatically "characters."

So far as was possible, I have let Horace Walpole tell the story of Lady Mary Coke, supplementing him, where necessary, from other sources, and especially from Lady Louisa Stuart's brief but brilliant sketch of the family of John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, which was prefixed to the portion of Lady Mary's "Journal" privately printed for Lord Home in 1889. It was not permissible for me to quote (as I should have been very glad to do pretty extensively) from Lady Louisa's delightful little memoir; but I am especially fortunate in being able to enrich and enliven my narrative by the inclusion of eighteen scarcely known letters of Horace Walpole. When Cunningham issued his great edition of Walpole's "Letters," and for a good many years afterwards, it was thought that only one letter of his to Lady Mary Coke had survived; but some eighteen or twenty years ago a packet was found amongst the papers of the late Mr. Drummond-Moray which contained no less than twenty-six hitherto unknown letters from Walpole to the lady, of various dates ranging from 1759 to 1772. These letters were included in the third volume of Lady Mary's "Journal," which was privately printed in 1892. I have to express my most cordial thanks to Colonel Home Drummond-Moray for

permitting me to use these letters, and also to Lord Home for allowing me to copy them from his privately printed book. Whether or not it be true that people's characters may be always as well known by the letters addressed to them as by those of their own composition, it is certainly the fact that these letters to Lady Mary Coke contain not a few indications of the character of the recipient, as well as of that of the writer; and they are likewise amongst the pleasantest and wittiest epistles that even that prince of letter-writers ever penned.

The sketch of Lady Holland was written before the appearance of the selection from her "Journal" which was published under the editorship of Lord Ilchester in 1909. But I have not found it necessary to make any alteration, because, as Lord Ilchester says, the later career of Lady Holland does not come within the scope of his volumes, and it is that later career alone with which I have attempted to deal. If it should be objected that Lady Holland, who died as recently as 1845, does not properly come within the period indicated in my title, I would reply that she was born in the 10th of George the Third; that she was, both literally and metaphorically, a child of the eighteenth century; and, moreover, that the period which we refer to somewhat vaguely as "the Georgian era," or "the eighteenth century," did not, as Sir Walter Besant first pointed out, come to an end on December 31st, 1800, or even on the day of the death of George the Fourth, but lasted on, in all its essential characteristics, at least until about the time of the accession of Queen Victoria.

J. F.

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I

A GRANDE DAME—*LADY MARY COKE*

I

A *GRANDE DAME*—LADY MARY COKE

HOLKHAM HALL, in Norfolk, is one of the stateliest of the stately homes of England. It was built in the earlier half of the eighteenth century by Thomas Coke, Earl of Leicester, after a design by the classic Palladio. In order that it might stand as a monument of his name for ever, it was constructed of specially made bricks and mortar, carefully fashioned after the pattern of the marvellously durable bricks and mortar of the ancient Romans. Its casements and window-sashes were of burnished gold. Its great marble and alabaster hall was adorned with priceless antique statuary, for which his agents ransacked Italy and Greece. Its spacious rooms were filled with costly furniture and curios, and their walls hung with beautiful tapestries and with pictures by Titian, and Van Dyk, and Paul Veronese, and Holbein, and other old masters. For the last five-and-twenty years of his life Lord Leicester devoted himself to the personal superintendence of every detail of the building and adornment of this splendid palace, which he had planned to be the envied habitation, not of himself only, but of his children's children for generation after generation. But the fates conspired against the realisation of his dream. Of all his children only one survived infancy, and that one, Edward, Viscount Coke, lived such a life of drunken riot and debauchery that his excesses threatened to bring him to an early grave. After he came of age the one hope of his anxious parents was that a suitable marriage might regenerate their graceless son, or, at the least, provide an heir to the family title and estates; and they consequently negotiated, in the fashion of those times,

for an alliance with some family possessed either of blue blood or of money. Notwithstanding the enormous wealth to which he was heir, it was apparently the money that was looked out for first, for, as Horace Walpole remarks, it was only after "offering him to all the great lumps of gold in all the alleys of the City" that they settled upon one of the daughters of the Dowager Duchess of Argyll, a young damsel who undoubtedly had the bluest of blood in her veins, but whose portion was only a paltry £12,000. Before saying anything further about this lady herself, it will be worth while to make a few observations concerning her parentage.

In 1712 John, Duke of Argyll, fresh from warlike exploits on the Continent, which had made him no mean rival of the great Duke of Marlborough, made his appearance at the Court of Queen Anne, was invested with the Order of the Garter, and became, of course, the popular hero of the day. He was then thirty-four years of age, and not only a soldier of great reputation, but as handsome, graceful, and engaging a personality as the Court had ever seen. It may not, therefore, seem a very extraordinary thing that, when the ladies' toasts were called for one day at a dinner given by the Lord Chamberlain to the maids of honour, one of those maids, Jane Warburton, should ingenuously propose the name of the popular hero whose figure and achievements were probably dominant in the minds of all of them. But for two reasons this apparently simple and natural manifestation of the general feeling aroused a storm of satirical and hilarious comment. In the first place, it was most unusual for a young lady, when called upon for a toast, to propose any name but that of some discreet bishop, or statesman, or courtier who was old enough to be her father; and, in the second place, the particular young lady who had committed this breach of maidenly etiquette was so devoid of personal charms and so rustic in her speech and manners that nobody had ever been able to make out how so unlikely a creature had obtained

an appointment in the Court. She was the daughter of a Cheshire squire of good family, but her education and speech were those of a dairymaid, and had all along been made a standing jest by her companions in office. When she proposed her toast, therefore, there was a general shout of laughter, and she had to endure the raillery of the whole company on the modest humility of her choice, some suggesting that the Duke ought to be informed of the wonderful conquest he had made, and keeping up their battery with such effect that poor Jane could bear it no longer, and burst into a passion of tears. That night the Duke of Shrewsbury, happening to stand next to the Duke of Argyll at a ball, related this story as a good joke, when, to his and everybody else's extreme surprise, the gallant Argyll immediately asked to be introduced to the young lady, in order that by chatting with her for a few moments he might make some amends for the discomfort to which she had been subjected on his account. And, to the still further surprise of everybody, he not only devoted himself to Jane Warburton for the remainder of that evening, but afterwards visited her constantly, and made it perfectly plain that he was over head and ears in love with her. Unfortunately, the Duke had a wife already, having been married at the early age of twenty-one to Mary Brown, daughter of a rich citizen, and niece of Sir Charles Duncombe, Lord Mayor of London. He had very soon discovered that he cordially detested the lady, and they had been promptly separated. Since then his experience of women had been limited to specimens of that class which follows a camp, and he had come to the conclusion that every woman had her price. When, therefore, he found that Jane Warburton was not to be tempted from the path of rectitude by presents or promises, however magnificent these might be, he was greatly astonished, and he came to the further conclusion that it had been his good fortune to become acquainted with a solitary exception to the foregoing principle, or, in other words, with the only virtuous woman

in the world. For about four years he was a visitor to her room every morning; and it is a remarkable circumstance that, compromising as the situation was, Jane Warburton's character was considered by the whole Court to remain altogether unimpeachable.

When Queen Anne died in 1714, Jane would probably have been dismissed to her home with a small pension but for the fact that the Whig leaders, who then came into office, wished to make sure of the continued adhesion of the powerful Duke of Argyll, and considered that one of the best ways of doing so was to keep his lady love at Court. They consequently made her one of the maids of honour to the new Princess of Wales. But about two years after the death of Queen Anne the Duke's wife died; and the ladies of the Court immediately began to speculate how long it would be before he would find it necessary to drop the poor maid of honour and ally himself with some lady of suitable rank in order to provide an heir for his titles and estates. Once more they were very greatly surprised, for, after a very short period of perfunctory mourning, Jane Warburton was duly made Duchess of Argyll. Lady Louisa Stuart says that, although everybody else agreed in calling Jane extremely plain, the Duke believed her to be an incomparable beauty; and it is certainly remarkable that, notwithstanding the very great disappointment it must have been to him to have no son and heir, but only daughters, whom he contemptuously regarded as "useless encumbrances," he remained a faithful and "doating" husband to the end of his life.

Of course the Duke, Pope's

> "Argyll, the State's whole thunder, born to wield
> And shake alike the senate and the field,"

who was a distinguished statesman as well as a distinguished general, who was possessed of large information and gifted with great conversational powers, would have been glad to have about him in his own home many of the intellectual and

eminent men with whom he was inevitably associated in public affairs. But poor Duchess Jane had a horror of "clever" people, and managed to keep all such out of her intimate circle. With all his affection for her, the Duke would never have dreamt of asking her opinion or advice on any matter which he considered to be of real importance; but in all matters of social and family life he let her have her own way altogether. Unfortunately he considered the education of a parcel of useless girls a matter of no importance; and consequently the tuition of his four daughters was left entirely to the discretion of Duchess Jane, who neither sent them to school nor provided proper tutors for them, being quite satisfied if they were taught the elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic by her steward, and needlework by her housekeeper. One stipulation, indeed, the Duke did make: he objected to their being taught French in addition to their mother-tongue, because, as he contemptuously observed, one language was quite enough for any *woman* to talk in; and, as Duchess Jane knew no word of any language save her own, she probably considered this as only another instance of her lord's superior wisdom. They were none of them deficient in good looks; but they all of them inherited from their mother a harsh and discordant voice, so that they came to be called "the screaming sisterhood" and "the bawling Campbells," while their want of proper training caused them to become, as Lady Louisa Stuart declares, "the most noisy, hoydening girls in London." But the Duke not only left undone those things which he ought to have done; he also did those things which he ought not to have done; for the ungovernable violence of the temper of his youngest daughter, Mary, was largely due to his injudicious habit of alternately teasing and indulging her. After he had purposely irritated the little minx into a fury he would cry, "Look! look at Mary!" and laugh heartily to see her flying about, screaming and scratching like a wild cat, and then, when he had had enough of the scene, would coax her with sugar-plums to

kiss and be friends again. Of course it was inevitable that such unwise treatment should produce after-effects of a very pronounced character. But, in addition to a peculiarly violent temper, Lady Mary exhibited as she grew up very exalted notions of her own importance, together with a morbid, dominant idea that nothing which happened to her was quite the same as what occurred to mere ordinary commonplace people. Not merely was she so hypersensitive that if she simply pricked her finger the pain was almost too exquisite for words, but if she caught cold, or had a sore throat, it was impossible that this could be a mere common ailment, it must be a disease of extraordinary malignity; or, if she happened to be caught in a shower, it was no ordinary shower, but such a rain as had never fallen from heaven since the Deluge. She was also possessed by the notion that she was destined to occupy some particularly high and conspicuous position in the world. It might have been thought that she had nourished her mind on the extravagant romances of Calprenède and Madame Scuderi; but we are told that she had little liking for imaginative literature of any kind, though she had a turn for reading and was much given to the perusal of histories, and genealogies, and State papers. And, says Lady Louisa Stuart, she had "heated her brains with history as others have done with romances," with the result that, wishing to make herself comparable with some of the heroines of whom she had read, she was reduced to magnifying every common matter that concerned herself into the semblance of something uncommon. Her personal appearance was certainly very uncommon, and, in the opinion of many people, uncommonly beautiful. She possessed a majestic figure, a handsome neck, and well-shaped amrs, together with a fine set of teeth and a very agreeable smile; but her extremely fair hair, dead whiteness of skin, unshaded eyebrows, and fiercely brilliant eyes, produced altogether so feline an expression as to obtain for her the nickname of "the White

Cat." Such was the young damsel, nineteen years of age, and with a portion of £12,000, who was selected by Lord Leicester to carry on the succession in his family, and to be the regenerator of his scapegrace of a son.

The Duke of Argyll had died in 1743, and the overtures of marriage were made by Lord Coke's parents to Duchess Jane, through the instrumentality of Lady Gower. The Duchess hesitated at first, not so much on account of the character and habits of Lord Coke as on account of the temper and dissoluteness of his father. But the young man contrived to make a very good impression on her, and she wrote her married daughter, Lady Dalkeith, saying she thought his gambling habits were due to his father's bad example and encouragement, also that he had "a very good understanding, and a great deal of knowledge, and, I think, a sweet disposition." Lady Mary merely said that she had no objection; so the family lawyers on both sides were set to work, and after a good deal of bargaining it was settled that there should be £500 a year pin-money and a jointure of £2,500. But before the lawyers had time to draw up deeds to this effect Lady Mary was of another mind. Horace Walpole, writing to George Montagu on July 3rd, 1746, apropos of certain rumours of marriages, remarks:—

"I can tell you another wedding more certain and fifty times more extraordinary; it is Lord Coke with Lady Mary Campbell, the Dowager of Argyll's youngest daughter. It is all agreed, and was negotiated by the Countesses of Gower and Leicester. I don't know why they skipped over Lady Betty, who, if there were any question of beauty, is, I think, as well as her sister. They drew the girl in to give her consent when they first proposed it to her; but now *la belle n'aime pas trop le Sieur Léandre.* She cries her eyes to scarlet. He has made her four visits, and is so in love that he writes to her every other day. 'Tis a strange match. . . . She objects his loving none of her sex but the four queens in a pack of cards; but he promises to abandon White's and both clubs for her sake."

Lord Coke was by no means in love, as Walpole and other gossips were led to suppose. He did not like Lady Mary

any more than she liked him; and he was quite as proud and as self-willed as she was. But while she treated him with flouts and jeers, and, like a heroine of one of the old romances, posed as a miserable matrimonial martyr, he kept his resentment in reserve, bore all her vagaries with a smiling face, and by his respectful attentions and moral discourse confirmed his prospective mother-in-law in her opinion of the wonderful "sweetness" of his disposition. At last, however, in the spring of 1747, Lady Mary suffered herself to be led to the altar, exhibiting herself as a reluctant bride, who was yet prepared to submit, as in duty bound, to the caresses of an unloved husband. But as soon as the young couple reached home after the ceremony Lord Coke threw off his mask, and, assuring her ladyship that she need be in no fear of caresses from him, promptly went off to a tavern to carouse with his boon companions, with whom he stayed the whole night, making merry over his insolent bride's discomfiture. During the courtship his conduct had been unwontedly respectable, but now he plunged headlong into his former extravagant dissipations; and whenever he did happen to be in his own home he amused himself by ridiculing his wife's mother, attacking the memory of her father, and generally abusing the whole clan of the Campbells. In August, about three months after the marriage, it was arranged that Coke and his wife should spend some time with his parents in Norfolk; but when Lord Leicester's coach-and-six called at their house early one morning to take them to Holkham, Lady Mary, who was dressed and ready to start, was obliged to report that her husband had not yet returned from his tavern. When Lord Leicester found that this was a constant practice, he was furious, warmly espoused his daughter-in-law's side, and declaimed in good set terms against the brutishness of his son. Walpole, writing to Mann on January 12th, 1748, says:—

"Lord Coke has demolished himself very fast; I mean his character. You know he was married but last spring. He is always drunk, has lost

immense sums at play, and seldom goes home to his wife till eight in the morning. The world is vehement on her side; and not only her family, but his own, give him up. At present matters are patching up by the mediation of my brother, but, I think, can never go on. She married him extremely against her will, and he is at least an out-pensioner of Bedlam; his mother's family have many of them been mad."

A fortnight later, Lady Hervey wrote saying that things were patched up for the present, though, in her opinion, when they required so much darning things seldom lasted long. However, Lord Coke professed to have mended his ways, and sued for a reconciliation, whereupon his father once more settled his very considerable gambling debts, and expected to find the young couple disposed to make mutual concessions and to live with one another at least in outward decency, if not in the most perfect private harmony. But, to his extreme dismay, Lady Mary now firmly refused to have anything to do with such a husband; and Lord Leicester, whose one anxiety was that his only son should have an heir to carry on the succession, became as furious against her as he had been previously enthusiastic in her support. The Duchess of Argyll interfered, and only made matters worse. Then the Duke of Argyll, Lady Mary's uncle, intervened, and proposed an amicable separation; but this was the very last thing the Leicester family were disposed to listen to. About the end of June, Horace Walpole, after remarking to Conway that the first article in everybody's gazette of gossip must be my Lord Coke, goes on to say :—

"They say that since he has been at Sunning Hill with Lady Mary she has made him a declaration in form that she hates him, that she always did, and that she always will. This seems to have been a very unnecessary notification. However, as you know his part is to be extremely in love, he is very miserable upon it; and relating his woes at White's, probably at seven in the morning, he was advised to put an end to all this history and shoot himself—an advice they would not have given him if he were not insolvent. He has promised to consider of it."

It was just about this time that Henry Bellenden, brother of the celebrated beauty Mary Bellenden, maid of honour to

the Princess of Wales, fought a duel with Lord Coke in Marylebone Fields in consequence of a quarrel arising out of remarks or remonstrances concerning Coke's treatment of his wife. They both missed fire, and their seconds parted them without either being hurt. But certain very ugly reports of this affair became current, as will be seen from the following letter of Horace Walpole to George Montagu, which is dated July 14th, 1748:—

"I heard the history of Lord Coke three thousand ways. I expect next winter to hear of no Whigs and Jacobites, no courtiers and patriots, but of the Cokes and the Campbells. I do assure you the violence is incredible with which this affair is talked over. As the Irish mobs used to say 'Butleraboo' and 'Crumaboo,' you will see the women in the assemblies will be bellowing 'Campbellaboo!' But, with the leave of your violence, I think the whole affair of sending Harry Bellenden first to bully Coke and then to murder him is a very shocking story, and so bad that I will not believe Lady Mary's family could go so far as to let her into the secret of an intention to pistol her husband. I heard the relation in an admirable way first from my Lady Suffolk, who is one of the ringleaders of the 'Campbellaboos,' and, indeed, a woeful story she made of it for poor Coke, interlarding it every minute with very villainous epithets bestowed on his lordship by Noel Bluff, and when she had run over her string of 'rascal,' 'scoundrel,' etc., she would stop and say, 'Lady Dorothy, do I tell your story right? for you know I am very deaf, and perhaps did not hear it exactly.'

"I have compiled all that is allowed on both sides, and it is very certain, for Coke's honour, that his refusing to fight was till he could settle the affair of his debts. But two or three wicked circumstances on t'other side, never to be got over, are Bellenden's stepping close up to him after Coke had fired his last pistol and saying, 'You little dog, now I will be the death of you,' and firing, but the pistol missed; and what confirms the intention of these words is its having come out that the Duke of Argyll knew that Coke, on having been told that his Grace had complained of his usage of Lady Mary, replied, 'Very well! Does he talk? Why, it is impossible I should use my wife worse than he did his.' When Harry Bellenden left Coke on the road from Sunning, the day before the duel, he crossed over to the Duke, which his Grace flatly denied, but Lord Gower proved it to his face. I have no doubt but a man who would despatch his wife would have no scruple at the assassination of a person that should reproach him with it."

After this affair Coke carried off his wife to Holkham, thinking that there he and his father would be better able to

break down her determination. But she kept to her own apartment, assumed the dress and demeanour of an invalid, and refused to associate with any of the family. They retaliated, not only by being rude to her themselves, but by encouraging the servants to be rude also; and the Leicester flunkeys, taking full advantage of so congenial a permission, jeered at her as "our Virgin Mary." In March, 1749, Lord Coke left Holkham for the society of his old boon companions elsewhere, leaving his father a power of attorney to deal with Lady Mary according to the strict letter of the law. Lord Leicester accordingly, having taken legal advice how far he might go in the restraint of a wife who was, as he phrased it, "acting contrary to the laws of God and man," dismissed Lady Mary's maid, took possession of her letters and papers and kept her under lock and key for five or six months. Notwithstanding this imprisonment, she contrived by bribery or otherwise to correspond with some of her relations; and Mr. Mackenzie, who had lately married her sister Betty, espoused her cause, and tried all he knew to obtain her release. Fortunately for her, Lord Leicester, in spite of his care to have legal advice as to his powers, unwittingly overstepped the mark, for when the Duchess of Argyll, attended by Mr. Mackenzie and a solicitor, came to Holkham and demanded to see her daughter, he refused her admittance. Consequently they at once obtained a writ of *habeas corpus*, and Lord Coke was enjoined to produce his wife in the Court of King's Bench on the first day of term in November. Of course the court was crowded. Duchess Jane and her daughters brought as many ladies as possible to give Lady Mary countenance, and Lord Leicester and his son beat up all the lively, idle young bloods about town to support them. When Lady Mary arrived, the mob, in their eagerness to get a glimpse of her, broke the window of her sedan chair, whereupon the hypocritical Coke sprang forward to hand her out, exclaiming as he did so, loud enough for the whole crowd to hear, "My dearest love! Take

care you don't hurt yourself." Mrs. Delany, writing to Mrs. Dewes on November 20th, says :—

"All the talk at present is about Lady Mary Cook" (*sic*) "and her strange lord. She has been cruelly treated by him and his father, who perhaps will see what I write of him, for he examines all letters that pass. He will reap but little satisfaction from that employment, and, like listeners, hear no good of himself. There was a great meeting at Westminster Hall last Friday, where she was produced in court, led in by my Lord Cook (*sic*). She petitioned for leave to see her relations, lawyers, and physicians, which was granted. What next will be done nobody knows, but a modest woman is much to be pitied who undergoes what she must do if a trial comes on."

A trial did come on in due course, when Lady Mary sued for a divorce on the usual grounds. She appeared in court, says Lady Louisa Stuart, dressed in rags and tatters, alleging that she was allowed nothing better. Her husband declared, on the other hand, that, as her pin-money had never been withheld, she might have bought herself anything she pleased. She alleged that she was kept in a garret two storeys high, they that she refused to inhabit any other room in the house. She lost her case, however, by failing to prove particular instances of cruelty. She seemed to think it quite sufficient to declare that in every respect her usage had been barbarous, and that her husband had practised "a thousand" acts of cruelty every day. Consequently she had to remain in the custody of her husband, although, by order of the court, her relations, and lawyers, and a physician were permitted to visit her. On December 10th Mrs. Delany reports :—

"Lady Mary Cook" (*sic*) "is so ill that it is thought she can't live ; she is confined to a very dismal, ill-furnished room, *up two pair of stairs*. I have not yet met one man who does not pity her and detest her tyrant. . . . If she dies, she has been as much murdered by the severe usage she has met with as if she had been poisoned."

On January 31st following, Walpole wrote Mann that Lord Coke also had been reported to be dying, and that Lady Mary had recovered wonderfully on receipt of the

news. After this Lord Hartington, a friend of both families, came in as mediator, and by his means an arrangement was effected whereby she was to be allowed to live at Sudbrook with her mother, unmolested, and to have her pin-money (£500 a year) for maintenance, on condition that she abandoned all legal proceedings and promised never to set foot in London during her husband's lifetime. This enforced retirement did not last very long, for Lord Coke continued his career of riotous dissipation at such a pace that about three years after the separation he brought his worthless life to an end, at the age of thirty-four. Old Lord Leicester, notwithstanding the frustration of all his dearest hopes, went doggedly on with the beautification of his princely palace, which, however, he was destined never to finish, for, six years after the death of his only son, death came to him also, when all his titles became extinct, and Holkham Hall passed to another branch of the family.

Lady Mary wore mourning, and abstained from all public amusements, for the conventional period, and then, as a handsome young widow of twenty-seven who was possessed of £2,500 a year might have been expected to do, she reappeared in society, and proposed to have a good time of it. It is by no means surprising that Lady Mary's friends should have contemplated a second marriage for her; but it seems almost beyond the bounds of credibility that in 1756 she became betrothed to Lord March, afterwards so well known to fame as the "wicked old Q." Horace Walpole makes no reference to any such affair, and numerous entries in Lady Mary's journal for years afterwards, in which Lord March is spoken of, give no indication that he had ever been on terms of any particular intimacy with her. Lady Louisa Stuart, however, is most circumstantial in her details, and the story as she tells it is, briefly, as follows. Lord March, who was Lady Mary's senior by two years, was the prince of gamblers and racing men, and one of the most dissolute fine gentlemen in London; but he was the acknowledged leader of fashion,

and, as heir to the dukedom of Queensberry, he was, of course, one of the greatest prizes in the matrimonial market. He was most emphatically not a marrying man, and everybody knew it. Consequently the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, who, after the death of their children, lived a very retired life at Amesbury, in Wiltshire, were greatly surprised to receive a letter from Lady Mary informing them that Lord March had proposed to her, but that she would defer giving him a favourable answer until she was sure of their concurrence. They were as delighted as they were surprised, for, being most anxious that March should abandon his wild life and settle down, they were ready to receive with open arms any lady whose birth and position made her a creditable match. They promptly came to London, ready to do everything in their power to hurry on the marriage, when they found, to their great astonishment, that March and Lady Mary were not even upon speaking terms. He studiously ignored her presence when they met in society, spoke of her to others in highly disparaging fashion, and made a point of appearing in the Park or at Ranelagh, whether Lady Mary were there or not, in company with Madame Rena, a disreputable opera-singer, who ostentatiously took the head of his table, and was known to everybody as his acknowledged mistress. When the Duchess of Queensberry ventured to ask him whether this conduct was quite fair to Lady Mary, he coolly inquired, in apparent astonishment, what Lady Mary had to do with the matter; and when the puzzled Duchess went on to ask whether he did not mean to marry Lady Mary after all, he replied, "Oh no. He was quite ready at any time, *if her ladyship chose.*" Thus baffled, the bewildered Duchess turned to the lady, and represented to her that, as she would evidently have little more chance of happiness with March than with her former husband, it would perhaps be wise to give him up; but Lady Mary oracularly declared that Lord March had not given her any cause of offence, and that she could not doubt his honour. All the

time, however, to his friends on the racecourse and in the clubs, March was making no secret about what had happened. He had made overtures to her, he cynically admitted, as he had done over and over again to other good-looking women, but no mention of marriage had ever entered his head or issued from his lips. Instead, however, of rejecting the unlawful proposals he had made to her, she had pretended to understand his first "civil" speech as a proposal of holy matrimony, and had artfully led him on until he was entangled in what everybody looked upon as a betrothal. This curious state of affairs appears to have lasted for some little time, when, finding neglect, and studious incivility, and the ostentatious flaunting of a disreputable mistress of no avail, March adopted other measures to get his engagement broken by the other party. What he did we are not told; but Lady Louisa Stuart says his conduct was such when he called one morning that Lady Mary gave him a vigorous box on the ear, and commanded him never to enter her doors again. Of course this was just what he wanted, and he drove straight off to Queensberry House to communicate the news, pretending that his heart was more wounded than his ear, but at the same time taking particular care to make it unmistakably clear that the lady's breaking of the engagement must necessarily be final.

Two years later there were rumours of another marriage. Her sister, Lady Betty Mackenzie, mentions Lord Weymouth and also another peer as having been talked about as likely husbands; and a couple of letters from the Duchess of Hamilton (Elizabeth Gunning) imply that a certain Prince San Severino had proposed and been rejected. It was about the same time apparently that Horace Walpole became her declared admirer. Probably he became more or less friendly with her soon after she emerged from her retirement, for in a letter of May, 1755, he mentions her as one amongst the "Bedford Court" whom he entertained at a great breakfast at Strawberry Hill; and in July, 1757, he expresses himself

as "not satisfied" because she has left Sudbrook. But writing to Mann on September 2nd, 1758, he goes further and describes himself as in love with "the youngest, handsomest, and wittiest widow in England"; and from that date onward not only is she continually mentioned in letters to other correspondents, but for a period of fourteen or fifteen years he addressed some of the wittiest and friendliest of his incomparable letters to herself. Walpole undoubtedly liked her very much, and made no secret of his admiration; but some of the expressions in his letters must not be taken too literally, for there seems no ground whatever for supposing that either she or anybody else ever supposed that he had the remotest intention of asking her in marriage. It was the custom of that day for a man to address a lady, whether young or old, both by speech and by letter, in the language of a conventional gallantry. Walpole himself supplies us, in one of his letters to Conway, with an indication both of the unreality of the sentiments thus usually expressed, and of the offence which was likely to be given by any inadvertent lapse from the expected standard. Owing to the great dearth of candidates to be found in London in the autumn of 1759, he says, Lady Mary Coke permitted Count Haslang, the Bavarian Ambassador, to "die for her." One day, when on a visit to the Holdernesses at Sion, these two were talking together in a bow window, when, on a sudden alarm being given that dinner was on the table, Haslang expressed great joy and appetite. "You can't imagine," adds Walpole, "how she was offended." The courtly Horace himself was never guilty of a similar lapse; and when, a few months after this, Prince Edward, afterwards Duke of York, asked him jestingly at the opera one night when he was to marry Lady Mary Coke, instead of repudiating any such intention, he promptly replied—the military fever being then at its full height—"As soon as I get a regiment." Nor was he content to let the matter rest at this: the incident had to be reported to several correspondents and also to be amplified

and enlarged upon, in the following fashion, to the lady herself:—

"ARLINGTON STREET,
"*December 27th*, 1759.

"MADAM,—Y^r^ Ladyship will see by what follows that I am impatient to advance the term prescribed for my happiness. Intending, like a true Knight, to deserve you by my valour, I am going to take a step worthy of one who pretends to the honour of your hand. Perhaps, indeed, it is not perfectly agreeable to the rules of chivalry to avow any reason but the true one for devoting myself to arms; but as I cannot expect a regiment but by flattering a Minister in his own way, I am forced to ascribe to the Love of my country what your Ladyship knows to proceed from nothing but my Passion. Mr. Pitt is so weak as to prefer the honour of England even to your charms. If by humouring him I can possess *them*, a little insincerity may be pardoned in a Lover. You must impute to the same cause, Madam, my speaking with any disesteem of sinecures—a thing which, tho' I possess, I should certainly disdain if it was not with a view to those beautiful children with which I flatter myself I shall be blessed. In short, Madam, here follows my petition. If you approve, I will send it; if it is not worthy the cause in which it is written, be so good as to fling it into the fire, & I will think of some other way of being

"Y^r^ Ladyship's
"HOR. WALPOLE."

The verses enclosed in this letter, which are not included in Horace Walpole's collected works, run as follows:—

"To MR. PITT.

"To raise a Troop a thousand ask;
To please 'em all how hard a task!
For, whether they are Whig or Tory,
You've vow'd (a thing unheard in story)
To grant what's asked for England's glory.
I too, S^r^, on great actions bent,
Propose to raise a regiment;
But, as my honest heart, like yours,
Abhors all kinds of Sinecures,
If but a Troop or Company,
In the French Service let it be,
For you, Engrosser, have no longer
Left Britons anything to conquer."

Amongst Mr. Drummond-Moray's papers was found an answer to this copy of verses, which the editor of Lady

Mary's journal says is neither in her handwriting nor such a composition as could have been expected from her; and, as it is not in Walpole's handwriting either, Mr. Home supposes it to have been written by Lady Temple, the style being rather like hers, and there being few other ladies at that date who could have written it:—

"LY M. TO MR. W.

"A very pretty scheme you've hit on,
Sir, to petition Mr. Pitt on,
A Regiment in France to win me!
Each drop of Campbell blood within me
Boils at the thought of such a motion;
And then it's so profound a notion,
The mighty fortune you are carving,
Just then when all the world are starving.
I hate the French and all their race;
I'd tell it to the Tyrant's face.
No, if I am a soldier's spouse,
Give me your Wolfes, your Clives, your Howes;
One sturdy Briton, I'll be swore,
Is worth three French monsieurs and more;
But since your ardour is so great
By weighty deeds to serve the State,
And, as you say, each path to honour
Is occupied by some Forerunner,
Since I, too, with as warm a zeal
Burn to promote the Publick Weal,
What if, without all this delay,
You e'en shoud take me while you may,
And raise recruits another way?"

But if it were apparently the greatest concern of Lady Mary's friends to get her married again, her own greatest concern was to insinuate herself into the Court circle, a matter not very easy of accomplishment by an unattached daughter of the late Duke of Argyll. Little help could be given by Duchess Jane, who had long since severed her connection with Court circles, and was now living in retirement at Sudbrook. And perhaps little more help could be afforded by Lady Mary's sisters, although "the most noisy,

hoydening girls in London" were all now appropriately married and settled. They were all remarkable women in their several ways; and as they will be only incidentally mentioned in the following pages, it may be as well in this place to state briefly what became of them. Lady Caroline, the eldest, privately engaged herself (that is to say, with the knowledge of her mother and sisters, but unknown to her father) to Lord Lichfield, or Lord Quarendon as he then was. In 1742, when she was twenty-four years of age, the Duke, her father, thinking it quite unnecessary to consult her, arranged that she should marry Lord Dalkeith, eldest son of the Duke of Buccleuch. This unexpected command made her very ill, so that she was confined to bed for many days, and was so delirious that her physicians had little hope of her recovery. But she did recover; and after a short time duty conquered inclination, and she married the man of her father's choice. She used to say afterwards that she subsequently found Lord Dalkeith so excellent a man that she was bound to acknowledge the Duke's judgment in the matter to be better than her own. After eight years of wedded bliss, however, Lord Dalkeith died, and although she remained a widow for five years, in 1755 she determined to risk her own judgment in a second venture, and married the Right Hon. Charles Townshend, the brilliant and celebrated statesman. When he died, in 1767, she was created Baroness Greenwich in her own right. She died at Sudbrook in 1794, at the age of seventy-six. Lady Anne, who married the Earl of Strafford in 1741, when he was only nineteen years of age, was a great beauty; but she suffered from the "falling sickness," so that her husband was obliged to put considerable restraint on her actions. Wherever she might be, whether at home or abroad, several footmen were always kept waiting below stairs, unknown to her, ready to rush in and hold her when an attack of convulsions came on. She never realised how severe these attacks were, and would sometimes unconcernedly refer to them as the "little faintings" to

which she knew she was subject now and then. One day in February, 1785, her servants opened the door of her dressing-room in Wentworth Castle, and found their mistress lying against the fire-grate so severely burned that she died a few days afterwards. Lady Betty, the third sister, married Mr. James Stuart Mackenzie, of Rosehaugh. She is described as being more like her mother than any of the others: honest, well-meaning, and even warm-hearted, but ill-mannered and as capricious as a weathercock. She soon obtained an extraordinary influence over her husband; and her habit of command at home begot a certain peremptoriness in society which was not always welcome. Lady Anne Pitt, sister of the great commoner, once said, "Lady Betty takes the liberty in society of telling one that one lies, and that one is a fool; and I cannot say that I think it at all agreeable." Of course it was not agreeable, although in a good many cases, doubtless, it was only too true. But we must return to Lady Mary, who, notwithstanding the difficulties in her way, very soon effected her entrance into the sacred circle of the Court. She managed this partly by setting herself to acquire the favour of Princess Amelia, George the Second's unmarried daughter, and partly by cultivating the friendship of Lady Yarmouth, the King's elderly mistress, between whom and his Majesty it pleased Lady Mary to assume that there must have been a private marriage. Lady Yarmouth, it will be remembered, was the sometime Madame de Walmoden who had been brought over from Hanover by George the Second soon after the death of Queen Caroline, and who is now memorable for little beyond the fact that she happens to be the last recognised royal mistress that a King of England ventured to raise to the peerage. A real friendship seems to have sprung up between these two, for after the King's death, when Lady Yarmouth, of course, became a person of no importance at all, Lady Mary remained on affectionate terms with her to the day of her death. The Princess Amelia was another sort of person

altogether. She had been for some time the intended wife of Frederick (the Great) of Prussia, who corresponded with her until his marriage in 1773. She was afterwards thought by many of that class of "well-informed" persons who, as Lord Chesterfield used to say, know everything, and know everything wrong, to be privately married to the Duke of Grafton. But apparently she never gave a thought to anybody after her disappointment in the case of the great Frederick; and when she died it was discovered that she had always worn a miniature of him next to her heart. She did not become attached to Lady Mary as Lady Yarmouth did, being, indeed, alternately amused and annoyed at her vagaries, but for five-and-twenty years Lady Mary was a constant guest at the dinners and card-parties which her Royal Highness gave at Gunnersbury or at her house in Cavendish Square.

It was seldom that Walpole did anything but make fun of Lady Mary's pretensions to influence in affairs; but once in his life at least he seems to have thought that she might be able to secure a military appointment for one of his *protégés*. The following letter is not dated; but from internal evidence it must have been written some time between 1757 and 1759:—

"DEAR MADAM,—Woud you take me for a solicitor? You must, since I consider you as a Minister, & the only one of whom I woud ask a favour. The greatest man in this country to military eyes is my Lord Ligonier. Now all the world knows you govern him. I want an advancement for a young man who has served some time, & with great gallantry, & whose family are the worthiest people on earth. Yet I will not deceive you, there is an objection to him, the one he cannot help, but I have too great a regard for you not to respect your Ladyship's prejudices: in short, he is a Scotchman, a nation you don't love. However, if you can surmount y^r^ aversion, it will exceedingly oblige me. I am so unfortunate as to love that unfashionable people, and wish to serve them. Command my Lord Ligonier to grant the enclosed request; the more earnest you are, the more generous the action will be; in short, if you don't do it, I will not believe, what hitherto I always had believed, that even Fourscore cannot resist you. You must not be content that I, who am but half-way, am your absolute slave.

"HOR. WALPOLE. How is your cold?"

The reference to her prejudice against Scotchmen is somewhat ambiguous. On the face of it, it would seem to be only Walpole's ironical way of recommending his *protégé* to a daughter of a Duke of Argyll. On the other hand, it is a highly curious circumstance, considering her parentage, that she visited Scotland but twice in her life, once with her father and one of her sisters in early days, and once in 1759. Whether or not she was able to secure the appointment for Walpole's *protégé* does not appear; but she and Lord Ligonier were on the best of terms for many years. He was the only person, she declares, from whom she ever accepted an obligation, and when he died, in 1770, at the age of ninety-one, he left her a hundred pounds to buy a ring in remembrance of "a faithful friend and servant."

Walpole's next letter to her, which is dated from Arlington Street, February 19th, 1760, is not so intelligible as it might be, because the humorous letter to which it refers has not been preserved with Lady Mary's other papers:—

"Thank you, Madam, for letting me see this letter. There is a great deal of humour in it, and it diverted me so much that if I had asked, & had y^r^ leave, I woud willingly have taken a copy of it; but indeed I have not. There was, I daresay, a very pretty supplement to the Story, which y^r^ Ladyship did not tell me. Did not the Duke show he was pleased with the letter? Your father had too much wit not to feel for a man who had the least portion of it. It is happy to have temper enough to joke oneself out of a prison, but it is happier to be able to deliver a man who jokes there; & therefore, Madam, if you knew the latter part of the story, you are a most undutiful Daughter for not telling it. Don't fancy because you are silent about your own Virtues that you may take the same liberty with those of other people. It is well the Duke of Argyll's reputation is established. I see it woud never have been spread had it depended on his own children. He was forced to owe it to strangers. In short, Madam, I am very angry, & if I coud help it, I woud not be

"Yr most devoted
"Humble Sert.,
"Hor. Walpole."

Later on in the course of this year we find an occasional joke in his letters to others about his sufferings from the gout,

and from his love for Lady Mary Coke, and an occasional mention of meeting her at some princely country mansion or other; but apparently he did not write to her again until the beginning of the following year. Then, however, he made amends, both by the length and the quality of his epistle, which is dated from Newmarket, February 12th, 1761, at which place he rested on his journey to the family borough of King's Lynn, whose inactive and inattentive M.P. he had been for the past four years:—

"You woud be puzzled to guess, Madam, the reflections into which Solitude & an Inn have thrown me. Perhaps you will imagine that I am regretting not being at Loo at Princess Emily's, or that I am detesting the Corporation of Lynn for dragging me from the amusements of London, perhaps that I am meditating what I shall say to a set of people I never saw, or—which woud be more like me—determining to be out of humour the whole time I am there, and show how little I care whether they elect me again or not. If your absolute sovereignty over me did not exclude all jealousy, you might probably suspect that the Duchess of Grafton" [afterwards Lady Ossory and a favourite correspondent of his] "has at least as much share in my chagrin as Pam" [*i.e.*, the game of Loo] "himself. Come nearer to the point, Madam, & conclude that I am thinking of Lady Mary Coke, but in a style much more becoming so sentimental a Lover than if I was merely concerned for your absence. In short, Madam, I am pitying you, actually pitying you! How debasing a thought for your dignity! but hear me. I am lamenting your fate: that you, with all your charms and all your merit, are not yet immortal. Is it not provoking that, with so many admirers and so many pretensions, you are likely to be adored only so long as you live? Charming, in an age when Britain is victorious in every quarter of the Globe, you are not yet enrolled in the annals of its fame! Shall Wolfe and Boscawen & Amherst be the talk of future ages, & the name of Mary Coke not be known? 'Tis the height of disgrace. When was there a nation that excelled the rest of the world whose Beauties were not as celebrated as its Heroes & its Orators? Thais, Aspasia, Livia, Octavia—I beg pardon for mentioning any but the Last when I am alluding to you—are as familiar to us as Alexander, Pericles, or Augustus; & except the Spartan Ladies, who were always locked up in the two pair of stairs making child-bed linen and round-eared caps, there never were any women of fashion in a gloriously civilised country but who had cards sent to invite them to the Temple of Fame in common with those drudges, the men, who had done the dirty work of honour. I say

nothing of Spain, where they had so true a notion of gallantry that they never ventured having their brains knocked out but with a view to the glory of their Mistress. If her name was but renowned from Segovia to Saragossa, they thought all the world knew it and were content. Nay, Madam, if you had but been lucky enough to be born in France a thousand years ago, that is fifty or sixty, you woud have gone down to eternity hand in hand with Louis Quatorze; & the Sun woud never have shined on him, as it did purely for seventy years, but a ray of it woud have fallen to your share. You woud have helped him to pass the Rhine & been coupled with him at least in a *Bout rimé*.

"And what are we thinking of? Shall we suffer posterity to imagine that we have shed all this blood to engross the pitiful continent of America? Did General Clive drop from Heaven only to get half as much as Wortley Montagu? Yet this they must suppose, unless we immediately set about to inform them in authentic verse that your Eyes & half a dozen other pair lighted up all this blaze of glory. I will take my death your Ladyship was one of the first admirers of Mr. Pitt, & all the world knows that his Eloquence gave this spirit to our arms. But, unluckily, my deposition can only be given in prose. I am neither an Hero nor a Poet. Tho' I am as much in love as if I had cut a thousand throats, or made ten thousand verses, posterity will never know anything of my passion. Poets alone are permitted to tell the real truth. Tho' a Historian shoud, with as many asseverations as Bishop Burnet, inform mankind that the lustre of the British arms under George 2nd was singly & entirely owing to the charms of Lady Mary Coke, it woud not be believed. The slightest hint of it in a stanza of Gray woud carry conviction to the end of time.

"Thus, Madam, I have laid your case before you. You may, as you have done, inspire Mr. Pitt with nobler orations than were uttered in the House of Commons of Greece or Rome; you may set all the world together by the ears; you may send for all the cannon from Cherbourg, all the scalps from Quebec, or for every Nabob's head in the Indies; posterity will not be a jot the wiser, unless you give the word of command from Berkeley Square in an ode, or you & I meet in the groves of Sudbrook in the midst of an epic poem. 'Tis a vexatious thought, but y^r^ Ladyship & this age of triumphs will be forgotten unless somebody writes verses worthy of you both.

"I am your Ladyship's
"Most devoted Slave,
"HOR. WALPOLE."

Old George the Second was gathered to his fathers, and young George the Third ascended the throne in October, 1760. In those days one of the most important festivities of

the year was the sovereign's birthday, when all the nobility and gentry in London, male as well as female, vied with one another in the magnificence of the new clothes in which they presented themselves to congratulate their monarch at the palace of St. James's. George the Third's birthday was June 4th, and, of course, Lady Mary was particularly anxious to show herself and her new dress at the first of these loyal celebrations. But for some little time previously she had been out of health, and consequently her gallant correspondent tried to dissuade her from running any risks. Assuming for the nonce the character of her spiritual adviser, he delivered himself of a moral discourse to the following effect :—

"A Sermon on abstaining from Birthdays on certain occasions, preached before the Right Honourable the Lady Mary Coke on Sunday, May 31st, 1761, by H. W——, D.D., Chaplain to her Ladyship and Minister of St. Mary, Strawberry Hill.

"'*Blessed is the Woman that abstaineth from Birthdays, because of the Angels.*'—Epistle of St. Luke to the Camelinthians, chap. iii., v. 7.

"In treating the words which I have just read to you, and which have given occasion to much disputation, I shall endeavour two things: first, to show what the words do *not* mean, and in the second place, to discover their real import; and when that is once settled I shall place before you the duty of obedience to the advice of the Apostle. Some overweening Men, too fond of casting stumbling-blocks in the way of their brethren, have superstitiously taken a handle from the words of my text to prohibit simple women, their followers, from paying the first duty of attendance on the Lord's Annointed, and congratulating him in Christian Charity on the day of his entrance into this sublunary world, a duty which, give me leave to observe, is nowhere forbidden in the Gospel, but which has been practised in all orthodox societies since the cessation of persecution and the conversion of the heathen Emperors to Christianity. St. Clement Cotterellianus, in his epistle to that holy virgin St. Lubrica, says, 'Shall the pagans celebrate the festivals of their idols, shall they burn incense before them on the supposed anniversary of their nativity, and shall not the faithfull much more rejoice on the birthday of him' (meaning Constantine) 'who hath planted the Cross on the temples of those false gods? O Lubrica, the palace is now the shrine of truth. Veil not thy face, nor cover thy neck, but enter into the penetralia of our most blessed Emperor, and salute him

on his proper feast.' But the reason now given for dereliction of this commendable practice is more extraordinary than the prohibition itself: '*Blessed is the Woman that abstaineth from Birthdays, because of the Angels*'; that is, say these interpreters, it is not meet for a Christian Matron to deck herself out and put on her choicest ornaments, as is customary on these festivals, because the Angels, who, the Rabbins pretend, have been tempted to covet beautiful women, and who watch over the palaces of Princes, may be drawn into sin by the sight of such lovely objects. But this interpretation is grossly erroneous, carnal, and partial, as I shall show. It is erroneous, because we nowhere read in the inspired writers of any such sinful communication between a superior order of Beings and us Mortals since the Deluge, and it is not to be supposed that the Apostle woud give injunctions against what was never likely to happen; it is carnal—my respect for the blushes of this audience forbids my expatiating on this subject, and those blushes inform me that a further discussion woud be unnecessary—and it is partial, because a precept delivered in general words must be calculated for the generality. Now, if there were any meaning in this forced construction, the Apostle woud exclude all the young and more amiable of their Sex from paying the duty owed by subjects to their Sovereign, and woud fill his Court with none but the aged and deformed, for I suppose those refined commentators do not imagine that the Angels woud be in any danger of sinning even in thought by the sight of the most sumptuous Hags and most painted and most patched Beldames. This, therefore, cannot be the meaning of the text.

"I shall endeavour, secondly, to show what it does mean. And in sifting into any ambiguous passage which does not at first present an obvious meaning, we must search for collateral assistance, and endeavour to collect from the language, situation, or circumstances of the Writer, and from the age in which he wrote, and from the persons to whom he addressed himself, what was most probably the scope he had in view, and how his words may be best rendered so as to answer his purpose. By trying the passage before us on this touchstone, we may in all likelihood arrive at a certain knowledge of the Apostle's intention.

"The Epistle is addressed to the Camelinthians, a most beautiful race of people inhabiting the north-west coast of Thessalonica, whose females were remarkably tender, delicate, and loyal. It was written at the beginning of the reign of Theodosius the Third, the most hopefull young Prince that had ever ascended the throne of the Cæsars. History informs us that Mary, a noble Lady of the Race I have mentioned, and of the most exact harmony of features and person, was noted for her singular attachment to the Emperor, in opposition to the pretensions of the Tyrant Basilides. She was but just recovered from a dangerous

illness, which she had born with the highest fortitude and Christian resignation, when Theodosius assumed the reins of empire. The young Lady was eager to present herself before him on the anniversary of his birth, notwithstanding the representations and solicitude of her friends and family. All these circumstances we are informed of by Eusebius, and they are a full explanation of the sense of the Apostle in the chapter before us. St. Luke wrote in Greek, and was, moreover, a Physician. It did not become him to specify the particular case that he had in his eye, but he plainly included it in general words, which he intended for eternal instruction at the same time that, in his secondary capacity of Physician, he had a regard to the welfare of our bodies as well as to that of our souls. '*It is good*,' says he, '*for a woman to abstain from birthdays, because of the Angels*'; that is, because of the Physicians, or, paraphrastically, because by frequenting such crowded ceremonies she may prejudice her health and be obliged to have recourse to the Physician; and I presume that I make no forced inference if I say that a woman cannot be blessed—*ergo*, she sins—if she damages her health by risking it unnecessarily or imprudently; and this is no wrested interpretation, as the Greek word *angelos* signifies a Messenger, and, metaphorically, a Messenger of health, *i.e.*, a physician. Having thus explained to you both what is *not* the meaning of the Text and what is, I shall now draw a few natural inferences, and then conclude. The Apostle condemns such women as frequent Birthdays when their health is not perfectly established. 'Can you,' he seems to say, 'rejoice with a pale countenance, or with what propriety can you wish Health, bearing the tokens of sickness in yourself?' '*Come not into my house with leanness*,' says the Evangelist; and one of the sublimest of the Prophets, speaking in the figurative expression of the East, cries out, '*Strew not my floors with withered lillies, nor cover me with roses that have lost their smell.*' Again, Solomon, the wisest of Kings and most exquisite judge of beauty, declares his opinion to the same effect: '*My beloved came to my chamber on my birthday; Health was in her cheek, and her breath smelt as the young Roe's, that has never tasted medicine.*' I am aware that this last text is applied by the Papists to the Church before the Reformation, but the words are so simple and natural that there is no reason to think they contain any hidden allegory; on the contrary, St. Luke's Epistle seems a commentary on the rapturous breathings of the sapient King. To us Christians there is a still higher duty: Health is the best gift of Heaven, and is not to be sported with on every vain occasion. We are not allowed, even by acts of devotion, to mortify our bodies beyond what they will bear, much less to macerate and torture them on worldly occasions, and for the sake of Babylonish show. How woud our spirit tremble and sink if, precipitating our exit by some such light occasion, we shoud, on rushing into another world, be asked that terrible question, 'Soul, how camest thou hither?' and shoud have nothing to answer

but 'I caught my death at a Birthday,'—which that we may none of us do," etc., etc.

This sermon, which, if recited in the tone and manner of some cleric of their acquaintance, probably made a fair enough parody on the kind of discourse that Lady Mary and Horace Walpole would frequently have listened to together in the church of Richmond or of Twickenham, did not, however, meet with her Ladyship's approbation. She does not appear to have objected to its rather laboured wit, nor to what some ladies would have considered its flavour of profanity, but the pretended quotations about leanness, and withered lilies, and roses that had lost their smell, seemed to her to imply that he believed her illness to have spoilt her good looks, and she resented it accordingly. Her letter on the subject has not been preserved, but two days later he endeavoured to smooth her down as follows:—

"STRAWBERRY HILL,
"*June 3rd*, 1761.

"DEAR MADAM,—I will renounce my new vocation if my zeal hath eaten you up. I intended to laugh you out of danger, but I resign all the honour that has attended my preaching if I have given you an uneasy moment or a disagreeable thought. You answer me too seriously upon the foot of looks; I wish I coud always justify myself as well as I can on this chapter! Did ever any man tell a very pretty woman that she looked ill but when it was in her power to look well, or when she was sure of looking well immediately? It is brutal—a behaviour I think your Ladyship cannot suspect me of—to tell a woman her beauty is gone; it is kind to warn her to preserve it, or to take care to recover it when it is clouded by sickness. I don't love to put myself too much in your power, but how are you sure that I was not jealous lest anybody shoud look better than you at the Birthday? I knew you woud not borrow any bloom; I knew a little time woud restore it. It is for the honour of my passion that you shoud never be seen without being admired, & it imported to my glory that Lady Mary Coke shoud rather be missed at the first birthday of the King than that a charm of hers shoud be missing. But I had a better reason than all these: I was seriously afraid of your hurting yourself, & my having staggered your resolution proves to me that if our Divines make no more converts it is because they do not feel what they preach. I was eloquent because I spoke from my heart.

"I propose to be in town on Friday, & shall be happy to receive your commands for a visit to Strawberry—if Strawberry is not drowned. I have scarce been able to stir out of the house since Monday morning. My workmen are all at a stand, & the Deluge seems to be arrived before my ark is half ready. Adieu, Madam.

"Yr most faithfull
"humble Sert.,
"HOR. WALPOLE."

Walpole wrote to many of his correspondents about Lady Mary in much the same gallant style that he invariably adopted in his letters to herself. But with all his admiration, which was evidently genuine enough, no one more clearly saw her faults and foibles; and there is always an undertone of subtle raillery, which she does not seem to have felt, but which was quite patent to anybody else. When she went to the Continent in the spring of 1761, he enjoined Conway to tell him how many burgomasters she subdued, or how many would have fallen in love with her if they had not fallen asleep instead, whether her charms caused the innkeepers to abate something of their usual impositions, whether she realised how politically significant her journey was considered to be, and so forth. And when, in December of that year, he composed some lines extempore (such things, of course, were always extempore) on the St. Anthony's fire in her cheek, the verses were sent, not only to the lady herself, but to other friends and acquaintances as well. Doubtless he was quite well aware that he had a very pretty gift for this style of compliment both in prose and in verse, and was as much in love with his own compositions as with the person who gave occasion for them. These are the verses:—

"ON LADY MARY COKE HAVING ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE IN HER CHEEK.

"No rouge you wear, nor can a dart
From Love's bright quiver wound your heart;
And thought you Cupid and his Mother
Would unrevenged their anger smother?
No, no, from Heaven they sent the fire
That boasts St. Anthony its sire;

They poured it on one peccant part,
Inflamed your cheek, if not your heart.
In vain—for see the crimson rise
And dart fresh lustre through your eyes,
While ruddier drops and baffled pain
Enhance the white they mean to stain.
Ah! nymph, on that unfading face
With fruitless pencil Time shall trace
His lines malignant, since disease
But gives you mightier powers to please."

We may take it for granted that this was much more acceptable than the references to withered lilies, etc., in his mock sermon.

Early in the following summer Lady Mary appears to have made another little jaunt abroad, and to have had some trouble with the authorities at Calais. It was probably a matter scarce worth mentioning twice, but her knight of the pen deftly weaved it into his next complimentary epistle. Towards the end of June news of a British victory over the French reached London. Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick and the Marquis of Granby had made a successful attack on the French on the 24th of the previous month, surprising the army under Marshals d'Estrées and Soubise at their camp at Cassel, in Westphalia, and taking a large number of prisoners. On receipt of this intelligence Walpole at once sat down and wrote as follows:—

"STRAWBERRY HILL,
"*June 30th*, 1762.

"When Britons are victorious, it is impossible not to congratulate the first Heroine of Britain. Pray, Madam, did your Ladyship command Prince Ferdinand to attack the French camp in revenge for the Governor of Calais presuming to attempt making you a Prisoner? or did the spirit of John, Duke of Argyle, inspire his countrymen with this ardour, & vindicate his Daughter from such an insult? I have told my Lord Hertford that I expect to hear y^r^ Ladyship has made a triumphant entry into our headquarters, & that with becoming dignity you have obtained from our General the liberty of the 200 French officers, a proper way of resenting your confinement. Go to the army you certainly will. *Steel* waters you cannot want, you who want nothing but a helmet to be taken for Britannia. Pray let me know in time. It woud be most shameful

in me to be languishing under an Acacia while my Sovereign Lady is at the head of a Squadron. All our other Militant Dames have followed their Husbands; your Ladyship will follow Victory, and influence more. It is grievous that one female Campbell should have quitted Germany at the opening of a Campaign. No, I will go fetch my Lady Ailesbury from Park Place, and my Lady Cecilia, who is not big enough yet to hurt Master Johnson's head by wearing a coat of mail, tho' I fear she & I shall look a little like starved vultures that follow the army for prey. As to peace, it is now undoubtedly removed to a great distance; there can be no end of war while another *Mary has Calais written on her heart*, & a Mary whose heart will not easily break. I know, to my sorrow, how invulnerable it is. Well! I can but go and be killed. I shall die in your sight, & you will avenge my death, tho' you woud not save my life. I did not think this woud be my end, but the King of Prussia and other great men have been made Heroes, whom nature never intended for the profession, yet I cannot help laughing to think what a figure I shall make! for I am too much a Goth & not so much an Hero, but I will be completely armed, & from my own armoury here: a rusty helmet with rotten wadding; a coat of mail that came from Combe, & belonged to a trooper of the Earl of Warwick: it will be full heavy for my strength, but there is a mark of its being bullet-proof —alas! I had forgot I am to be shot—one gauntlet: I have no more; a Persian shield enamelled; a Chinese bow, quiver, & arrows; an Indian sabre & dagger; & a Spear made of wood with fifty points. Dear Lady, don't set out without me; stay for S^r^ Scudamore. Cannot you find any little episode to amuse you in the meantime? How has the Bishop of Liège behaved to you? Has he neglected to kiss the hem of your garment? Dispossess him; order the Chapter to elect another. I flatter myself you cannot want warfare. 'Confined to an Inn! S^r^, I never was a Prisoner yet; I will not stay a moment in your town.' Dear Lady Mary, how I honour your spirit! I can give you a very good account of part of your family. I was at Sudbrook this evening & saw the Duchess and Lady Betty in perfect health. Mr. McKinsy" (*sic*) "told me of the battle.

"If you had not had my heart before, you woud have won it by your kind attention to Lady Hertford; but I fear all is in vain. She will not hear of Spa, & is gone to-day to Ragley, & I doubt, will go to Ireland. Nothing touches her about herself. She is as indifferent to that as active & anxious about her family. Adieu, Madam, whether we meet on the banks of the Elbe or the Thames, you know I am

"Most devotedly yours,

"HOR. WALPOLE."

In the course of the year 1763 we get an occasional glimpse of her Ladyship at the Opera, at somebody's magnificent

entertainment, or at Court. Walpole mentions her as one amongst a large company, including Madame de Boufflers and other French people, at Strawberry Hill. In the character of Imoinda, she was one of the principal beauties of the night at a grand masquerade at Richmond House. Prince de Masseran brought over for her a gown from Paris (smuggled through in all probability), which she was greatly disappointed to find a comparatively simple one, instead of a specially handsome dress which had been bought for her by Lady Holland, wherefore Lord Hertford was instructed, through Horace Walpole, that the finer garment must be got over the Channel somehow, even if a special ambassador were necessary for the purpose. No doubt she did really make a very fine figure in society at this time, for Walpole was not the only person to celebrate her charms in verse. One day, at the Princess Amelia's, Lady Temple produced the following verses (impromptu, of course), and the Princess was afterwards much upbraided by Lady Mary for showing them to everybody else, but not to the person on whom they were written. Coming as they do from a rival female courtier, they may be considered as infinitely more complimentary than if they proceeded from the pen of a declared male admirer such as Walpole :—

> " She sometimes laughs, but never loud ;
> She's handsome too, but somewhat proud ;
> At Court she bears away the belle ;
> She dresses fine, and figures well ;
> With decency, she's gay and airy ;
> Who can this be but Lady Mary ? "

In 1764 her mother died, and it may be presumed that she went into strict retirement, for no mention of her is to be found until the autumn of 1765, when Walpole, writing to her brother-in-law, Lord Strafford, apropos of an approaching visit to Paris, observes that he is sure to enjoy himself during the earlier part of the time at least, because Lady Mary will be there, " as if by assignation." As it happened, he met her

before he reached Paris, for in a letter to Conway from Amiens on September 11th he says that when about half a mile from that town he saw coming towards him a coach-and-four, wherein sat a lady in pea-green and silver, with a very smart hat and feather, recognising whom he jumped out of his chaise, fell on his knees, and said his first *Ave Maria, gratiâ plena;* but after a short interchange of gossip they shook hands and parted, she going to the Hereditary Princess, he to his inn. Before long she returned to England, but he remained in Paris for some months, whence on October 15th he addressed to her the following gossipy letter. His falling in love three times presumably refers to the admiration he felt, and expresses elsewhere, for Madame de Rochefort, Madame de Mirepoix, and Madame de Monaco. It may also, perhaps, be necessary to explain, as he does explain in a letter to Conway, that the "beast of the Gevaudan" was an exceedingly large wolf, which was alleged to have "twelve teeth more than any other wolf ever had since the days of Romulus's wet-nurse," and which was shown in the Queen's antechamber "with as much parade as if it was Mr. Pitt."

"As, to be sure, Lady Mary, you have read the works of every Horace that ever writ, you may remember that one of us has said something like this: *Cœlum non podagram mutant qui trans mare currunt.* The verse, as I quote it, is a little lame, but you must consider it has got the gout. So, alas! have I. Is it not moving to be cut off in the bud of one's curiosity, and at the entrance of a new career that promised so bright a campaign? For I must confess all my infidelities. You are accustomed to hear and pardon them. In two days I fell in love three times; & the Lord knows how large the building of my seraglio must have been, if this wicked Gout had not stepped in between me and the digging of the foundations. I do not let it proceed, lest it shoud be taken for an Hospital, especially as one or two of my Passions approach nearer to the age of Invalids than of Sultanas. The affront to your sovereign charms, I own, is aggravated by my going to fish into the last age for subjects of Inconstancy; but what signifies it? I always return to you; and at last you will have no competitor left but the Gout, who is *si aimable!*

"Your Ladyship, who only glanced at Paris, saw more of it than I

have. However, before I was confined I had the fortune to be treated with the sight of what, next to Mr. Pitt, has occasioned most alarm in France, the Beast of the Gevaudan. It was in the Queen's antichamber at Verseilles when I was presented to her. The first bracelets that are made of its hair, you shall have one. It has left an Andromache and four little Princes. The Savage Dowager wanted Monsieur d'Alembert to educate her cubs, but having refused the Czarina, he coud not decently undertake the charge, tho' there were more hopes of unteaching them their bloodthirstiness than he coud entertain of the Russian progeny.

"The Court is at Fontainebleau; & the residence there, which was to have been shortened, is now to continue to the 18th of November, the change of Air and Ass's milk agreeing so well with the Dauphin, that they begin to have hopes of him. This leaves Paris a Desart—but what is a Desart more or less to a man lying on a couch? Indeed, I have company enough from morning to night, who have the charity to visit me. The Duc de Nivernois is inexpressibly good, & has scarce missed a day. He says he called often at your door, & regrets not having seen you. Lady Mary Chabot, Madame Geoffrin, Madame de Juliac, the old President Haynault, and twenty others have been by my bedside; in short, tho' I am only related to Mr. Pitt by the Gout, I find they have great respect for me. Here are but few English now, but there is one of the most amiable I ever knew, Lord Ossory, whom I see often. He has a great deal of the engaging manner of his cousin Tavistock, is modest, manly, very sensible, & well bred. Of your Islanders & your politics, thank God, I know nothing at all; & I am almost afraid of asking any questions, lest I betray my ignorance,—but is it true, as they say here, that Lord Temple is made Governor of the King's children? that Lord Sandwich is turned Methodist? & that Mr. Ellis has been taken up for writing treasonable papers? I don't know how to believe these things, tho' I have seen many as strange. Perhaps they only tell me so to amuse my confinement. My Gracious Lady's pen will make any news acceptable to me. I hope it is not the contrary to her that I have retained my place in our box" [*i.e.*, at the Opera]. "What use I shall make of it the Lord knows. If I knew of any remedy for the Gout, even in Japan, I shoud be tempted to go thither; but how or when am I to get even thither? My little feet coud not bear yet a Giant's slipper. When you see Lady Suffolk, mention me to her with the respect & gratitude I feel; & whenever you write to Wentworth Castle, Madam, don't forget my strong attachments there. Any good account of Lady Strafford's health will always be most welcome to me. Not doubting your charity to a poor Invalid, I beg your Ladyship to send your letter to Mr. Conway's office, *recommandée à Monsr Foley, Banquier.* My letter, I perceive, is scarcely legible, my paper, ink, and pens are abominable, & my

posture worse, but zeal, you see, Madam, can write, though leaning on its arm.

"I am your Ladyship's,
"though inconstant, yet unalterable,
"Humble Sert.,
"HOR. WALPOLE."

About this time Lady Yarmouth died in Hanover. Since the death of George the Second she had naturally sunk into obscurity; but if nobody else in England mourned for her, Lady Mary Coke did, and Walpole's next letter, as in duty bound, commences with some characteristically expressed condolences on that event. Ten years later, when the friendship between him and Lady Mary did not, to use his own expression, "await the trial of a total separation," some equally cynical society philosopher might very well have repeated the worldly-wise moralisings of his first paragraph in a consolatory epistle to himself.

"PARIS,
"*November 17th*, 1765.

"Your heart, Lady Mary, is too feeling for a World in which Ingratitude and Death reign. I am heartily sorry for your loss of Lady Yarmouth; she was a very valuable woman; but you must not give way to all the friendship you are capable of. By some means or other, it will embitter your whole life; & tho' it is very insipid to be indifferent, the vexations consequential of attachments are much too dearly bought by any satisfaction they produce. Perhaps, if Death was the only dissolvent of connections, one woud run the risk, because Esteem is mixed with grief; the sensation has a kind of sweetness in it, but it is so seldom that friendship is mutual, that it rarely awaits the trial of a total separation; and who woud be more concerned for another than that Person woud be for you? If I was younger, I certainly shoud not preach this Doctrine to you, Madam, but I know your worth, I do not know that of many more, & I am sorry to see you so often miserable; not one in a hundred deserves such sincerity as yours.

"I am got again a little into the World, & during my illness received great marks of kindness & attention from several persons. But you must not believe, Madam, the ridiculous stories which have been propagated in England—I suppose to laugh at me. The circle of my acquaintance here is narrow, & lies amongst the most reasonable people I coud find, who treat me with great goodness &

compassion, but who are too sensible, &, I hope, think me so, to commend my person or admire me, as has been reported. I speak their language too ill even to give way to my natural spirits, & tho' I trust I shall find them again at my return, I flatter myself that you will not perceive me become a coxcomb, nor in love with myself, at eight-and-forty, & after five months of Gout. I hope to be good-humoured to the last, but it will be a little hard if my Chearfulness is taken for Vanity. I dare not now, after what I have heard, joke on my passions, lest these should pass for pretensions, nor admire Madame de la Vallière's eyes, lest some *kind* body or other shoud talk of mine. You know me, Lady Mary, &, I hope, will acquit me of any follies of self-love. I have many others, & am willing to retain them, but on that head, indeed, I have not been guilty. Paris is still a Desart. The Dauphin, who received the last Sacraments two or three days ago, languishes on. However, he has mended so much, that they have appointed the Duke of Richmond's audience to-day, & he is accordingly gone to Fontainebleau. I question whether the Duchess will not be prevented for some time, as the Dauphin cannot last many days. Other French news I have none, & full as little of English. Nobody will ever tell me the Duke of Dorset's will, or whether the Duke of Cumberland made one; but everybody says, 'I tell you no news because I conclude you have it from better hands.' I woud be content to know what has turned things round so that my Lady Bolingbroke is in disgrace at Bedford House, & my Lord in favour there. These may be old Stories in London, but woud be very new to me. You see, I am humble in my curiosity. You will soon see the Duke of Beaufort from hence, will find him improved in his person, good-natured, and civil. I am glad to find, Madam, that Lady Brown is a friend of yours; She is uncommonly good-humoured & agreeably chearful. Lord & Lady Fife find her a great resource. Tho' I have been here now above two months, I have seen few of the Beauties & none of the Princes of the Blood. Above five weeks I was confined, or at least an Invalid. The Dauphin's illness has locked up everybody at Fontainebleau. However, as I think this will be my last expedition across the Sea, I endeavour & intend to see as much as I can. This is no very difficult task, as variety certainly does not compose the life of the French. They live by the Clock, by the almanack, and by custom. I think I coud with great truth write travels to Paris that woud totally contradict all ideas received of the French in England. I like many of the people, and with great reason; am reconciled to several things that displeased me at first; but there wants that singularity which, however unreasonable, makes every English Character a Novelty. Tho' the country and the people are new to me, I find it more difficult to say anything in my letters from hence than ever I did in England. When I find that the case, it is time, you will allow, to finish. *Je ne*

m'ennuis pas, mais je vous ennuierois. In short, as the French don't love laughing, I will reserve my spirits till we meet in our box at the Opera. I tumble down ten times in the day, & am sensible that I ought to grow old; but I don't know how, I still flatter myself that I shall live to be foolish again. Not in public, where I intend to observe all the decorum and dignity of the gout; but I doubt my friends will not find that my Wrinkles are very serious. Wrinkles, I assure you, there are, new ones, too; and if there were not, I woud paint them sooner than lie under the calumny of being charming. This does not imply, Lady Mary, that I give up the least tittle of my claim to your Heart; on the contrary, I pretend that you (& you only) shoud see my stick (if I am forced to return with one) in the light of a crook, for, in spite of Madame de la Vallière, etc., I am still, & ever will be,

"Yr Pastor fido,
"HOR. WALPOLE."

Walpole, now verging on fifty years of age, had never been in Paris since he went the grand tour when he was twenty-one; but, as will be seen from his next letter to Lady Mary, when the first strangeness had worn off, he took very kindly both to the place and the people, and was in no hurry to return home:—

"PARIS,
"*Jan. 4th*, 1766.

"I, that am used to the rapidity of events in London, Madam, am astonished at the dearth of Paris. They have no occurrences but deaths, & marriages, & promotions, no Revolutions, no separations, no horseraces, nothing that constitutes History. In the first month after my arrival they talked of nothing but whether the Duchesse de Boufflers had the smallpox a second time or not. Then they lived nine or ten weeks upon the Dauphin's death. They eked out the mourning and ceremonies as long as they coud; & Madame Geoffrin owned fairly t'other night that now there was nothing to talk of—how much less than nothing is there to write of! Why, tho' even my Lady Berkeley is here, one has not a word to say.

"My life is perfectly French, & I like it. I lie abed all the morning, breakfast, eat no dinner, visit after that no dinner, fix at nine for the evening, sup, drink coffee, & sit up till past two; if I meet Madame de Mirepoix, drink tea, & stay till later. Oh! it is charming; &, what is more delightful, have no House of Commons, which, however, I hate less than usual for its late behaviour. It will be woful to return to English hours, and manners, and assemblies. Yet I am not ungrateful for the kind orders your Ladyship gave to Lady Brown to

send me back: yet if I coud transport you and a few more, and Strawberry, with all my cats & Dogs, to Paris & a mouthfull of verdure, I shoud not care if I never returned again. The Duchess of Richmond is not at all of my mind, but very impatient to be at home; yet I do all I can to make her happy by carrying her to shops every day, & is there greater happiness? We were at the Paris Marchand on new year's eve, crowded & yet frozen to death. Nobody liked it but I, who, having no terrors of gravity before my eyes, amuse myself as foolishly as I please all day long. It is pleasant to be in a country where, being connected with nobody, nor having relation to anything, one is at liberty to chase sense or nonsense without being torn to pieces. Nobody has any interest to pity or blame one. As often as I find that I am too young to bear being old I shall certainly whip over hither, vent my vagary, & return perfectly sober.

"All this is upon the supposition that I am not frozen to death within this week. The weather is as cold as in Russia, and as here they sup with the doors open, I am forced to eat soupe scalding hot to prevent being converted into an Isicle. The theatres are shut up since the Dauphin's death—however, I don't hear that you divert yourselves better in England. Your Operas, I am told, are wofull, & Almack's not a jot livelier than it was last winter. In short, I am convinced that America will soon be the Source of all amusement; they already write libels, & laugh at your Parliament. The moment a party is formed the Chiefs must divert their partizans. I wonder Lord Temple does not scramble over thither; he woud have more hopes than are left him in England; but I recollect that he is unluckily on the wrong side, or we shoud have a new Obelisk at Stowe, dedicated to some patriot at Boston. I pity the ministry when George Grenville has got a new continent opened to harangue upon. I have long thought that he shoud have lived in Lapland, where one day lasts for six months. Rousseau set out this morning for England. As he loves to contradict a whole Nation, I suppose he will write for the present Opposition. Pray tell me if he becomes the fashion. As he is to live at Fulham, I hope his first quarrel will be with his neighbour the Bishop of London, who is an excellent subject for his ridicule.

"Adieu, dear Lady Mary. You see, I conceal none of my Levities, but I pretend to some merit, as, let me be as fickle as I will, in one point I never alter.

"Yr most faithfull
"humble sert.,
"H. W."

Two months later, being still an idler in Paris, Walpole wrote again to Lady Mary, complaining that from dearth of material he was compelled to compose his letter of "dabs

of paragraphs"; but seeing that he mentions "Dr. Smith," who was none other than the afterwards celebrated author of "The Wealth of Nations," as accompanying her two nephews in the capacity of tutor, and as living in the same hotel as himself, it is much to be wondered at that he did not favour his correspondent with a sketch of the character, or at least of some of the eccentricities, of that remarkable man. It was left to somebody else to inform her, a year later, that the said Dr. Adam Smith was "the most absent-minded man that ever was"; and she noted in her journal an amusing story about him which was related to her by Lady George Lennox. Mr. Damer, it appears, called one morning on the Scottish philosopher just as he was preparing his breakfast. As they talked the learned man took a piece of bread-and-butter in his hand, and, after rolling it round and round and round, popped it into his tea-pot and poured the boiling water upon it. Damer watched in quiet amusement without drawing attention to this peculiar proceeding, and presently he had his reward, for when Adam Smith poured himself out a cup of this queer decoction and tasted it, he quite innocently remarked to his visitor that it was the worst tea he had ever met with.

"PARIS,

"*March 3rd*, 1766.

"I am thoroughly concerned, Dear Madam, at the account you give me of your health. If you woud attend to advice on that subject, I woud tell you that you harrass your mind & body. You have not been quite well a long while, and yet never take care of yourself for two days together. I woud recommend to you to love your friends less & to laugh at your Enemies. The goodness of your heart makes you too attentive to both. For the dethroned Empress" [he refers, perhaps, to the Princess Dowager of Wales], "who, you tell me, has been wanting in regard to you, she is surely below your notice. Rage, passion, & disappointment dictate all her actions, tho' she flatters herself that Art influences most of them. Take care of yourself, & be sure not to have the jaundice, which is the only thing in which you can ever resemble her.

"You do me too much honour by far in thinking that publicly or privately I coud do any good. I did not leave England till I found I

coud not. I pressed what you wished, but was not listened to. When I return, which will be the end of this month or the beginning of next, it will most certainly not be to meddle with politics, of which I washed my hands for ever when I came away. Your nephews, Madam, & Dr. Smith, are coming into the hotel I inhabit. You may imagine that their ages and mine do not mate as very proper companions; but, as far as I can judge, you will have uncommon satisfaction in them. There is a natural modesty, good nature, & good breeding in them, which is particularly amiable in young men of their great rank. If their hearts are not like yours, I am much deceived. Lord & Lady Fife are gone to Holland, & fewer English than usual remain here. The King has been suddenly & unexpectedly at the Parliament to-day. I have not yet been out, nor know the particulars, but I shoud think it was on no favourable errand for them. They have lately made some high remonstrances, & three days ago he sent for their registers to Verseilles. These matters, as you may suppose, occupy them much, but to me, accustomed to livelier politics, they appear flea-bites.

"I have not heard of Lord Strafford this age, but hope he received my last of January 23rd. This is not to extort a letter from him, but to put him in mind of a very sincere, humble servant of his & Lady Strafford. Of Lady Suffolk I know still less. May I beg your Ladyship to mention me to her; if I knew a Syllable more than is in every gazette, I woud write to her; & for my life, it is so uniform, it woud amuse nobody. I hope She is well, & that Marble Hill & Strawberry Hill will be as good neighbours this summer as ever.

"You see, Madam, of what dabs of paragraphs I am forced to compose my letter. It is a better reason for concluding than for continuing it; but I coud not resist returning my thanks for yours & telling you, what I trust you are persuaded of, that your health is one of my first cares, and, I hope, will be the first of yours.

"Yr most faithfull
"& devoted humble Sert.,
"Hor. Walpole."

It was about this time, or rather a little earlier, that Walpole dedicated to Lady Mary Coke his weird story of "The Castle of Otranto." When he first published it, in December, 1764, he passed it off as a translation, by "William Marshall, Gent.," from an Italian black-letter book of 1529, and almost everybody was imposed upon. But when he found it to be a success, and a second

edition was called for, he admitted the authorship, and prefixed to it the following lines:—

"To the Right Honourable Lady Mary Coke.

"The gentle maid whose hapless tale
These melancholy pages speak;
Say, gracious lady, shall she fail
To draw the tear adown thy cheek?

"No, never was thy pitying breast
Insensible to human woes:
Tender, tho' firm, it melts distrest
For weaknesses it never knows.

"Oh! guard the marvels I relate
Of fell ambition scourged by fate,
From reason's peevish blame;
Blest with thy smile, my dauntless sail
I dare expand to Fancy's gale,
For sure thy smiles are Fame."

Lady Mary, as has been remarked already, had little taste or liking for fiction: her fame-conferring smiles were usually given to blue-books, or State papers, or dry-as-dust genealogies; and, unfortunately, her candid opinion of "The Castle of Otranto" has not been preserved. In the autumn of 1767 Lady Mary and Horace Walpole happened to be once more in Paris at the same time; but her stay was cut short by the sudden death of Charles Townshend, her sister Caroline's second husband. After her hurried journey to England she appears to have remembered to do some little service that Walpole had requested of her, and consequently called forth the following letter:—

"Paris,
"*Sept. 20th*, 1767.

"I am excessively thankful, Dear Madam, for your most obliging compliance with my request when you was in so melancholy a situation. I coud only wish the letter had been dated a few days later, that I might be sure you have not suffered by your hurry, fatigue, & distress. I heartily grieve for all Mr. Townshend's family, especially y^r^ Sister & his Mother, the last of whom I think the least likely to get over so terrible a blow, considering her state of health. I beg, when it is

proper, you will say something for me to Lady Dalkeith, & a great deal to poor Lady Townshend, if you see her. I think it too early to write; but I will wait on her as soon as I return, which will be in a fortnight at latest. I am very glad your Ladyship's passage was more favourable than Lady Mary Chabot's, who was 23 hours at Sea, & in the utmost danger. A Dutch vessel was lost very near them.

"Poor Mons[r] de Guerchy expired on Thursday last. There is a House of as great calamity as the one you attend! Nothing else has happened here since you left us, nor, indeed, I think, ever does, except deaths, marriages, & promotions. To my great joy, the Prince of Conti is gone to Lisle Adam with all his strolling Court, & I have not once seen him. I dined with Lady Rochford at the Duchesse d'Aguillon's on Wednesday last. The views are fine, excepting the want of verdure, & the garden, like all their gardens, seems to be in no keeping. On Friday we dined at Mr. Wood's at Meudon, where the prospect is much finer, but his House is a perfect ruin, like an old banqueting House at the End of an old-fashioned garden.

"The Duke of York has had a violent fever at Monaco, but I think is reckoned out of danger. The Prince has paid him great attention; so great that he has put off a journey to the Duc de Choiseul's at Canteloupe. What can a Frenchman do more?

"Lord March & George Selwyn arrived this morning, & I expect them every minute. L[d] Algernon Percy is here too.

"As I may set out sooner than I have mentioned, I do not know, Madam, whether you will trust me with any commissions. But my acquaintance here is so established, both with Friends and Shops, that I can easily get anything executed after my return to England.

"Forgive me, dear Lady Mary, if I conclude this letter of scraps. I can tell you nothing from hence worth writing. Suppers are all the events, and, as you know, seldom lively.

"Your most faithfull
"& devoted humble Sert.,
"HOR. WALPOLE."

As a matter of fact, this letter of scraps, which he thought scarce worth writing, contained one item of news which to Lady Mary was of momentous import, viz., the dangerous illness of the Duke of York at Monaco, for ever since 1758, when she was thirty-two and the Prince nineteen, she had carried on what, on her part at least, was a very serious flirtation with him. Edward, Duke of York, was the greatest fool (which is saying a good deal) of all the brothers of George the Third. He had, we are told, a mean little form,

a pale face, white eyelashes and eyebrows, and a certain tremulous motion of the eyes which made him look as silly as—he really was. For, in addition to being a heartless libertine, he was a stupid chatterer, whose giddiness as well as profligacy did more to bring royalty into discredit than even the calamitous mistakes of his brother who sat on the throne. Even a prince, it may be presumed, is capable of being flattered by the attentions and the undisguised admiration of a handsome woman; but, however this may be, Prince Edward was quite ready to make love to Lady Mary Coke—in the only fashion which he ever knew anything about. But she was very careful of her reputation, and managed to keep him on a footing that gave no loophole for anything in the shape of the ordinary scandal. Then, it appears, the young scapegrace took to making fun of her behind her back, diverting his family and certain intimates of the Court with accounts of her strict propriety combined with amatory encouragement and of her evident desire to entangle him in the bonds of holy matrimony. He corresponded with her when he was abroad, and she carefully preserved all his letters; but she seems to have read into them something which was not there, for the Princess Amelia and others to whom they were afterwards shown all agreed that they were merely such letters as any man might have written to any lady of his acquaintance. When, however, she heard the "terrible" news of his death, towards the end of September, 1767, her grief was extremely ostentatious. She shut herself up at Sudbrook alone for several days, trying to avoid everybody but the Princess Amelia. The Duchess of Norfolk grievously offended her by mentioning the "terrible" event in an indifferent manner; and although her sister Caroline showed "great goodness and humanity" by sympathising with her bereavement, her other sisters as well as most of her acquaintances exhibited great heartlessness, Lady Strafford by speaking of the "terrible" event as calmly and indifferently as the Duchess of Norfolk had done,

and Lady Betty Mackenzie by not referring to it at all! These sisters never afterwards occupied the same place in her affections as Caroline did; and to the end of her days she cherished a degree of animosity against the Duchess of Brunswick, the Duchess of Hamilton, Lady Susan Stewart, and some others who were outspoken enough to pooh-pooh her pretensions of a particular relation to the late royal Duke. The first time she met Princess Amelia after receipt of the "terrible" news she burst into tears. The Princess affected to believe that she was distressed about some other matter, but when Lady Mary, not taking the hint, insisted on explaining that she was weeping for the Duke of York, her Royal Highness bluntly said, "If you did but know what a joke he always made of you, you would soon leave off crying for him." But she could not leave off crying for a long time. Her journal is full of entries on the subject. The fancied sounds of the firing of guns and the tolling of bells were in her ears day after day. Night after night she dreamt she was in Westminster Abbey at the funeral; day after day she waited (in vain, of course) for his servants to bring her some message; for it seemed incredible to her that the Duke could have died without having her in his mind at the last moment; and after the funeral she went down into the vault in Westminster Abbey to weep and pray beside the coffin. Her friends evidently got sick of it, and kept out of her way, for she complains of being all alone in her house at Notting Hill for eight weeks, and during that time having seen only five people. Her sister Caroline believed, or affected to believe, that Lady Mary and the Duke, if not privately married, had at least been definitely betrothed; but there is not a shred of evidence for any such belief. Nevertheless for some time afterwards she assumed something of the air of a royal widow, so that the Duchess of Brunswick joked about "our sister Mary"; and her unfounded pretensions excited general laughter. But she persisted, for as late as ten or twelve years afterwards Walpole, whom by that time she had

quarrelled with irreconcilably, tells one of his correspondents that the absurdities of "her Royal Highness," as he took to calling her, were still the theme of satirical animadversion.

"*Marie à la Coque*" [*i.e.*, Lady Mary] "has had an outrageous quarrel with Miss Pelham on politics, or rather at Miss Pelham, who did not reply. This occasioned Lady Mary's notes being mentioned, which she signs as Duchess of York 'Marye' (the *e* passing for a flourish) if you do not go to law with her. On this Burke said to Miss P.: 'Upon my word, you will be a match for her if you sign '*Francess P.*'"

Unfortunately for Lady Mary's peace of mind, about two years after the death of the Duke of York the Duke of Gloucester married Lady Waldegrave, the illegitimate daughter of Sir Robert Walpole, and shortly after that the Duke of Cumberland married Mrs. Horton, neither of these ladies, of course, being so highly born as a daughter of the Duke of Argyll, and both of them, curiously enough, being widows. Then, says Lady Louisa Stuart, Lady Mary "foamed at the mouth," not so much because these royal dukes had married beneath them, as because another royal duke had neglected to marry her. This was intolerable; and so, shaking the dust of the English Court from her feet (for a time!), she betook herself to the more congenial atmosphere of the Courts of Germany.

Before this happened, however, she had had a pleasant jaunt to the south of France, and had also had a curious proposal of marriage. The proposal came about as follows. On Sunday, May 15th, 1768, she dined at Lord Bessborough's, whose house she reports as magnificent and more crowded with fine things than any house she had ever seen. When Lord Bessborough had shown her all the rooms, and she had admired everything as it deserved, he turned to her and said simply, "I wish, Madam, you would consent to become the mistress of it." She took this for a jest, and laughingly replied that she was much obliged to him. But when Lord and Lady Strafford joined them, Lord Bessborough repeated his proposal and asked them what

they thought of it, whereupon Lady Strafford said gravely that in her opinion, if her sister intended marrying, she could not do better. "I am afraid she does not think so," replied Lord Bessborough. "It appears to her too ridiculous to make an answer to it; I am thirty years too old, I suppose." What answer Lady Mary then made she does not tell us, but she notes in her journal that it surprised her to find her sister taking the matter seriously, for, if she had any matrimonial intentions, she might certainly expect to do much better than Lord Bessborough. But she had no such intentions, being "too much attached to the memory of the person who is gone to think of any other engagement." Lord Bessborough, it may be remarked in passing, continued to cherish matrimonial intentions, although after this he seems to have been shy of offering himself to any lady very much his junior. A couple of years later, when the last of his daughters was about to be married, Princess Amelia suggested that he might like Lady Anne Howard for a second wife, in order not to be left quite alone, whereupon he promptly replied that there was too much difference in their ages. But he added, with a low bow, that, if her Royal Highness would accept of him for a husband, the ages would agree better. The Princess was so tickled with this quaint and unexpected proposal that she laughed till she could hardly stand. Then, recovering her composure, she replied pleasantly, "My good lord, if I were to become Lady Bessborough, I am afraid Lady Mary Coke" (who was then present) "would never cover her steps with carpets to receive me." "Pardon me, Madam," rejoined the old lord, taking it all quite seriously, "your Royal Highness would keep your rank, and I should agree that you keep your fortune, only desiring to be excused settling a jointure." Whereat, of course, there was more merriment, and the only satisfaction poor Lord Bessborough got was to hear his proposal related by the Princess as a capital joke when the rest of her company arrived.

During the course of her journey through the south of

France Lady Mary had written home to one of her sisters inquiring what had become of Mr. Walpole. Her still dutiful knight accordingly responded as follows:—

"ARLINGTON STREET,
"*Dec.* 14*th*, 1769.

"Lady Betty Mackinsy" (*sic*) "tells me, Madam, that you have asked what is become of me, and why nobody mentions me. I cannot wonder why they do not, but I am extremely flattered with your Inquiring. When one is far from being a novelty, or when one creates no novelties, one is easily forgotten in such a World as London. I write no libels, want no place, and occasion no divorce. What right have I then to occupy a paragraph in a letter? Quiet virtues or small faults are drowned in the noise & nonsense of the times. But this is more than was necessary. I hope it will procure me a considerable return of information about yourself, Lady Mary. I hear you have seen Voltaire & learned many particulars about Madame de Sévigné & the Grignans. I am ready to print all you shall impart. If any Draughtsmen grow in that part of the World, pray bring over a drawing of Grignan. You shoud visit Avignon & inquire after the good King Réné, the father of Margaret of Anjou, & his portrait & his paintings; and you must read the Life of Petrarch in 3 quartos, & make a pilgrimage to the Sainte Baume" [a cave reputed to be the scene of Mary Magdalene's penance]. "These journies will amuse you more than Aix. Then you may learn all you can about the Parliament of Love & the Provençal Poets. Such pursuits are much more amusing than *Intendants* & *Intendantes*, & their awkward imitations of the manners of Paris. I do not attempt to tell you any news, as your sisters are such excellent correspondents. Lady Strafford looks particularly well. Lady Ailęsbury, I think, quite recovered. Our box is rarely inhabited, the two last being but just arrived & your Sister ready to return. The Operas are commended and deserted. I desert but cannot commend them. Lady Betty Germain, I shoud think, wou'd be dead before you can receive this. Our Loo parties are receiving a great loss by the departure of Mello" [the Portuguese Minister], "who is suddenly recalled to fill a chief place in the Ministry, on the death of Monsieur d'Oyras's brother. Everybody regrets him, & he I believe will regret us. Madame du Châtelet is returned with her husband; but take notice, Madam, I do not announce this to you as good news. Such a scanty letter as this is scarce worth sending so far, yet as it is embalmed in gratitude, I trust it will keep sweet. A month hence there will be news enough, but as there will probably be none that will do us honour, I am rather glad to write during the least interval of folly. One does not blush while one's letter is opened at a

foreign bureau. Poor Mrs. Harris, though out of danger, does not recover her strength. She spoke to me in the warmest terms t'other night of your Ladyship's goodness to her. I hope you are well guarded with James's powders. When I have so little to say for myself, you will not wonder, Madam, nobody said anything for me, but I could not help expressing my obligations & assuring you that

"I am always
"Lady Mary's
"Most devoted
"humble sert.,
"HOR. WALPOLE."

Whether or not she answered Walpole's questions and gave him any account of the celebrated people and places she had seen does not appear; but in a letter to one of her sisters she gives an account of her visit to Voltaire. He was then seventy-five years of age, and living quietly at his retreat at Ferney. He paid his compliment to her in English, and spoke of her father in terms of high approbation. Then he insisted on showing her his garden, although she protested against this, because, as she declares, he was attired only "in a flowered silk waistcoat and nightgown, a dark periwig without powder, slippers, and a cap in his hand." Having duly inspected the garden, she came in to breakfast with him, and, after staying altogether an hour and a half, came away very well satisfied with her reception.

It was in the year following this that she determined to visit the Empress-Queen, Maria Theresa, at Vienna, and Walpole, who had been ill and unable to see her for some little time previously, wrote her the following satirical farewell:—

"*Monday Evening, Sept. 24th*, 1770.

"It was a thorough mortification, dear Lady Mary, not to see your Ladyship yesterday when you was so very good to call; & it was no small one not to be able to answer your note this morning. My relapse I believe was owing to the very sudden change of Weather. However it has humbled me so much that I shall readily obey your commands & be much more careful of not catching cold again. If it is possible I shall remove to London before you set out; if it is not, I wish you health, happiness, & amusement—&, may I say, a surfeit of travelling.

I am glad you cannot go & visit the Ottoman Emperor & I have too good an opinion of you to think you will visit the Northern Fury. If after this journey you will not stay at home with us, I protest I will have a painted oil-cloth hung at your Door, with an account of your having been shown to the Emperor of Germany & the Lord knows how many other Potentates. Well!! Madam, make haste back; you see how fast I grow old; I shall not be a very creditable Lover long, nor able to drag a chain that is heavier than that of your watch. Yet while a shadow of me lasts I will glide after you with friendly wishes, & put you in mind of the Attachment of

"Yr most faithfull Slave,
"HOR. WALPOLE."

This, the first of her visits to Vienna, was highly successful. The Emperor Joseph was courteous to her, and his mother, Maria Theresa, made much of her while she was there, and before she left granted her a private audience, and presented her with a fine medallion set with jewels. Count Seilern, who had known her when he was ambassador in England, Prince Kaunitz, the Prime Minister, the Thuns, the Lichtensteins, and the Esterhazys, all entertained her magnificently, so that on her return she had a great deal that was both interesting and instructive to report. Unfortunately she did it in so pompous a manner, and paraded so ostentatiously her intimacy with these illustrious personages, that people were forced to laugh at an exhibition such as might have been expected of the daughter of a beknighted tallow-chandler, but was unaccountable in a daughter of the great Duke of Argyll. Horace Walpole seems to have anticipated something of this kind, for while she was there he addressed to her an apology for his dilatoriness as a correspondent in the following humorous strain:—

"ARLINGTON STREET,
"*Jan. 27th*, 1771.

"I am extremely flattered, dear Lady Mary, by your sisters telling me that you complain of my silence—alas! I thought, surrounded by Emperors and Empresses, you could not think of or care for the letters of such little mortals as I. I imagined that I must write to you with all the formality of the Aulic Chamber. I had begun an Epistle & put myself into one of Count Seilern's most exalted attitudes, but my words

came so slow that I should not have finished before I hope you will return. By your kind reproof I trust you will allow me to descend from my Austrian buskins, & write in my usual style. I am [not], nor ever can be, altered towards your Ladyship; but truth is, I feared your being become at least an Archduchess, & did not know, which would be a thousand pities, but your fair nose might have risen half an Inch, and your lips, which could never mend, have dropped and pouted with prodigious dignity at being addressed with a familiarity unknown to the House of Hapsburg. I am transported with finding you still the same, & cou'd now almost trust you with the baneful influence of the Czarina. However, pray never think of making her a visit too. You have travelled enough, & ought to have the Magi come to see you, instead of wandering yourself after every Star. I do not pretend, Madam, to tell you news, for Lady Strafford & Lady Greenwich leave none untold. One article rejoices me greatly, the peace with Spain. I do not wish to conquer the world every ten years! Events happen here so daily that we do not want battles & sieges for conversation; & yet I think Politics are likely to grow a little drowsy. The deaths of Mr. Grenville & the Duke of Bedford have left Lord North in full Security. L^{d} Temple takes no more part, and they say is even quarrelled with L^{d} Chatham. Wilkes & Parson Horne have a civil War between themselves, & nobody insists upon one's lighting up candles for either. Loo begins to yield to Quinze—Oh! I had forgotten: there are desperate Wars between the Opera in the Haymarket & that at Mrs. Cornely's. There was a negociation yesterday for a union, but I do not know what answer the definitive Courier has brought. All I know is that Guadagni is much more haughty than the King of Castille Arragon, Leon, Granada, etc. In the meantime King Hobart is starving; & if the junction takes place his children must starve, for he must pay the expenses of both Theatres. The Ladies' Club—Oh! but you are one of the profane & must not be acquainted with our mysteries, yet you must respect them, for Mons^{r} de Belgioioso" [Count Seilern's successor as imperial ambassador] "is one of our new members. He is a sensible good sort of man, & has not half the paste board about him that Seilern had. You will like Mons^{r} de Guisnes too, who is very civil & modest, and has none of the agreeable peevishness of his Predecessor, nor the charming indifference of his Predecessoress. What do you say at Vienna to Mons^{r} de Choiseul's fall, & when will your neighbour Mustapha 3rd be sent in chains to Petersburg? Is the Dauphiness breeding, or are you angry she is not? Plays, at least scenes, thrive exceedingly. There is a farce at Covent Garden called Mother Shipton that has a million of pretty Landscapes & Temples of Ruby & Emerald. Garrick has revived Dryden's King Arthur with some good Scenery; unluckily, for a Heathen Temple he has produced a Gothic Cathedral, in which the Devil happens to be the principal performer;

and then Purcell's venerable music is squalled in imitation of modern singing, till one's ears don't know it by sight. He has got a Tragedy too, translated from Voltaire's Tancrede by Madame Celesia, Mallet's daughter, which takes, tho' very middling; and a sentimental comedy called The West Indian by Mr. Cumberland, that is quite ravishing; at least so they say, but I have not had time yet to go and be ravished. I do not know that we have a single new book, except one or two political pamphlets, that nobody reads but the Common Council that cannot read. Lord Huntington" [late Groom of the Stole] "is going abroad, not, like your Ladyship, to see Kings and Queens, but because he has fewer opportunities of seeing them than he had. Lord Shelburne is going too, on the loss of his wife, & Lord Grantham to Spain. I have not heard who is to succeed the last as Vice-Chamberlain. The worst and the best news I can tell you is, that you & I, Madam, have been very near losing *our* Princess, & that she is perfectly well again. I am to play there to-morrow, but our Loo is reduced to half-crowns. You have heard, I suppose, that on account of her Deafness, she goes no more to Court, & is to have no more Drawing rooms. This sketch of everything will, I hope, atone a little for my past omissions, and yet why should I expect it? You are a wanderer, Lady Mary, like Cain, & seem not to care for your own Country. You would have liked it better, I believe, during the Heptarchy, when we had more Kings and Queens than there are in a pack of cards. If you should ever write your Travels, & like Baron Polnitz give a full account of all the gracious Sovereigns upon Earth, I flatter myself you will honour the Strawberry Press with them. I promise you they shall be printed on the best *Imperial* paper. It is employed at present on the last volume of my Anecdotes of Painting, which do not deserve better than quires of foolscap. May I trouble your Ladyship with my compliments to Lord Stormont? I am just going to Lady Ailesbury, & as I conclude I shall meet Lady Strafford there, I must finish my letter that I may trouble her to send it—but the Length indeed is all I ought to make excuses for.

"I am, Madam,
"Your Ladyship's
"abandoned but ever
"faithfull & devoted Knight,
"HORACE WALPOLE."

Lady Mary considered the foregoing a "delightful" letter; but she remarks in her journal that she is sorry Mr. Walpole thinks her to be an admirer of kings and queens "independent of their merit," for she can assure him (and everybody else) that great stations never dazzle her or blind her judgment, and the sole reason why she is more pleased to see eminent

virtues in people of supreme rank than in those of lower degree is that the influence of those in high places is so much more extensive. But Walpole knew better; and he never lost an opportunity of chaffing her about her infatuation. When she invited him to spend a day with her at her Notting Hill villa in June of the same year, she was already talking of a second visit to Vienna; and his acceptance of the invitation was framed accordingly.

"STRAWBERRY HILL,
"*June 9th*, 1771.

"You cannot imagine, Dear Madam, how much I am flattered with receiving your orders to pass a whole day with you, tho' I have not, that I know of, a drop of Austrian blood in my veins. It is true Charlemagne was my Grandfather, by a Courtenay that married somebody from whom I am descended, but I hope you had not that match in your eye, but graciously invited me without considering that I am but a thousand years off from being a sort of Prince. I shall obey your Commands with more submission & Satisfaction than if your Ladyship's name was Teresa as well as Mary. You are Goddess enough for me, & I shall never pilgrimize to Vienna to see a greater Lady. I wish you was as much content with your own Dignity. A wise Lady should make such a progress but once; no more than the Wise men. I doubt even whether *they* would have retained that character, if they had danced after the same star year after year. It is the Emperor's turn to come after your Ladyship. Can we expect him, if you carry to him what is most worth seeing in England? or will he come if you are to return to Vienna? Nay, he does not deserve your visit, when he has a vacant throne to offer you, & yet lets you slip out of his hands. There is not an instance in Romance of such neglect. Do you think any consideration upon earth would have determined Berenice to return to Rome after Titus had been so weak & ill bred as to suffer her to depart? Shall the Duke of Argyll's daughter run up & down Europe like the Wandering Jew? Chuse your Kingdom & reign there, & tho' I shall certainly die of it, I wish you settled and crowned once for all. Your glory is still dearer to me than Loo at Notting Hill, & even than all my rash hopes. For your sake I would sacrifice my darling view of tending a few sheep with you on our two hills, but I cannot bear to see you return so often without a Diadem. 'Or Cæsar or nothing,' said Borgia: 'Be Cæsar's wife or mine,' say I. Cæsar has not done his Part. My heart is still at your Service, but I am off if you offer it to Cæsar once more. Nay I will not be pacified, tho' you shou'd pretend the visit is

only to his Mother. If you think of Vienna again, I marry Madame du Deffand, & will no longer be

" Your Ladyship's
" Constant and
" Eternal Adorer,
" HOR. WALPOLE."

Lady Mary described this amusing epistle as the most "rediculous" letter she had ever read; but the notion that she might captivate and marry the Emperor Joseph was by no means so "rediculous" to her mind as it was to that of the humorous writer. She sent the letter to her brother-in-law, Lord Strafford, ostensibly because she thought it would amuse him, but really, perhaps, because she was half disposed to think the suggestion about the Emperor offering her a vacant throne might have an element of prophecy in it. Walpole's banter often contained very sound advice, and she would have done better if she had taken to heart that other part of the letter in which he tried to dissuade her from dancing after the same star again and again; and he seems to have repeated this advice on the occasion of another visit to Notting Hill, for she notes in her journal that one day an unexpected coach stopped at her door, out of which came Mr. Walpole and his dog. He had evidently come on purpose to scold her for intending to return to Vienna. When that was over, however, as she slily observes, he asked her more questions about the Empress, etc., than anybody else had ever done; and she adds in conclusion, "Has he any reason to complain of my going to Vienna when he is going to Paris?—sets out the beginning of next month, and stays six weeks." Anyway, her resolution was fixed; and on September 4th she set out on her second visit to the Court of the Empress-Queen. Before she left England, however, she received from Walpole, who was then in Paris, a lively account of an interesting scientific experiment, of which presumably he had been an eye-witness. According to the *Annual Register* for 1771, this experiment was made, in the presence of a considerable number of persons of both

sexes, in the laboratory of Monsieur Rouelle, a physician and member of the Royal Academy of France. This was some four or five years before Lavoisier proved the diamond to consist of pure carbon by burning it in oxygen and collecting the carbon dioxide gas which it formed. Walpole's account of the matter, which greatly entertained her, though she very ineptly describes it by her favourite phrase of "most rediculous," is as follows:—

"PARIS,

"*Aug. 22nd*, 1771.

"I never trouble your Ladyship with common news. The little events of the World are below the regard of one who steps from Throne to Throne, & converses only with demigods & demigoddesses. Parliaments are broken here every day about our ears, but their splinters are not of consequence enough to send you. I waited for something worthy of being entered in your Imperial Archives—little thinking that I should be happy enough to be the First to inform you, at least to ascertain you, of the most Extraordinary discovery that ever was made, & far more important than the forty dozen of Islands which Dr. Solander has picked up the Lord knows where, as he went to catch new sorts of fleas & crickets; & which said Islands, if well husbanded, may produce forty more Wars. The Discovery I mean will occasion great desolation too. It will produce a violent change in the Empire of Parnassus, it will be very prejudicial to the eyes, & considerably reduce the value of what Cibber calls *the Paraphonalia of a Woman of Quality*. It is difficult not to moralise on so trist an event! Can we wonder at that fleeting condition of Human life when the brightest & most durable of essences is proved to be but a vapour? No, Madam, I do not mean Angels. They have indeed been in some danger; but have been saved, at least for some time, by Mad. du Barry, & the late Edicts that wink at the return of the Jesuits. The radiances in question have undergone a more fiery trial, & their nothingness is condemned without reprieve. Yes, Madam, Diamonds are a bubble, and Adamant itself has lost its obduracy. I am sorry to say that it would be a greater compliment now to tell a beauty that she had ruby eyes, than to compare them to a Diamond, & if your Ladyship's heart were no harder than Adamant, I should be sure of finding it no longer irresistible. As this memorable process took its rise at Vienna, your Ladyship may perhaps have heard something of it. Public experiences have now been made here; & the day before yesterday, the Ordeal Trial was executed. A Diamond was put into a Crucible over a moderate fire, & in an hour was absolutely

annihilated. No ashes were left, not enough to enclose in a fancy ring. An Emerald mounted the Scaffold next—its Verdure suffered, but not its Essence. The third was a Ruby, who triumphed over the flames, & came forth from the furnace as unhurt as Shadrac, Meshac, & Abednego—to the immortal disgrace of the Diamond: a Crystal behaved with as much Heroism as the Ruby, & not a hair of its head was singed. Nobody can tell how far this Revolution will go. For my part as I foresee that no woman of Quality will deign to wear any more Diamonds, & that next to Rubies, cristal will be the principal ornament in a Lady's Dress, I am buying up all the old Lustres I can meet with. I have already got a piece of two thousand-weight, & that I hope to sell for fifty thousand pounds to the first Nabob's daughter that is married, for a pair of Earrings; & I have another still larger, that I am taking to pieces, & intend to have set in a Stomacher, large enough for the most prominent Slope of the present Age. Mad. du Barry they say has already given Pitt's Diamond to her Chambermaid; & if Lord Pigot is wise, he will change his at Bette's glass shop for a dozen strong beer glasses. As to Lord Clive & the Lady of Loretto, I do not feel much pity for them; they are rich enough to stand this loss. The reflections one might make on this disaster are infinite, but I will take up no more of your Ladyship's time—nor do I condole with you, Madam, your Philosophy is incapable of being shaken by so sublunary a consideration as a decrease in the value of your large ring. It has a secret and inestimable merit, which is out of the power of a crucible to assail; & you & it will remain or become Stars, when the fashion of this World passeth away.

" I am, Madam,
" Y^r^ Ladyship's
" most faithfull
" humble Sert.,
" HOR. WALPOLE."

Before setting out for Vienna Lady Mary, of course, took formal leave of her own sovereign at one of the drawing-rooms, when the Queen of England sent her compliments to the Empress of Germany, and asked Lady Mary if the King had not had an amiable quarrel with her about her going abroad. Her Ladyship duly noted these "mighty fine" speeches in her journal, but at the same time expressed her conviction that nobody at St. James's had been worse treated than she had been,—how or when it would probably have puzzled anybody else to point out. Three months later,

when Walpole, being back in London, made inquiries after her of her sister Anne, he was told that he ought to write to Vienna, which he accordingly did, in the following strain:—

"ARLINGTON STREET,
"*Dec.* 11*th*, 1771.

"Lady Strafford tells me that I ought to write to your Ladyship. I obey, though I am not quite clear that she is in the right. Can you care for hearing from anybody in England, Madam, when you are indifferent whether you see them or not? I cou'd say a great deal upon this subject, but I will not—only do not be surprised that I have got a new Passion. Ancient Palladins, I know, were bound to maintain constancy, tho' they travelled all over the World; but no Act of the Parliament of Love was ever passed enjoining fidelity to Knights, when it was their Ladies that took to travelling. Indeed, if y^r^ Ladyship had made a vow to wander till you had obliged every fair Dame in Europe to confess how much handsomer I am than their lovers, something might be said, but as you have sent no conquered Amazon to kiss my hand and acknowledge my claim, I am not bound to believe that you are travelling to assert my Glory; & therefore regarding you as a truant, I have thrown my handkerchief to another Lady, & declare by these presents that I renounce your Ladyship's allegiance. It will be in vain to mount your milk-white palfrey & amble home directly; the die is cast—& Heaven knows whether Matrimony itself may not ensue. I shall always retain a sincere friendship for you, but really there was no end of having one's heart jolted about from one country to another, & of having it lugged once a year to Vienna. A heart torn to pieces, like flags torn in battle, is very becoming, but a heart black and blue is horrible; and I can tell you, y^r^ Ladyship does not look the better for it, tho' you have endeavoured to conceal its bruises by embroidering it all over with spread eagles. But here I drop the subject: you are now your own Mistress, Madam, and may seek what adventures you please, undisturbed by me. I shall be sorry to see you return even with two black eyes, but shall bear it with all the Philosophy of friendship: & as friends always do, shall content myself with telling you it was your own fault, & with recommending the best eye-water I know. Can a friend go further, except in whispering to everybody, that if you wou'd have taken my advice, you wou'd have stayed at home.

"The best news I can send you, Madam, is that I never saw Lady Strafford look in better health. The Town is a Desart: grass grows in the pit at the Opera. The Princess of Brunswick is coming: the Princess Dowager is going. There is the Devil to pay I don't know where; & the Duke of Chandos is dead, to the great oy of that noble family. All the fine ladies are in love with Prince Poniatowski"

[brother of the King of Poland] "and some of them win his money at Loo—that they may have something to keep for this sake. England is in profound peace. Ireland is a hubbub. December, which is indeed no news to you, is warmer than June, & which is still news,

"I am your Ladyship's
"most devoted
"(tho' inconstant)
"humble Sert.,
"HOR. WALPOLE."

About this time Lady Mary, for what reason does not appear, became somewhat testy with her cavalier; and in the last of his letters to her (or, at any rate, the latest in date that has been preserved amongst Mr. Drummond-Moray's papers) he was forced to defend himself against charges of neglect, of an altered behaviour, and of having sent an uncivil message to her through a third person:—

"ARLINGTON STREET,
"*Jan. 29th*, 1772.

"Your reproofs, my dear Madam, are so kindly tempered that, tho' undeserved, I cannot be quite sorry to have received them. I thank you much for giving me an opportunity of defending myself, & you must allow me to distinguish between the two accusations, as they affect me very differently. What you think you have observed yourself would hurt me very seriously, if well founded. What has passed through another, Madam, you ought only to have smiled at, if you will allow me to say so. Your Ladyship says that you have observed an alteration in my behaviour to you. I should be very culpable indeed if there was any. It woud be most ungrateful after all your goodness to me, & it woud be a capital contradiction to all I feel. I am not of an age to plead giddiness and thoughtlessness, and yet most assuredly Inattention can be all my crime, because there is certainly no change in my Regard & Esteem. I respect your Virtues, Madam, & the thousand good qualities I know of you, & as you have lost none of them, I must have lost my senses if I did not honour them as much as ever, which I swear to you I do. I beg your pardon if any negligence can be imputed to me, & I refer you to my future behaviour for my Sincerity. For what your Ladyship calls a message in ridicule, & which was nothing but a very inoffensive joke, if no more was delivered than I uttered, & even in which you shoud consider how much the alteration but of an accent may affect the substance, all I can remember is, that meeting Lady G[reenwich] at Lady Blandford's, I said something, I protest I do not know what, of supposing your Ladyship's next jaunt

wou'd be to China. I shoud have said it to yourself without fear of displeasing you—& to say the truth if this was aggravated into a serious message, I must conclude it was done with a good intention, as your friends cannot but grieve at your frequent & long Eclipses, & may like to cover what they wish to say to you under another person's name. Nobody can be absurd enough to suppose your Ladyship has any interested view in visiting the Empress-Queen, or in courting any other person. Can the Duke of Argyle's daughter desire to be higher than she is? & woud not paying court be lowering her? Woud it not infer that she does not think herself great enough? Great Birth is your own. Favour must be conferred & can only come from a Superior, & they who confer favours always think so highly of themselves that they seem to undervalue those whom they fancy they honour. In short, Madam, not to be too serious, nor to enter into the Empress's merits, which shall be as great as you please, let me beg you to return to your own Empire; come and reign over those hearts you dispose of, & do not leave them because somebody or other has offended you. Contempt & Indifference are our best Weapons or shield. Life is not long enough to attend to resentments. It is easy to be happy, if one does not care much about the World, but takes it as it comes. I have practised what I preach, & am sure of my nostrum's success. If one does not love often, one cannot hate often: now both Love and Hatred are troublesome Inmates. I will give y^r^ Ladyship more lectures upon my Philosophy when you return; but I shall not set them down in writing, for the profane are not to be instructed. You shall hear me with patience—nay & if you do not, I will not mind it, but preach on. I had rather make you angry with reason, than be again accused of neglect. I will make use of all the impertinent privileges of a Friend, which I confess are shocking, rather than let you suspect me of lukewarmness—but never a *verbal* message more! I condole with you, Madam, on the death of the Princess of Hesse. Princess Amelia, tho' expecting it, was much shocked. I tell you no news, for I know Lady Strafford sends you bushels, wet and dry. If she does not tell you that the Pantheon is more beautiful than the Temple of the Sun, read no more of her letters. I acknowledge with the utmost gratitude, dear Lady Mary, the repetition of y^r^ Friendship & am firmly persuaded that mine will never alter on the condition you mark for its duration, & if [it] does, the fault must be in

"Y^r^ Ladyship's
"Most faithfull
"humble Sert.,
"HOR. WALPOLE."

The fair lady, however, was not to be pacified; and she notes in her journal, "I shall certainly answer Mr. Walpole's

letter, but he has surprised me so much, it is not so easy for me to write to him as it once was." Meanwhile her second visit to Vienna was not prospering as the former one had done. She made herself too much at home, and was imprudent enough to take sides in some cabal amongst the Austrian courtiers, whereat, of course, the Empress frowned, and, as everybody else then frowned likewise, Lady Mary left Vienna at the conclusion of this second visit in high dudgeon. She believed, or affected to believe, that Maria Theresa feared she would captivate and marry the Emperor Joseph, who was then a widower for the second time; and for the remainder of her life she really did believe that the great Empress-Queen had become her implacable enemy and was continually plotting with all the Powers of Europe against her! Nevertheless, in the summer of 1773, she was indiscreet enough to make another visit to Vienna, when, to her surprise and intense mortification, Maria Theresa declined to receive so quarrelsome a lady. Horace Walpole, writing to her brother-in-law, Lord Strafford, in September of that year, gives some colour to the supposition that she really did mean setting her cap at the Emperor Joseph by remarking that he fears she is in pursuit of a Dulcinea that she will never meet, but that, when the ardour of peregrination is abated, she will probably settle down to some more rational pursuit, "and, like a print I have seen of the blessed martyr Charles the First, abandon the hunt of a *corruptible* for that of an *incorruptible* crown." In a subsequent letter to the same correspondent, he speaks about some of Lady Mary's mortifications that he has heard of; and it may be that he thought this a good opportunity to make a more direct and outspoken effort to laugh her out of her "phrenzy for royalty." At any rate, it must have been about this time that he penned the following,—the only letter to her, and that undated, which appears in Cunningham's edition of his correspondence:—

"Your Ladyship's illustrious exploits are the constant theme of my meditations. Your expeditions are so rapid, and to such distant regions,

that I cannot help thinking you are possessed of the Giant's boots that stepped seven leagues at a stride, as we are assured by that accurate historian, Mother Goose. You are, I know, Madam, an excellent walker, yet methinks seven leagues at once are a prodigious straddle for a lady. But whatever is your manner of travelling, few heroines, ancient or modern can be compared to you for length of journeys. Thalestris, Queen of the Amazons, and M. M. or N. N. Queen of Sheba, went each of them the Lord knows how far to meet Alexander the Great and Solomon the Wise; the one to beg the favour of having a daughter (I suppose), and heiress by him; and the other, says scandal, to grant a like favour to the Hebrew monarch. Your Ladyship, who has more real Amazonian principles, never makes visits but to Emperors, Queens, and Princesses, and your country is enriched with the maxims of wisdom and virtue which you collect in your travels. For such great ends did Herodotus, Pythagoras, and other sages, make voyages to Egypt, and every distant kingdom; and it is amazing how much their own countries were benefited by what those philosophers learned in their perigrinations. Were it not that your Ladyship is actuated by such public spirit, I should put you in mind, Madam, of an old story, that I might save you a great deal of fatigue and danger—and now I think of it, as I have nothing better to fill my letter with, I will relate it to you.

"Pyrrhus, the martial and *magnanimous* King of Epirus (as my Lord Lyttelton would call him), being, as I have heard or seen goodman Plutarch say, intent on his preparations for invading Italy, Cineas, one of the grooms of his bedchamber, took the liberty of asking his Majesty what benefit he expected to reap if he should be successful in conquering the Romans? 'Jesus!' said the King, peevishly; 'why the question answers itself. When we have overcome the Romans, no province, no town, whether Greek or barbarian, will be able to resist us: we shall at once be masters of all Italy.' Cineas after a short pause, replied—'And having subdued Italy, what shall we do next?' 'Do next?' answered Pyrrhus, 'why seize Sicily.' 'Very likely,' quoth Cineas, 'but will that put an end to the war?' 'The Gods forbid!' cried his Majesty, 'when Sicily is reduced, Libya and Carthage will be within our reach.' And then without giving Cineas time to put in a word, the heroic Prince ran over Africa, Greece, Asia, Persia, and every other Country he had ever heard of upon the face of God's earth, not one of which he intended should escape his victorious sword. At last, when he was at the end of his geography, and a little out of breath, Cineas watched his opportunity, and said quietly, 'Well Sire, when we have conquered all the World, what are we to do then?'—'Why then,' said his Majesty, extremely satisfied with his own prowess, 'we will live at our ease; we will spend whole days in banqueting, and will think of nothing but our pleasures.'

"Now, Madam, for the application. Had I had the honour a few

years ago of being your confidential Abigail, when you meditated a visit to Princess Esterhazy, I should have ventured to ask your Ladyship of what advantage her acquaintance would be to you? Probably you would have told me that she would introduce you to several Electresses and Margravines, whose Courts you would visit. That, having conquered all their hearts, as I am persuaded you would, your next jaunt should be to Hesse; from whence it would be but a trip to Aix, where Madame de Rochouart lives. Soaring from thence you would repair to the Imperial Court at Vienna, where resides the most august, most virtuous, and most plump of Empresses and Queens —no, I mistake—I should only have said of Empresses; for her Majesty of Denmark, God bless her! is reported to be full as virtuous, and three stone heavier. Shall you not call at Copenhagen, Madam? If you do, you are next door to the Czarina, who is the quintessence of friendship, as the Princess Daskioff says, whom, next to the late Czar, her Muscovite Majesty loves above all the world. Asia, I suppose, would not enter into your Ladyship's system of conquest; for though it contains a sight of Queens and Sultanas, the poor ladies are locked up in abominable places, into which I am sure your Ladyship's amity would never carry you. I think they call them seraglios. Africa has nothing but Empresses stark naked, and of complexions directly the reverse of your alabaster. They do not reign in their own right; and what is worse, the Emperors of those barbarous regions wear no more robes than the sovereigns of their hearts. And what are Princes and Princesses without velvet and ermine? As I am not a jot better geographer than King Pyrrhus, I can at present recollect but one Lady more who reigns alone, and that is her Majesty of Otaheite, lately discovered by Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander; and for whom your Ladyship's compassionate breast must feel the tenderest emotions, she having been cruelly deprived of her faithful Minister and lover Tobin, since dead at Batavia.

"Well, Madam, after you should have given me the plan of your intended expeditions, and not left a Queen Regent on the face of the Globe unvisited, I would ask what we were to do next? 'Why, then dear Abigail,' you would have said, 'we will retire to Notting Hill, we will plant shrubs all the morning, read Anderson's Royal Genealogies all the evening; and once or twice a week I will go to Gunnersbury and drink a bottle with Princess Amelia.' Alas, dear Lady! and cannot you do all that without skuttling from one end of the World to the other? This was the upshot of all Cineas's inquisitiveness: and this is the pith of this tedious letter from, Madam, your Ladyship's most faithful Aulic Counsellor and humble admirer."

It was not to be expected—probably the writer himself never expected—that humorous effusions such as this would

cure Lady Mary of her passion for foreign royalties. If they had any effect at all, it was in another direction altogether; and they may perhaps have accelerated the cooling of a friendship which had been a warm one on both sides for seventeen or eighteen years. We now find notes in her journal to the effect that Mr. Walpole was "exceedingly out of humour" when she happened to meet him at Lord Hertford's, that he never once wrote to thank her for having called so often to inquire after him during his illness, that when he called at her house to leave her a copy of the latest production of his Strawberry Hill Press he went away without waiting to see her, and other similar complaints; and in Walpole's letters to his other correspondents we find, in place of the customary raptures of the devoted knight errant, a gradually increasing sense of her Ladyship's follies and absurdities.

In July, 1773, she started on another foreign tour, and remained abroad until June of the following year. According to Mrs. Delany, her Ladyship had resolved to make up for the "disgrace" of being refused admittance to Maria Theresa's Court by paying her homage to Frederick the Great. But Frederick had heard of her as a mischief-maker, and when she came to Berlin he went off to Potsdam on purpose to avoid her. She followed him thither; and, if we are to believe Mrs. Delany and Lady Louisa Stuart, the redoubtable conqueror was obliged to resort to all sorts of undignified shifts in order to avoid a *rencontre* with her Ladyship. Mrs. Delany goes on to allege that Lady Mary not only left Prussia in great indignation, but, being piqued to the quick, first sent a note to the King saying she had hitherto had the highest admiration for him, but had now discovered that, although he might be equal to any of the ancient heroes in most respects, he "fell short of them in civility." But subsequently Mrs. Delany had to correct herself and explain that it was a verbal message, and not a note, to this effect that Lady Mary left behind her; so

that, after all, the Prussian monarch's withers were probably unwrung, for, as Mrs. Delany truly observes, it is not very likely that anybody about the Court would be bold enough to deliver such a message. But Lady Mary afterwards contrived to make capital even out of this rebuff, for she gave her friends to understand that Frederick the Great would never have taken so much trouble to avoid meeting her had she not been considered a person of high political importance. After this she extended her tour to Italy, and towards the end of November Walpole informed Sir Horace Mann that two English people above the common standard were about to visit him at Florence, one being that "great Indian Verres or Alexander" Lord Clive, and the other Lady Mary Coke. Concerning the latter, he says :—

"She was much a friend of mine, but a late marriage" [the Duke of Gloucester's marriage to Walpole's niece, Lady Waldegrave] "which she particularly disapproved, having flattered herself with the hopes of one just a step higher" [that is with the Duke of York], "has a little cooled our friendship. In short, though she is so greatly born, she has a phrenzy for Royalty, and will fall in love with, and at the feet of, the great Duke and Duchess, especially the former, for next to being an Empress herself, she adores the Empress-Queen, or did—for perhaps that passion, not being quite reciprocal, may have waned. However, bating every English person's madness, Lady Mary has a thousand good qualities. She is noble, generous, high-spirited, undauntable; is most friendly, sincere, affectionate, and above any mean action. She loves attention, and I wish you to pay it, even for my sake, for I would do anything to serve her. I have often tried to laugh her out of her weakness; but as she is very serious, she was so in that, and if all the Sovereigns in Europe combined to slight her, she still would put her trust in the next generation of Princes. Her heart is excellent and deserves, and would become, a crown, and that is the best of all reasons for desiring one."

Mann appears to have done his best to comply with Walpole's wishes, and to show the lady every attention in his power; but after her Prussian experience she was in no very conciliatory mood, and everything went wrong. Of course Mann expressed his regret to Walpole; and this drew

from the latter another letter of still not unkindly comment on Lady Mary's character. Writing on December 30th 1773, he says:—

"Oh! my dear Sir, you need not make any apologies about the lady, who is so angry with your tribunals, and a little with you. If you have yet received the letter I wrote to you concerning her some time ago, you will have seen that I cannot be surprised at what has happened. It is a very good heart, with a head singularly awry; in short, an extraordinary character even in this soil of phenomena. Though a great lady, she has a rage for great personages, and for being one of them herself; and with these pretensions, and profound gravity, has made herself ridiculous at home, and delighted *de promener sa folie sour tout l'Europe.* Her perseverance and courage are insurmountable, as she showed in her conduct with her husband and his father, in which contest she got the better. Her virtue is unimpeachable, her friendship violent, her anger deaf to remonstrance. She has cried for forty people, and quarrelled with four hundred. As her understanding is not so perfect as her good qualities, she is not always in the right, nor skilful in making a retreat. I endeavoured to joke her out of her heroine-errantry, but it was not well taken. As she does the strangest things upon the most serious consideration, she had no notion that her measures were not prudent and important; and therefore common sense, not delivered as an oracle, only struck her as ludicrous. This offence, and the success of my niece in a step equally indiscreet, has a little cooled our intimacy; but as I know her intrinsic worth, and value it, I beg you will only smile at her pouting, and assist her as much as you can. She might be happy and respected, but will always be miserable, from the vanity of her views, and her passion for the extra-ordinary. She idolized the Empress-Queen, who did not correspond with equal sentiments. The King of Prussia, with more feminine malice, would not indulge her even with a sight of him; her non-reception at Parma is of the same stuff; and I am amazed that the littleness she has seen in so many Sovereigns has not cured her of Royal admirations. These Solomons delight to sit to a maker of wax-work, and to have their effigies exhibited round Europe, and yet lock themselves up in their closets when a Queen of Sheba comes to stare at their wisdom."

Towards the end of the letter he returns to the subject, and adds:—

"Her disposition will always raise storms, and you may be involved in them as innocently as you have been. I expected to hear of her in some strange fracas at Rome; and as there is another Archduchess at

Naples, whatever vision she is disappointed in will be laid to the implacability of Juno" [*i.e.*, Maria Theresa]. "For yourself, however, you may be easy, for nobody here sees Lady Mary's disasters in a serious light."

Poor Mann had to put up with her Ladyship's vagaries for well nigh three months, and was occasionally compelled to relieve his feelings in a letter to Walpole. Answering one of these on February 2nd, 1774, the latter remarks that the "Scotch princess" puts him in mind of Lord Fane, who kept his bed six weeks because the Duke of Newcastle had ended one of his letters simply "Your humble servant," instead of signing, as usual, "Your *very* humble servant"; and on the 23rd of the same month he writes a letter of congratulation, in which he says:—

"I am heartily glad you are rid of the posthumous Duchess. . . . She is got to Turin, and will be at home in about two months. Seriously, I apprehend that she is literally mad. Her late visions pass pride and folly. The world here is seriously disposed to laugh at her; and by a letter that is already come from her to Princess Amelia, she does not at all mean to keep her imaginary persecutions secret."

Even after he had got rid of her, however, Lady Mary found cause for complaint against him, for after her arrival at Turin she tells her sister that, although she has had three letters from Sir Horace Mann, he has not once inquired about the behaviour of a person he recommended to travel with her from Florence, although this person (as such persons who served Lady Mary, according to her account, almost invariably were) proved "as great a villain as could possibly be." And she adds, "I believe I've already hinted that Mr. Walpole is no longer my friend." No more letters appear to have passed between them; and soon after her return to England in June, 1774, after meeting him at Lady Blandford's, she remarks, "I'm better pleased that he has ceased making professions of friendship. When he professed most he was a bitter enemy." A little later she unbent so far as to send him a haunch from a buck that had been presented to

her by Lord Bute, magnanimously observing that "when anybody makes advances" she is ready to accept of them. But in the following year, when they both happened to be in Paris at the same time, he gave her such grievous offence that, although they continued to meet at the Princess Amelia's and elsewhere, they were never on anything but terms of distant civility ever afterwards. What caused the split does not appear either in Lady Mary's journal or in Walpole's correspondence; but, according to Lady Louisa Stuart, he once gave a verbal account of the affair which showed that the offence, like so many others, existed only in Lady Mary's imagination. She had been indiscreet enough, it appears, to abuse Maria Theresa in the Court of her daughter, Marie Antoinette, and had thus drawn upon herself a well-merited rebuff from the French queen. Consequently, of course, she must shake the dust of France from her feet and return instantly to England. About five o'clock one morning, Walpole is reported to have said, she came to his apartments and had him roused from sleep. He dressed hurriedly and came down to her, thinking that, of course, some dire calamity must have happened. When he heard, therefore, that her only trouble was that Lady Barrymore had enticed away her confidential courier and factotum, he felt so relieved that he inadvertently exclaimed, "Is that all?"—a natural and innocent remark which sent Lady Mary into a fury. He then begged her to compose herself, and promised to look out for another courier for her; but this only made matters worse, for she went on to explain excitedly that Lady Barrymore was only a tool in the hands of the Queen of France, who was evidently executing the commands of her mother, the Empress of Germany, and that the wiling away of her faithful courier evidently meant that these implacable enemies were conspiring together to have her assassinated during her journey between Paris and Calais! Because Walpole was unable to see the matter from this point of view, he was "false," and henceforth to

be reckoned amongst her declared enemies. The only reference to the matter in his correspondence, however, is a passing remark in a letter to Mann on February 15th, 1776, to the effect that—

> "Lady Mary Coke has returned some services at Paris, and many years of great attentions, with singular rudeness to me since my return —but she is mad; and I suppose the birth of the Prince" [*i.e.*, the son of his niece and the Duke of Gloucester] "at Rome will send her to Bedlam."

After this date Lady Mary's name seldom occurs in any of his letters, and when it does he usually exhibits a tinge of malice in relating some instance of her folly or absurdity.

From her fortieth to her sixty-fifth year, or for about a quarter of a century, Lady Mary, whether at home or abroad, was in the habit of writing an account of her daily doings in the form of a weekly or semi-weekly letter to one of her sisters, sometimes addressing it to Lady Dalkeith (afterwards Lady Greenwich) and sometimes to Lady Strafford. These letters, which were merely a private chronicle of personal news, and evidently never written with any view to publication, were afterwards put together in the form of a journal, and as such it gives a very minute account of the daily life of a fine lady of the Georgian era. Between 1889 and 1896 about a third of this voluminous journal was ably edited by the Hon. James Archibald Home and privately printed, in four handsome volumes, at the expense of Lord Home. Some notion of the quantity of reading matter in it may be given by stating that this printed portion, which covers only the years 1766 to 1774 inclusive, occupies four bulky volumes, containing altogether 1,630 pages, or over 580,000 words. It is, therefore, rather longer than Hallam's "Constitutional History of England"; and the remaining seventeen years of it added to the other would, assuming the unprinted part to be of equal fulness, make a book as long as Hallam's and Macaulay's histories put together.

Few people could be induced to read steadily through such a prodigious chronicle of "small beer," especially when unrelieved by any gleam of wit or grace of style. The present writer, at any rate, makes no pretence of having done so. But a little judicious dipping and the use of the admirable index have sufficed to show that the conception of Lady Mary's character to be obtained from the writings of her friend Horace Walpole and her niece, Lady Louisa Stuart, would not be materially altered by the reading of a dozen volumes of her own journals.

From 1749, when she was separated from her husband, until 1764, Lady Mary lived with her mother at Sudbrook, near Richmond, although for part of that time she had a house at Windsor also, to which she repaired on occasion. When Duchess Jane died, her daughter's fortune was increased by about £12,000; and shortly afterwards (in 1767) she bought a villa at Notting Hill, which remained her principal place of abode for over twenty years. The garden of her house, in which she took great delight and did much work with her own hands, greatly to the advantage of her health and vigour, was separated from the grounds of Holland House by the narrow lane which still skirts the eastern side of that celebrated palatial domain; and her meadows (long since built over, of course), wherein she kept cows and poultry, stretched down to the Bayswater Road. In her garden was a pond, plentifully stocked with gold and silver fish, which, strange to relate, she sometimes "catched" and ate at dinner, finding them very good, she says, and without many bones. From 1763 to 1775 she had a town house also, which she rented from Lady Bateman, overlooking the Green Park, and for a short time afterwards one in Berkeley Square, and then one in Mount Street. In 1788 she gave up her Notting Hill villa in favour of a house at Chelsea, which was almost as countrified, though much nearer to town; and in 1808, four years before her death, she gave this up in its turn in favour of an old mansion,

with a high-walled garden, adjoining that of the Duke of Devonshire at Chiswick.

From the time of her reappearance after her husband's death, in 1754, when she was seven or eight and twenty years of age, until her death, at the age of eighty-five, in 1811, Lady Mary was a conspicuous figure in London society. For twenty-seven years of that time she was a constant satellite of the Princess Amelia, who used to say that one "so greatly born" would always be welcome at her table provided she would be a little less contradictory and a little less ostentatious of her great ability towards others whom she imagined to be so intellectually inferior. Horace Walpole reports in a letter to the Countess of Ossory, dated January 29th, 1780, that the Princess had told her guests a night or two before an excellent story about Lady Mary. The Princess, it appears, was in the habit of dining once a week at Lady Holderness's, with only the small party necessary for the evening loo. Lady Mary wished to have the honour of entertaining her Royal Highness in similar fashion, and the Princess consented, only stipulating that it should be a very small dinner. She found a banquet, says Walpole.

"As she sat down, the groom of the chambers presented to her, as she thought, an empty gilt salver—for what purpose she could not guess; but on it lay (what she had not seen, being so purblind) two gold pins to pin her napkins, as is her way. Still she did not perceive they were of gold; and after dinner flung them away; when to the eternal disgrace of magnificence, Lady Mary retired to hunt for her pins."

Very soon after this, however, she quarrelled irreconcilably even with the indulgent Princess. Besides being a fanatical admirer of royalty, Lady Mary was a devout Churchwoman and an inveterate gambler. On page after page of her journal may be read such entries as "Played at Lu; won eleven guineas, and did not come home till near twelve o'clock. Read three chapters in Revelations," or "I was glad to set down to Lu. I won six and a half guineas,

came home, read three chapters in the Bible, and to bed," or "To Lady Harrington's, and was set down to Lu with the Duchess of Hamilton. Lost ten guineas, and did not get home till half after eleven. Read in the Bible and went to bed." But the Bible-reading apparently did not enable her to curb her violent temper when she lost at loo, even in the presence of royalty, which she reverenced as much as, if not more than, she did the Bible; and one day, when she had lost at the card-table, she made some offensive observation about the Princess's play. She was given more than one opportunity to withdraw, but declined to do so, whereupon her Royal Highness called to the page in waiting to order Lady Mary Coke's carriage and wished her Ladyship health and happiness for the future, but for the present "Good-morning!" She was then bowed out, and they never met again. Soon after this she made another expedition to the Continent, which, like some former ones, was unsuccessful. Walpole reports to Lady Ossory that—

"Lady Mary Coke has had an hundred distresses abroad, that do not weigh a silver penny altogether. She is like Don Quixote, who went in search of adventures, and when he found none imagined them. She went to Brussels, to see the Archduchess, but either she had bad intelligence, or the Archduchess very good, for she was gone when Lady Mary arrived; so was the packet-boat at Ostend, which she believes was sent away on purpose, by a codicil in the Empress-Queen's will."

Her fear of plots against her, due to the enmity of Maria Theresa, survived for a long time. If one of her maids, irritated by the mistress's ill-temper, showed "insolence" in return, the woman was acting in the interests of Maria Theresa. She once went to an auction in her neighbourhood and bid for a second-hand chest of drawers. The article was worth twenty shillings, perhaps, but when the brokers present saw a magnificently attired lady bidding, of course they ran the price up to a ridiculous figure, and also convinced her that they must be emissaries from Maria Theresa. When she lost some pearls, and thought she had

been robbed, though the said pearls all the while were safe in a box in Coutts's Bank, she imagined that some agent of Maria Theresa's had obtained access to her house at Notting Hill. She perpetually changed her tradesmen and her servants for suspected complicity in some similar Imperial plot, until so difficult was it for her to get domestics that her house was filled, says Lady Louisa Stuart, with a set of ragamuffins whose characters were so bad that they could get no other place. She even seemed to believe that the rheumatic pains in her arm and shoulder had been caused, at least indirectly, by the Empress-Queen; for it was Maria Theresa, she declared, who had instigated her post-boys to drive her into a river near Milan, where she sat for some time up to her knees in cold water, and would in all probability have been drowned had it not been for her faithful courier, who rode up to the post-boys, pistol in hand, and forced them to get the horses out of the stream. All this, of course, enhanced her already abnormal sense of her own great importance, and also made her the laughing-stock of London.

She concerned herself very much about political affairs, which were seldom to her liking, for while the Opposition, of course, was always in the wrong, the measures of the Government rarely met with her entire approbation. The fashions also degenerated abominably. She was devoted to the hoops and sacks of her younger days, and she thought it nothing short of insanity when people took to wearing white linen, or ostrich feathers, or other things which she denominated fantastic novelties. Her own dress was always peculiar and conspicuous, one of her longest-lasting fancies being for pea-green and silver. In December, 1782, when she was verging on sixty years of age, Lady Louisa Stuart, in one of her letters, describes "poor Aunt Mary" as haranguing in the booksellers' shops, lecturing the tradesmen, examining the walls for treason, threatening the "democrats" with the Mayor, etc., "and all in a riding

habit of the King's dressed uniform, shining with so much gold, I am amazed the boys do not follow her." If there happened to be any idle boys about Notting Hill one July day in the previous year, they may have had an extra treat, for Lady Mary, while disporting herself in a riding-dress of red and silver, ignominiously fell into a wayside ditch. A couple of years later we hear of her driving up to her niece's door in a chaise with a magnificent red and silver postilion, "and out of it jumped Queen Mary, as magnificent in green and silver." Royal and noble *mésalliances* continued to give her great distress. The connection of the Prince of Wales with Mrs. Fitzherbert in 1786 set her raving; and in December, 1800, when Lady Hamilton, recently returned from Naples with Lord Nelson, was introduced into London society, she launched out into a philippic of such vehemence and volubility at Lady Lonsdale's one day that a new footman, coming into the room with coals, set down the scuttle and stared at the lady as if he really believed her to be a raving lunatic; which made so comical a picture that his mistress could scarcely restrain herself from laughing aloud. At the age of seventy-seven her wonderful vitality showed signs of failure; she had outlived the last of her old friends, and began to look thin and wretched. In the following year her niece described her as so tottering and decrepit that no one could be sorry when the end came. But in 1807 she revived again, and Lady Louisa writes of her as—

"really a most astonishing woman to be eighty-two; still as violent and absurd as ever; all her faculties, and her senses, and her nonsense, just the same! I have long looked for the time when she should become, as Wilkes said of himself an 'extinct volcano,' but I believe she will blaze on to the very last."

In 1808 she bought the house at Chiswick whose walled-in grounds adjoined those of the Duke of Devonshire. The mansion, which had a handsome oak staircase and painted walls, had been built by Sir Stephen Fox, the founder of the

Holland and Ilchester families, and King William the Third had been so pleased with it as to say he could pass a week there with pleasure. But, according to Lord Gower, Lady Mary lived in a very uncomfortable fashion in two of its smallest rooms, and died there in a small tent bed, half sunk in a recess, which must have been as difficult to get in and out of as if it had been a chest of drawers! Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Sir Walter Scott's friend, writing to Lord Gower on October 15th, 1811, says:—

"Lady Mary Coke is dead at last, and has left all her money to the Buccleugh family and Lady Douglas. Not a sous to the Argylls, which vexes me on poor Lady Charlotte's account. Lady Queensberry tells me that Lady Mary died with a high-crowned hat upon her head, tho' in bed—like Cleopatra crowned 'Proud Egypt's prouder Queen.' As Lord Seafield said of the Scottish Parliament at the Union, 'here's the end of an auld sang.' She was the daughter of a sad, robust villain, and in character as like her father as Christina of Sweden was to hers. Only think of Lord Orford" [*i.e.*, Horace Walpole] "being in love with such a harpy!"

Sharpe evidently had more to say about her, and had gone on to add that "she was vulgar: she said 'this here' and 'that there,' which was extraordinary, as she must always have been in the best circles of society"; but just at this moment the post called, and he was obliged to break off, depriving us, doubtless, of further interesting details and caustic comments. The Duchess of Buccleuch, writing to Lady Douglas immediately after the event, bears out Lord Gower's account of the discomfort in which Lady Mary must have spent her latter days. It was impossible, she said, to describe the dirt and confusion she found in the house: all the drawers full of litter; quantities of useless bills, notes, and letters; a few coins here and there; a few bank-notes in one place, a few in another; papers, wax candles, pins, tea, sugar, and all sorts of rubbish, jumbled together indiscriminately.

Horace Walpole, who knew Lady Mary from her youth up, and Lady Louisa Stuart, whose observation was limited

to that of a young niece on an elderly aunt, both formed much the same estimate of her character. She was not a silly woman; on the contrary, she was generally admitted to be clever. She was honourable, generous, high-spirited, sincere, affectionate, and above any mean action. Her virtue was unimpeachable, a commendation which, unhappily, it would be impossible to bestow on many of her highly placed contemporaries. But she had little judgment and so much vanity, self-conceit, prejudice, obstinacy, and violence of temper that she was always putting herself in the wrong. She had many warm friendships; but most of them were too warm, and were very apt to be fanned by some fancied slight into not merely warm, but burning, resentments. She had a very exaggerated notion of her own importance, which, together with her "phrenzy for royalty" and the lamentable lack of a sense of humour, made her supremely ridiculous. Walpole, in the end, was forced to the conclusion that she had become really mad. Lady Louisa, however, will not hear of this, and declares that there was not the least trace of insanity in her composition, but that she was an extraordinary "character," a unique specimen, as interesting to the psychologist as some rare plant would be to a botanist; in short, that she was an eccentric of the first water.

SIR HENRY BATE DUDLEY.
After Gainsborough

II

A JOURNALISTIC PARSON—SIR HENRY BATE-DUDLEY, BART.

II

A JOURNALISTIC PARSON—SIR HENRY BATE-DUDLEY, BART.

THERE were many good parsons in the Church of England during the Georgian era, as there have been at all times. The reader will probably have little difficulty in calling to mind such names as those of pious John Newton, Cowper's friend; of George Crabbe, the poet; of Gilbert White, the tranquil naturalist of Selborne; of Dr. Samuel Parr, the most learned man of his age; of William Paley, the moral philosopher; and of other eminent, though not always highly placed, ornaments of their sacred profession. And we need not doubt that in obscure villages in every part of the country there were to be found good, pious, simple-minded clergymen who might well have sat for Goldsmith's portrait of the amiable vicar of Wakefield. But during that era there appears to have been a considerable proportion of black sheep amongst the flock, or rather, to mend the metaphor, a considerable proportion of blackamoor shepherds, whose spiritual skins the most ardent advocate could never wash into any semblance of white. In many country villages the church buildings were allowed to fall into decay; and the incumbent, who lived an idle, if not a dissolute, life in London, or Bath, or Tunbridge Wells, made only an occasional appearance in his parish, when he would stand up in a dirty surplice to preach a perfunctory fifteen minutes' sermon to a meagre and practically unknown congregation. In some agricultural districts services were held in the church not oftener than once a month. And even when there was a resident curate-in-charge

matters were sometimes not much better, for many of these lived, to put it mildly, as free and easy a life as the coarsest of their bucolic parishioners, and spent much time which should have been otherwise employed in smoking and drinking punch with the landlord of the village inn. Livings were openly bought and sold, and an advertisement might occasionally be seen in which a pastor unblushingly sought for "a curacy in a good sporting country where the duty is light and the neighbourhood convivial." A hunting parson has been known to perform divine service with scarlet coat and top-boots under his surplice; and it is on record that one Sunday in a church near the South Downs the clerk gave out notice that there would be no service that evening because the parson was going off to Lewes to be in time for the races next day. Such things were so much a matter of course that, as a rule, nobody thought of complaining, but it so happens that on this occasion an aggrieved parishioner promptly went to the bishop to acquaint him with this breach of clerical duty. "Why is he in such a hurry to get to Lewes?" inquired the bishop. The scandalised parishioner declared with a shocked expression that the parson was actually going to ride in one of the races. "Then," rejoined the right reverend father in God, "I'll bet you two to one he wins!" And there were even more scandalous specimens than these. Alexander Knox, himself a clergyman, makes the following admission in one of his "Essays":—

"I am sorry to be obliged to confess that the serious part of mankind have long had just reason to express their abhorrence at the frequent occurrence of the professed clerical libertine." And again, "The public have long remarked with indignation that some of the most distinguished coxcombs, drunkards, debauchees, and gamesters who figure at the watering-places and all places of public resort, are young men of the sacerdotal order."

At the same time it may be well to bear in mind that black sheep are not always quite so black as they are apt to be painted. At any rate, this is so in the case of the Rev.

SIR HENRY BATE-DUDLEY, BART.

Henry Bate, afterwards Sir Henry Bate-Dudley, Bart., whose traditional reputation as a mere bruiser, debauchee, and shameless purveyor of scurrilous libels will bear a good deal of emendation.

Henry Bate, the father of the young man who became known to fame as "the fighting parson," appears to have been a highly respectable clergyman, who came of an old and opulent Worcestershire family. For some years he held the living of St. Nicholas in the city of Worcester, where also he kept a school, which was attended by the sons of the principal nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. Like the vicar of Wakefield, he had his quiver full; and we learn from a quaintly worded contemporary record that his son Henry, who first saw the light in 1745, was the second of twelve children who were "borne to his father in wedlock." In due course young Henry was sent to Oxford, where, we are assured, he was particularly assiduous in his studies, which of course may be true notwithstanding the significant fact that he left the University without taking any degree. From an incidental remark in a letter of his in the *Morning Post*, in which he speaks of having been in the army, it would appear that when he left Oxford his father bought him a commission. But he cannot have been a soldier for any length of time. In 1763 Lord Camden, then Lord Chancellor, presented the elder Bate, with whom he was very intimate, to the rectory of North Fambridge, in Essex, where, unfortunately, both the rector and his wife died a very few years after. Whether young Henry was in the army or not at that time does not appear, but anyhow he promptly took orders, and was soon installed by the Lord Chancellor in the rectory of Fambridge in succession to his father. He is said to have devoted the whole of the revenues of his cure to the maintenance of his numerous brothers and sisters, and to have gone off to London determined to make a fortune by his pen. Presumably some poorly paid curate was left to attend to the spiritual needs of the parishioners of North Fambridge in the meantime.

When we next hear of the young man he is described as curate to the Rev. James Townley, vicar of Hendon, in Middlesex. The living of Hendon was in the gift of David Garrick, who presented Townley to it in 1772; consequently young Bate must have been at this time at least twenty-six years of age. Townley is remembered as the author of a popular farce called "High Life below Stairs." He was believed to have assisted Garrick in the composition of several of his plays; and he also assisted another famous friend, William Hogarth, in the composition of that painter's "Analysis of Beauty." He was a friend of the wits, who admired his facility in impromptu epigram; and he was also a popular preacher, having the invaluable gift of adapting his remarks to his auditory. It is probable that he introduced his curate to Garrick; at any rate, no long time afterwards we find Bate on friendly terms with the great actor, as he afterwards became with Cumberland and Colman and all the actors and playwrights of the day. Presumably he was at this time engaged in winning his spurs as a journalist; but what first brought him prominently before the public was a fracas in Vauxhall Gardens in the summer of 1773. The *Morning Chronicle* of July 27th contained an account of this affray, which had occurred on the previous Friday night; but in consequence of this account being inaccurate, or at least imperfect, Bate himself gave full particulars of what had happened in a signed communication to the *Morning Post* of the succeeding Friday. Both the *Post* and the other papers were full of letters, and jokes, and verses, and squibs on the subject for a month or more; but, as nobody made any material correction of Bate's narrative, we may in the main safely follow his own account of the matter.

Being at Vauxhall on the previous Friday evening, he happened to see Mrs. Hartley, with whom he was acquainted, seated on a bench near the orchestra in company with Mr. Hartley, Mr. Colman, and Mr. Tateham. Mrs. Hartley, it may be necessary to interpolate, was a young and remarkably

beautiful actress, who in the previous year had taken the town by storm as Jane Shore, and who had been more recently delighting audiences at Covent Garden as the Fair Rosamond in Hull's "Henry the Second." Bate sat down with the group, and joined in their conversation. Presently they observed two gentlemen pass by who looked at Mrs. Hartley "in a manner not altogether genteel." They took little or no notice of this; but after a short time these fine gentlemen returned, accompanied by two or three others of a military appearance, who all seated themselves at a table immediately opposite to Mrs. Hartley, and tried to stare her out of countenance. She bore it silently for a time, and then complained to Mr. Hartley. That gentleman, being apparently a peace-at-any-price man, begged her to keep her seat till the conclusion of the cantata then being performed, after which, he said, they would all retire. But the siege of these gallant heroes became so unendurable that she told her friends she could bear it no longer. Bate thereupon turned his head, and "discovered four of these pretty things staring at her with that kind of *petit maître* audacity which no language but the modern French can possibly describe." He instantly got up, and remarking loudly enough for them to hear that he would prevent any further insult of that nature, he placed himself on a seat directly between them and Mrs. Hartley. But, instead of discontinuing the siege, they now directed their laughter and raillery against him. He turned to face them, when, as he rather curiously, and perhaps apologetically, phrases it, "some distortions of features, I believe, passed on both sides."

Mrs. Hartley, in disgust, rose up and made for the walk, and, of course, her company followed her; but before Bate quitted the scene he informed the staring gentlemen that they were "four impertinent puppies." As he walked away one of them, whom he afterwards found to be Captain Crofts, of Burgoyne's Light Dragoons, followed and inquired whether that remark had been addressed to him. Bate replied,

certainly not, as he did not recollect to have seen him in the party. Not satisfied with this answer, Crofts persisted in asking whether the other had called him a puppy. Bate answered as before, but added that if his questioner would say that he was one of the party, then the remark would apply to him, for what he had said, and what he repeated, was that the party of gentlemen who so meanly and scandalously distressed the lady with whom he was in company were "four dirty, impertinent puppies." Thereupon the Captain surveyed the parson from head to foot, and observed superciliously, "You are indeed a good tight fellow, and therefore, I suppose, mean to intimidate me because you are a boxer." Why he should have made such a remark is not very clear, because, according to all the accounts, they were strangers to one another. Perhaps he jumped to that conclusion from his survey of the parson's physique, for, as Henry Angelo informs us, Bate was then "as magnificent a piece of humanity, perhaps, as ever walked arm in arm with a fashionable beauty in the illuminated groves of Vauxhall." However that may be, Bate replied that boxing was by no means his intention, and proceeded to walk on; but when the other continued to follow and make remarks, he turned round and declared that if three more impertinent words were addressed to him he would wring Crofts' nose off his face. On this the Captain asked him for his name and address, which were instantly given. Bate then drew off to his company, imagining that the affair would, at least, stand peaceably over till the morrow.

He and his company proposed to leave the Gardens immediately, but were obliged to walk round first in search of one of their number who was missing. When at the further end of the promenade they met with their former assailants, reinforced by several others, when a fresh attack instantly began, insolence to the lady being accompanied by "Twig the curate!" and other pleasantries levelled at her protector. Submitting to this, he says, as long as human

nature could endure it, at last he stopped short, with the intention of knocking down the first man who made another insulting remark. Then Captain Crofts stepped up, touched him on the shoulder, and addressing him by name, begged to speak another word with him. He had forgotten Mr. Bate's address, he explained, and was under the necessity of asking for it again. It was immediately repeated, but Bate recommended Crofts to get pen and ink from one of the waiters and write it down, that he might not forget it again.

While this was being done, writes Bate, "a little effeminate being, whom I afterwards found to be a Mr. Fitz-Gerral, came up to me, dressed *à la Macaroni*," and impertinently asked whether any man had not a right to look at a fine woman. The man thus contemptuously described by Bate, it may be remarked parenthetically, was Robert Fitzgerald, still remembered as "fighting Fitzgerald," the celebrated duellist. After getting over his surprise at this unwarranted interference of a man who was not present at the dispute, Bate replied that he would even go so far as to despise the man who did *not* look at a fine woman; but he begged leave to observe that there was more than one way of looking at her, and that the persons whom he had censured had looked at her in such a way that, he repeated once more, they were "four dirty, impertinent puppies." After the exchange of a few more civilities of this kind, Mr. Fitzgerald, in his anger, clapped his hand to his sword, as though he were going to draw on an unarmed man, when he was interrupted by Captain Crofts, who observed that he presumed Bate to be a clergyman. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he said, "Perhaps you will take advantage of your profession, and not give me the satisfaction I shall demand?" He was told in reply that the other would never avail himself of that to do anything derogatory to the character of a gentleman. By this time a crowd had gathered round, and Fitzgerald thought to score a point by becoming very facetious on the subject of parsons, whereto Bate retaliated by making fun

of the dress and appearance of a Macaroni. Then the crowd wanted to know the cause of the dispute, and, of course, gave the parson the advantage, for in a short speech of a few sentences he was able to convince them that his opponents were entirely in the wrong; whereupon they were hooted and hustled out of the way, while Bate with his company took coach and returned to town.

This, however, was only the end of the first act of the comedy, for in the *Morning Post* of the following day Bate went on to tell what had happened afterwards. About two o'clock of the morning following this affray Bate's servant had wakened him to read a letter which had just come by a special messenger having the appearance of a tavern waiter, whose instructions were to carry back an answer. The letter was from Captain Crofts, demanding satisfaction and, presuming that his fists were the only weapons a reverend gentleman would fight with, requesting him to name there and then his own place and time for a boxing bout. If refused this satisfaction, the Captain genially declared he would hunt the parson up and down London till he found him, and then would pull his nose, and spit in his face, and pull the black coat off his back. Thus challenged, while only half awake, Bate sent back word immediately that he was quite prepared to meet Captain Crofts in his rooms at Clifford's Inn at a specified hour that day; but later on he changed his mind and sent another message to say that, accompanied by a friend, he would await Captain Crofts from two to four o'clock at the "Turk's Head" coffee-house in the Strand. Captain Crofts, attended by his friend the Hon. Mr. Lyttelton, duly arrived; and after a good deal of parleying the boxing bout was abandoned, pistols were provided, and the party made ready for a jaunt to Richmond Park.

Just as they were about to leave the place for this purpose Fitzgerald suddenly broke into the room, and, in an insolent tone of voice, demanded satisfaction in the name of his

friend "Capt. Miles," who, he said, was waiting with the utmost impatience in the adjoining coffee-room. How Fitzgerald knew that Bate was then to be found at the "Turk's Head," seeing that the revised appointment had only been made just before the specified time, was a curious circumstance, the significance of which did not appear until afterwards. However, Bate naturally replied that he could only fight one man at a time, and that he was now engaged to Captain Crofts. Moreover, as he had never either seen or heard of "Capt. Miles," he was quite sure that he could not have offended him. Fitzgerald replied that his friend "Capt. Miles" was terribly enraged; that he would only fight the parson in his own way, viz., with his fists; and that if Bate did not consent to box with him instantly he would knock the curate down as he left that room, or whenever he should first meet with him. The two seconds seemed at first to be of opinion that Bate was bound to go out with Captain Crofts, and consequently need take no notice of this other challenge which had been sprung upon him; but after some discussion they arrived at the conclusion that it would be best to patch up their quarrel by some concessions made on both sides, and thus leave Bate free to deal with the other matter as he pleased. Accordingly, Captain Crofts was induced to declare that Mrs. Hartley had been ungently treated, and that Mr. Bate had acted with great spirit and propriety in defending her, whereupon Bate, on his part, readily begged Captain Crofts' pardon for any unguarded expressions he may have used in consequence of a misunderstanding. Captain Crofts and his second then withdrew, and "Capt. Miles" was introduced. Bate at once told him that he had never seen his face before, and was ignorant therefore how he could possibly have offended him. "Capt. Miles," a fellow of herculean proportions, gave a rather confused answer, and, without making it clear that he had received any personal affront, declared that he was there to take the part of his friend Mr. Fitzgerald by

boxing the parson. Bate urged that he was not in the habit of boxing with gentlemen, whereupon he was informed that if he did not box there and then Miles would beat him at Vauxhall or in any other public place where they might chance to meet. Bate being thus forced into the distasteful encounter, the party adjourned to a large room in the "Spread Eagle" tavern, where both the champions stripped and set to. Then, however, to the surprise of everybody, the parson, though considerably the smaller man, did not receive a single blow of any consequence, while in about fifteen minutes the herculean Miles was clean knocked out, and had to be removed in a hackney coach, with his face beaten into a jelly. It afterwards turned out (and Fitzgerald admitted it) that the so-called "Capt. Miles" was a great hulking pugilistic servant of his, whom he had dressed up as a gentleman for the purpose, and that the previous appointment with Crofts and the patching up of that quarrel were part of a conspiracy to get the parson safely chastised by proxy.

Similar affrays were by no means uncommon in those days. Henry Angelo tells us that Vauxhall was then more like a bear-garden than a place of rational amusement. The price of admission was one shilling only, and the place was crowded with all sorts and conditions of men and women, citizens and their wives, apprentices and girls of the town, fine gentlemen and ladies, all being mingled together in one heterogeneous mob. Rings were continually being made in various parts of the Gardens to decide the quarrels that perpetually arose; and whenever there happened to be a lull in this species of sport, the light-fingered gentry did not fail to get up mock quarrels of their own to afford opportunity for the exercise of their profession. When Angelo came to write his "Reminiscences," in 1828, public conduct was more decorous; and, like an old war-horse scenting the battle, he deplored the absence of "such glorious *kicks-up*" as he had enjoyed in less insipid days.

SIR HENRY BATE-DUDLEY, BART.

Amongst his other titles to fame, the "fighting parson" must be set down as one of the pioneers of modern journalism. The *Morning Post* was started in November, 1772, as a rival (and it very soon became a powerful rival) to the *Morning Chronicle*, which had been founded three years previously. Nine months later, at the time of the Vauxhall affray, Bate was evidently a prominent member of the staff; and he had probably been so from the first. In politics the *Post* was, according to one of the latest historians of our English newspaper press, "a shameless organ of the King's party, then presided over by Lord North"; and it speedily acquired also "an evil reputation as a retailer of coarse social gossip." But we must not judge either it or Bate by our present high standard of journalism. "Shameless organs" of any party are happily unknown in our time, and our political conflicts in the press are always characterised by sweet reasonableness and the most exquisite courtesy. Brilliant and sparkling society intelligence we have, indeed; but anything which could be justly termed coarse social gossip has long ago ceased to exist. Our modern papers furnish us with admirable free and dashing comment on the opinions and performances of the men and women of the hour, but the imputation of unworthy motives, or the use of vulgar Billingsgate, modern journalists would be ashamed to write and modern editors to print. But there was a different standard of public taste, as of public morals, in Bate's time; and, like more recent practitioners of his craft, he realised that the way to make a paper pay is to give the public what it wants. John Taylor, author of "Monsieur Tonson" and a well-known miscellaneous writer of the time, tells us that before the *Morning Post* appeared newspapers were generally dull, heavy, and insipid, and that there was what he terms a "sportive severity" in Bate's writing which gave a new character to the public press. Taylor admits that Bate was somewhat too free and personal in his strictures; but he says also that it ought to be remembered that those whom he

attacked "were generally characters of either sex who had rendered themselves conspicuous for folly, vice, or some prominent absurdity by which they became proper subjects for satirical animadversion." One consequence of his "sportive severity" was that after he assumed its editorship, in 1775, the circulation of the *Morning Post* went up by leaps and bounds.

But there were other consequences also, for his style of journalism has certain disadvantages for its practitioners. The modern editor has only to reckon with the law of libel; his Georgian predecessor had to be ready to fight duels as well. The first, though by no means the last, affair of this kind in which Bate was concerned occurred in January, 1777. Some paragraphs appeared in the *Morning Post* reflecting on the character of the Countess of Strathmore, whose conduct had been undoubtedly somewhat indiscreet. A bankrupt half-pay lieutenant named Stoney, who had already dissipated in riotous living a fortune which he had acquired from a deceased wife, was then paying his addresses to the Countess; and he naturally took up the cudgels in her behalf. Bate tried to smooth matters over by saying that the paragraphs objected to were inserted without his knowledge; but this did not satisfy Stoney, who insisted upon the discovery of the author or "the satisfaction of a gentleman." A few days after this, as the *Gentleman's Magazine* reports, they met, "as it were by accident," when—

> "they adjourned to the Adelphi, called for a room, shut the door, and, being furnished with pistols, discharged them at each other without effect. They then drew swords, and Mr. Stoney received a wound in the breast and arm, and Mr. Bate one in the thigh. Mr. Bate's sword bent, and slanted against the Captain's breast-bone, which Mr. Bate apprising him of, Captain Stoney called to him to straighten it; and in the interim, while the sword was under his foot for that purpose, the door was broken open, or the death of one of the parties would most certainly have been the issue."

From the same authority we learn that five days afterwards Captain Stoney was married to the lady on whose behalf he

had thus hazarded his life. A story afterwards got abroad that the brave "Captain" had only engaged in a sham duel with Bate, presumably for the purpose of furthering his suit with the lady. But this report was promptly denied, and Bate gave his antagonist a testimonial to the effect that he "bled like a pig."

Fortunately for himself, Bate was both a good shot and an accomplished swordsman, for although he does not appear to have been a challenger, he was frequently in receipt of amiable invitations of that kind from other people. Shortly after the before-mentioned affair he even went out with one of the proprietors of his own paper. A general meeting of the proprietors had been held to consider some plan by which he proposed to promote the prosperity of the paper. All of them spoke against it, with the exception of Mr. Joseph Richardson, who kept silent. Bate, in a temper, called them a parcel of cowards, and withdrew from the meeting. After he had gone Alderman Skinner made the very safe threat that, *if* he had not a wife and family, he would call their editor to account for the stigma which he had applied to them. Richardson was the only bachelor present, and this put him upon his mettle to obtain an apology, or at least to obtain the exception of himself from the imputation of cowardice. He accordingly wrote a rather high-flown letter, and sent it to Bate by the hand of his friend John Taylor. The answer was not conciliatory, and, after two more letters, the parties arranged to meet at five o'clock one morning in Hyde Park. A coin being tossed for first fire, the lot fell to the editor, who wounded his proprietor in the right arm, rendering him, of course, unable to use his pistol. Bate then came forward and said that if Mr. Richardson's letter had been in a less peremptory style there would have been no need for the duel, as he held that gentleman in respect and esteem, and would most willingly have exempted him from the imputation. There is an amusing pendant to this story. Richardson's second on the field was a friend

named Mills, who was a surgeon. As soon as they reached home, and Mills had examined the wound, he gave a highly comical exhibition of a mixed emotion. "Don't be alarmed, Joey," he exclaimed; "this is only a five-guinea job!" thus showing the joy of friendship at Richardson's escape from serious injury, mingled with the pleasure of the professional man at the prospect of getting a substantial fee out of him.

The only person that Bate can be said to have challenged was an Irish duellist of rather shady character, named Brereton. He was one day expecting a challenge, and being unprovided with arms, sent off to Brereton, with whom he had been acquainted for some time, to borrow his pistols. Brereton was delighted, and when he brought the weapons expatiated on their merits with much enthusiasm. The other party, however, did not proceed to extremities, and Bate, therefore, took back the pistols unused. Brereton was greatly enraged when he found that his darling pistols had been borrowed for nothing, and in the heat of his temper seemed inclined to fasten a quarrel upon Bate. The more conciliatory the parson showed himself the more furious the Irishman became, until at last Bate quietly observed, "I see what it is you want; I'll take this pistol"—picking one of them up—"you take the other, and we'll settle the matter immediately." "Ah," exclaimed the Irishman, "I see you are a man of spirit; but, as you are an old friend, let us shake hands and consider the matter settled already." This same Brereton, by the way, came to a violent end some years later in a Dublin tavern. He was waiting at the bottom of a staircase, sword in hand, ready to attack a man whom he expected to descend unprepared. The other, however, knowing the sort of man with whom he had to deal, came down with his sword drawn, attacked Brereton first, and gave him such wounds that he died on the spot.

But the whole of Bate's energies were not exhausted by journalism and duelling. Amongst his other activities, he

produced a number of comic operas for Drury Lane Theatre, incited thereto, perhaps, by his vicar, Townley, and his friend Garrick. One or two of them met with moderate success, and one or two were damned. One historian of the newspaper press stigmatises Bate as a writer of "licentious" plays. The critic can never have read his by no means brilliant, but certainly quite inoffensive, productions. Such of them as the present writer has examined are no more witty or wise, but neither are they one whit more "licentious," than most of the comic operas which have pleased this fastidious generation. They are lively little productions of their kind, and contain several amusing characters; while, although the songs with which they are interspersed are totally without literary merit, no doubt they sounded well enough when set to appropriate music. What "The Blackamoor Washed White" was like it is impossible to say, as the piece was never printed; but the riot which occasioned its withdrawal after the fourth night, in February, 1776, had nothing to do with its merits or demerits as a play. From a letter to Garrick we learn that the author had availed himself of some "masterly hints and emendations" by the great actor; and Mrs. Siddons, who had just been engaged at Drury Lane on the strength of Bate's report on her performances at Bath, was given a prominent character in the piece. But the author got wind that an organised opposition was projected; engineered, it was supposed, by some of those who had suffered from his satirical hits in the *Morning Post;* and he accordingly engaged a number of pugilists to give assistance if necessary, and planted all the stalwart friends and supporters he could muster in various parts of the house. Henry Angelo, who was one of this number, relates that the clamour commenced by the opposition party giving vent to cat-calls, hisses, and yells. The author's friends responded by clapping of hands and cries of "Turn them out!" And so it went on for some time, until Bate indulged in a piece of bad generalship. A number of

friends whom he had collected behind the scenes, accompanied by several well-known pugilists, were made to cross in front of the curtain from one stage door to another, shaking their doubled fists and making other menacing gestures towards the audience. This false move enlisted the occupants of the galleries on the side of his opponents, and was the signal for a general attack. The occupants of the boxes were pelted with showers of oranges, apples, and other convenient missiles; and then there was a rush, in which not only fists, but bludgeons, were freely used, until the author's party was completely routed. Bate seems to have made no further attempt at dramatic authorship for two or three years; and when his "Flitch of Bacon" appeared, in 1779, it was unmolested, and had a good run. It not only put money into the author's pocket, but it also made the fortune of William Shield, who was selected by Bate to write the music for it. Shield was the son of a provincial music-master, who, after being apprenticed to a boat-builder, gave up that occupation to become a professional musician, like his father. At the time Bate picked him out he was first violin in the orchestra of the Italian Opera; but this first operatic venture of his own was so successful that he was appointed composer in general to Covent Garden, and he concluded a prosperous career by becoming Master of Musicians in Ordinary to the King.

In 1780, being then thirty-five years of age and a person of some consequence both in London and in the country (for he was a squire, and a justice of the peace for the county of Essex), Bate married. Of the lady of his choice little is known, except that she was the sister of the celebrated actress Mrs. Hartley, through championship of whom in Vauxhall Gardens, as we have seen, Bate had sprung into fame (or notoriety) seven years previously. Like Mrs. Hartley, she is said to have been a great beauty; and, in the absence of any details concerning her, it may be permissible to give a short account of what is known concerning her sister,

who retired from the stage in the same year that Bate married. She was very reticent, and always refused to gratify those who sought biographical details of her early life. But, according to an anonymous writer in the *London Magazine* for 1773, she was born in 1751, of obscure parents named White, in the village of Berrow, in Somersetshire. She was both a great beauty and a great "romp"; and while acting as domestic servant in a private family she was courted by a lively and idle young gentleman, for whose sake she left her situation, and who, to avoid the curiosity and displeasure of his friends, assumed the name of Hartley. The young gentleman's resources becoming exhausted, he suggested that she should try her fortune on the stage, which she did with astonishing success. "His mistress, of course," observes this writer, "had an equal claim to it, and she still keeps both the lover and the name." She still kept the lover at the time of the Vauxhall affray, though she apparently got rid of him no long time afterwards; the name she retained until her retirement from the stage. She was a favourite sitter of Sir Joshua Reynolds; and one day, when he complimented her on her beauty, she replied, "Nay, my face may be well enough for shape, but sure 'tis as speckled as a toad's belly." All who described her, however, went into raptures over her. One critic says:—

"The whole form is so admirably put together that the parts seem to be lost into each other, and to defy the eye with their beauties. The features of her face are marked with the same regularity. Her eye is lively, though not brilliant, her skin is not singularly fair, and her hair is dark red. In a word, taking her altogether, she gives one the idea of a Greek beauty."

Hull, the dramatist, said that he had despaired of finding an actress young and beautiful enough to represent Fair Rosamond, and had consequently abandoned a play which he had begun on Henry the Second; but the happy suitability of Mrs. Hartley's figure, her "crisped locks, like threads of gold," her sparkling eyes, and the softness and gentleness of

her demeanour had induced him to take up his unfinished tragedy and complete it for the stage. Two years after her retirement her death was reported in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for June, 1782; but in the following month the report was contradicted, and the public was assured that she was living in the south of France, in good health, "and passes by the name of White." She appears to have made enough while on the boards to keep her in easy circumstances for the remainder of her life; and when she died, forty-four years later, she left a fair estate.

Either just before or just after his marriage, Bate quarrelled irreconcilably with the proprietors of the *Morning Post*, and having left them, he promptly started a rival paper, called the *Morning Herald*. According to the announcement in its first number, it was to be conducted on Liberal principles; and there was, of course, bitter rivalry between the two papers, the *Post* becoming more Tory than ever and the *Herald* enthusiastically supporting the party of the Prince of Wales. But Bate had not altogether got quit of the *Morning Post*, for in this same year he was had up before the court for a libel on the Duke of Richmond, which had appeared before he left the paper. The libel was in the form of a series of queries, and imputed to the Duke a variety of treasonable practices and designs, accusing him, amongst other things, of having in his speeches in the House of Lords opposed the increase of the military strength of the kingdom in order to facilitate an invasion by the French, and of having conveyed intelligence in furtherance of this end to the Ministers of France. Both Bate and the printer of the paper were sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment in the King's Bench, the judgment being delayed for a time to allow for the rebuilding of the prison apartments, which had been burnt during the Lord George Gordon riots. Bate and his newly married wife occupied the two front rooms over the entrance, where he entertained his friends and spent a tolerably cheerful time. Like many other sons of the

Church, observes his friend Angelo, he kept a good table, and was no mean professor of gastronomy, although he always declared that he was no epicure, two dishes—a turbot and a haunch—being always sufficient for him, followed occasionally by an apricot tart. His chief resource during his confinement was the game of cribbage, at which he was very expert. Poor Henry Angelo lugubriously relates how he played at it there so long one evening that the gates were shut on him, and he had to stay the night, when, although he was made as comfortable as the place permitted, and Mrs. Bate lent him a blanket from her own bed, the horror of being in a prison prevented him from getting a wink of sleep. Bate, however, never appeared to be out of spirits during the whole twelvemonth.

The *Morning Herald* was going strong, and Bate seems to have been in no want of funds, for shortly after coming out of prison he bought the advowson of Bradwell-juxta-Mare, in Essex, for £1,500, subject, of course, to the life of the existing incumbent, who was a man of infirm health, and did not reside in his parish. But creaking doors hang long; and the Rev. George Pawson, by living in a more salubrious place and religiously abstaining from his clerical duties, hung on for another sixteen years. Meanwhile Bate obtained from him a lease of the glebe and tithes, and established himself as curate-in-charge. The annual profits of the place were supposed to exceed £700; but, as Bate told the Bishop of London in the course of the controversy which afterwards arose,—

"On going over the glebe previous to the purchase, I found it to consist of about 300 acres of land, but in so ruinous a state from inundations, and various causes of extreme neglect, that the tenant was broken upon it, and no other could be procured to become its occupier. It was destitute of every building necessary for the conduct of the business. On applying to the farmer whose premises it adjoined, he declared to me that he would not possess it on a lease of seven years rent free. The church and the chancel were in a similar state, the churchyard without fence, and its graves, even, disturbed by the hogs

of the village. From the then unhealthiness of the country, no rector or vicar resided within many miles of this deserted peninsula; nor could a curate of decent manners be found to live there, on any terms, for the due discharge of the ordinary parochial duties."

Nevertheless Bate bought the advowson, and went to reside on the spot, though not, we may presume, without frequent excursions to London. Three years later, when he assumed the name of Dudley, in conformity with the will of a relative from whom he inherited a fortune, Bate—whom we must henceforth call Dudley, or Bate-Dudley—was able to devote both more time and more money to the interests of the church and parish. He says:—

"The first steps I took were to see the church, with the chancel, repaired as became a place of public worship, to have the services of it regularly administered, to promote the increase of a neglected congregation, to restore the free school to the useful purposes of its institution, and to form a police for the protection of a country that I found lawless. My next objects were to drain the glebe lands, and prevent the sea from continuing to overflow them, for which I was honoured by the Society of Arts and Sciences with a reward of their gold medal."

The dilapidated rectory was turned into a handsome country house, which thenceforth became well known as Bradwell Lodge, where Bate-Dudley entertained liberally, and played the part of squire and magistrate as well as that of parson. Henry Angelo records that he had spent many a pleasant day there in company with other friends; and one or two of his garrulous reminiscences are rather amusing:—

"Once, I recollect, his guests then on a visit there had been promised to be entertained with a supper *à l'Italian*, in which I played the part of chief *cuisinier*, arrayed in a proper costume. The pleasantry which occurred in the kitchen on this occasion was such as would have worked well into a scene for a comedy. Among other guests was a French officer, who, affecting the Amphitrion and *grande critique gastronomique*, with true French fanfaronade abused every dish, and boasted his native cookery above all other, ancient or modern. Bate-Dudley whispered, 'Now mark you, I'll roast Monsieur.' Which he did to a turn of the spit, and, with that delectable *badinage* at which he was so

great an adept, proved to all the company that *Monsieur le Capitaine* must have been originally himself a *cuisinier*. This produced mighty amusement, as a wag of the party helped on the frolic by dubbing Monsieur—another Captain Cook!"

Bate-Dudley was a keen sportsman, and kept a pack of harriers, as poor Angelo, who does not mind telling a good story against himself, had cause to remember, for, having boasted one night in his cups of his feats of horsemanship, his host made him ride to hounds next day on a particularly vicious and harum-scarum beast, so that, being in reality a very poor horseman, he was in an agony of fear for his life all the time, and returned home, as he admits, bumped and bruised "worse than a City apprentice at the Epping hunt."

Dudley was likewise a bold and dexterous yachtsman, whereof also Angelo preserved an uncomfortable memory:—

"Once he tempted me to an excursion in a boat which to many would have appeared not seaworthy. 'Come, Harry, my boy,' said he, 'to-morrow will be lamb fair at Ipswich; we can sail to Harwich, and tramp onwards to Ipswich; we will make a day of it, and see what is to be seen; there will be plenty of amusement, I promise you: so rise in the morning betimes.' The vessel was ready; and having provided a bottle of cognac, with some other more substantial *prog*, we embarked. 'Where is the crew?' said I. 'There!' said he, pointing to a rough-visaged old boatman, and a boy to steer; adding, 'Old Tooke and Parson Bate in this cock-boat would cross the Atlantic, wouldn't we, my old Trojan?' 'Aye, Master Bate, that we would, or we'd sink afore we gave it up. Why, young man' (addressing himself to me, who doubtless looked pale enough, as the black clouds prognosticated a storm), 'I and Master there would double the Cape in her: she's a tight old boat, and dances over the water like a cork.' Such a dance I was never led, before nor since; for it blew a hurricane, and we were driven about, nearly swamped, lost our kitchen, were wrecked in the mud, and scrambled ashore in the dark; our captain, old Tooke, and the young cockswain enjoying the funk into which they had got a fresh-water sailor."

Such frolics as these greatly delighted the energetic and athletic parson, and it seems to have been in a similar spirit of sportive adventure that he tackled the poachers and the smugglers of the district. He was a magistrate, says the

Gentleman's Magazine, who never slept at his post, and some of whose enterprises against the lawless were quite extraordinary. Once again we may draw upon Henry Angelo's artless and garrulous narrative for a concrete instance :—

"At the commencement of his office, the neighbourhood had been greatly infested by that worst of *varment* (to use the gamekeeper's phrase) the poacher. A certain lonely cottage had been pointed out to his worship as the nightly *rendezvous* of a determined gang of the robbers. He had his secret informer, who had been a confederate; and one night, when they were met to settle their plan of depredations, Mr. Bate rapped at the door. It was immediately opened, when he beheld the ruffians, each of whom instantly seized his loaded piece. 'Put your guns away, ye rogues. Know ye not that I am Justice Bate?' exclaimed the magistrate, with a determined air, looking deliberately around. 'Rogues! I know ye all. Give me your gun, fellow' (to the nearest). 'You had better stand off,' said the poacher. Sir Dudley" (*sic*) "immediately took him by the collar, and wrested it from him. 'Lay down your pieces, every one of you—resist at your peril . . . lay down your arms, I say, and go home to your families, you wicked ruffians.' Appalled at his firmness, each laid his piece upon the table; and he turned them out. Then, going to the door and shouting 'Constables!' the fellows took to their heels, and a party of the police who were in attendance came in, and the weapons, with guns, snares, and other implements for destroying game, were collected and borne away without the least resistance. And by this one act of intrepidity the bold magistrate broke up the gang."

But when the Rev. George Pawson was gathered to his fathers, in 1797, and Dudley presented himself to the living of Bradwell, the Bishop of London refused to institute on the ground of simony. This objection was doubtless only a legal excuse which happened to lie ready to the bishop's hand, and the real cause of his refusal was probably disapproval of the character of the fighting parson. In addition to the other somewhat unclerical characteristics and accomplishments which have been enumerated, Dudley had recently been defendant in an action for crim. con. after having some time previously fought a duel with the husband, and although the verdict had been given in his favour, his defence had been mainly based upon technical grounds. However this may

be, after a long controversy and the institution of a suit which never came into court, a compromise was arrived at according to which Dudley's brother-in-law, the Rev. R. Birch, was to be collated to the living. It was then discovered that, in consequence of the patron having failed to exercise his right within a specified time, the next presentation had lapsed to the Crown, whereupon the Rev. Richard Gamble, Chaplain-General to the Forces, was appointed to the living. There was great indignation in the county, for Dudley seems to have been extremely popular; and, little as we hear of any spiritual ministrations to his parishioners, he deserved to be, for he had not only restored the church and school of Bradwell, but, at a total cost to himself of £28,000, he had reclaimed a large tract of land from the inroads of the sea, thus turning a pestilential swamp into a healthy and habitable district, had made the roads passable, and so had improved not only the village itself, but the whole neighbourhood for miles round. The news of Gamble's appointment happening to reach Chelmsford during the assizes, the assembled magistrates promptly despatched a message to Pitt in favour of Dudley. Subsequently a memorial was sent to Addington signed by several peers, as well as by the whole lay magistracy of the county, to the following effect:—

"We, the Lord Lieutenant, High Sheriff, and Magistrates of the County of Essex, having perused and duly considered the memorial and case of the Rev. Henry Bate-Dudley, have great satisfaction in offering this testimony of our opinion of the *additional* and *recent* services which he has rendered to the public, by stating—That in the course of the last summer he suppressed an alarming and dangerous insurrection within the district wherein which he resides, by personally securing and bringing to conviction the ringleaders thereof; for which he received the thanks of the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Kenyon, at the Assizes, and also those of the Magistrates at their General Quarter Sessions.

"Fully sensible of the importance of Mr. Dudley's services on this and various other occasions, and also of the extreme hardship of his case, we feel it due to him thus to declare that any means which may be adopted for the alleviation of its pressure will prove highly acceptable and satisfactory to our county, which has for so many years been so essentially benefitted by his public exertions."

After receiving the foregoing address Addington expressed himself as cordially disposed, and in the course of a debate in the House of Commons Sheridan took occasion to refer to the hardness of Dudley's case. Dudley himself bore his losses with fortitude, and made no attempt, as he might have been expected to do, to arouse public sympathy by journalistic means; but nothing was done by way of recompense until 1804, when he was presented to the out-of-the-way and comparatively poor rectory of Kilscoran, in county Wexford. He resided in Ireland with little intermission for about eight years, receiving during the course of that time, in addition to Kilscoran, the chancellorship of the diocese of Ferns and the rectory of Kilglass, in county Longford. In 1812 he resigned these benefices, and left Ireland on being presented to the rectory of Willingham, in Cambridgeshire. Mr. Gamble had died in the previous year; and he had presented his brother-in-law, as arranged with the bishop, to the living of Bradwell.

In 1813, in recognition of his many services to the public, including, of course, his journalistic support of the party of the Prince of Wales, Dudley was created a baronet. In 1816, though over seventy years of age, he showed something of his old energy in the suppression of the riots which then occurred in the eastern counties. Horses, barns, and corn-stacks had been set on fire, and cattle, corn, and instruments of husbandry destroyed, by the rioters in various parts of Norfolk, Suffolk, Huntingdon, and Cambridge; but on May 23rd the main body of the insurgents were defeated near Ely by the exertions of Dudley and another clerical magistrate, aided by a troop of yeomanry, a small detachment of dragoons, and a few of the disbanded militia. The rioters fired on the troops and magistrates from barricaded houses, but they were soon driven out and put to flight, one hundred or more being taken prisoners. When the assizes met in June the grand jury voted their unanimous thanks to these magistrates for their spirited, prudent, and energetic

conduct; and in the following month the justices resolved to present Dudley with a piece of plate to show their appreciation of his services. The grand jury also recommended that the "excellent" sermon which Dudley preached before the judges of assize in Ely Cathedral should be printed. This was a pity, because, however able his magisterial and military tactics may have been, the printed pamphlet obliges us to say that his preaching was of very inferior quality. He was made a prebend of Ely in 1817, however, and continued to reside there—though it is to be hoped he did not often preach—until within a few months of his death. In later years his financial position appears to have become less satisfactory, and after parting with certain other property in Essex he was obliged in 1819 to dispose of the advowson of Bradwell, which had cost him so much both in trouble and in money. The purchaser was lucky, for the very day after it was sold Dudley's brother-in-law, the incumbent, was seized with a sudden illness and died. Dudley himself survived until February, 1824, when, after a short illness, he expired at Cheltenham, in his seventy-ninth year. By a strange coincidence his sister-in-law, "Mrs. Hartley," the heroine of the Vauxhall affray, died at Woolwich on the same day. He had no issue, and at his death the baronetcy became extinct.

In private life Dudley was social and hospitable, and both he and his wife were noted for their charitable benevolence. He was possessed of some artistic sensibility, for he was one of the earliest of the admirers both of Mrs. Siddons and of Mrs. Jordan; he was a patron of Gainsborough; and the discoverer of Shield, the composer. He must be admitted to have had some mind as well as a superabundance of muscle. He achieved extraordinary success as a journalist. And perhaps what he did for the material well-being of his parishioners at Bradwell may be considered to atone in some degree for his deficiency in more spiritual ministrations. But, after all, one suspects that he missed his vocation. His

dealings with poachers, and smugglers, and rioters in Essex, his plans for the protection of the sea coast (which an astonished general entrusted with that business declared that he would be entirely guided by), together with his characteristic qualities both of body and of mind, all tend to confirm the judgment of certain of his friends that in the army he must inevitably have risen to great distinction. He may be cited as a capital instance of the square peg in the round hole, for few will doubt that the "fighting parson" ought to have been a soldier.

ANDREW ROBINSON BOWES.
From an engraving.

III

A HUNTED HEIRESS—THE COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE

III

A HUNTED HEIRESS—MARY ELEANOR, COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE

In the year 1812, or thereabout, Dr. Jesse Foot, a London surgeon, whose extensive practice and many medical publications had made him no inconsiderable rival of his contemporary the great John Hunter, determined to put upon record for the benefit of posterity some particulars of the lives of two of his patients then recently deceased. Dr. Foot maintained the theory that every piece of biography should have a moral aim; but he elected to deal with the lives of the Countess of Strathmore and Mr. Bowes, not because these were exceptionally estimable persons, but, on the contrary, because, although "situated on the summit of fortune" and blessed with all the advantages that birth, education, and wealth could confer, they had made shipwreck of their lives, and, in his opinion, might well stand as a lesson and a warning to future generations. His two patients were undoubtedly persons of very peculiar temperaments, and he sets out by saying that—

> "Neither of them received one single check from any compunctious visitings of nature; neither of them had disciplined their minds by the strict observance of any rule of right; both of them appeared as if they had been taken from a land not yet in a state of civilisation, and dropped by accident where they have been found."

But the good doctor's psychology was wholly unequal to the task which he proposed to himself; and instead of making an analysis of the peculiar temperaments of these patients, or inquiring how they came to possess such temperaments,

or giving any indication, such as his exordium seemed to promise, of the means by which future generations might ensure better temperaments, he contented himself with a bare recital of biographical facts, interspersed with passages of vigorous and warrantable, but altogether unilluminating, denunciation. However, he had a very interesting, if also very painful, story to tell; and he was otherwise well enough equipped for the purpose, having during a professional attendance of over thirty years acquired a good deal of first-hand and intimate knowledge of the parties, and having also, after their death, become possessed of a number of their letters. If Dr. Foot's story were uncorroborated, he might have been suspected of gross exaggeration; but many of the most astonishing particulars in the following narrative have been taken, not from his book, but from the shorthand reports of the various trials in which his two unhappy patients became involved. Readers of the dramatic literature of the Georgian era have probably sometimes wondered whether such brutal men and such silly women as are therein represented could ever have had any existence except upon the stage. A perusal of the following pages will make it clear that some real specimens were to be found in the seats of the country gentry and in the mansions of Grosvenor Square.

Mary Eleanor Bowes was the only child and sole heiress of George Bowes, M.P., of Streatlam Castle and Gibside, county Durham. He was a man of great wealth, who, in addition to extensive landed estates, possessed a large interest in several coal mines. The ancient lordship of Streatlam, neighboured on east, west, and north by the estates and castles of the Nevilles and the Beauchamps, was one of the most considerable seats in the county. Gibside as it then was we get some notion of from the correspondence of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu. In 1753, four years after Mary Eleanor was born, Mr. Montagu, who was then on a visit there, told his wife that, although all the gentlemen of the county were emulously planting and adorning their seats, nothing came

up to the magnificence of what was being done by Mr. Bowes. The house itself was an indifferent one, but he had added to it a great "Gothic" banqueting room, wherein he gave splendid concerts, at which famous Italian and other singers were brought down to perform. And he was then building in his grounds a column 140 feet high, for what purpose save ostentation Mr. Montagu does not say, but only that it promised to be the largest ever erected by a subject in the kingdom and would only be eclipsed by the Monument in London. The house stood in the midst of a great wood of about 400 acres, through which there were many noble walks and rides, interspersed with fine lawns; and a rough river ran through the domain, having high rocks on either bank, making altogether a highly beautiful and romantic scene. George Bowes died in September, 1760; and Mrs. Montagu wrote to a correspondent saying that her husband had gone to attend the funeral obsequies, which, according to the custom of the county, were to be very pompous. All the gentlemen of Northumberland and Durham were to be present, and she supposed there would be three or four hundred coaches. A fortnight or so after this event we get our first glimpse of Mary Eleanor, who was then eleven years of age, and who apparently had not created a very favourable impression on some of her father's friends, for we find Lord Lyttelton writing to Mrs. Montagu:—

"As his vanity descends with his estate to his daughter, I don't wish to see her my daughter-in-law, though she would make my son one of the richest, and consequently, in our present ideas of greatness, one of the great peers of the realm. But she will probably be the prize of some needy Duke, who will want her estate to repair the dissipations of Newmarket and Arthur's, or, if she marries for love, of some ensign of the Guards, or smart militia captain."

The "good" Lord Lyttelton certainly proved to be something of a prophet, for the young lady fell a prize, in the first place, to a needy peer, and, in the second place, to a smart half-pay army officer. The precious son for whom he

thought she would be such a bad bargain became notorious as "the bad Lord Lyttelton"; and whether he could have been any worse if he had married her, or whether she could have had a more unhappy lot if united to him, are questions on which the reader may be left to speculate if he happens to be that way disposed.

According to Mary Eleanor's own account, her father, who was uncommonly handsome, and uncommonly idle, and a great rake, in his youth, became as he grew older uncommonly pious. He endeavoured to train her, she says, in such a way that she might turn out as accomplished at the age of thirteen as his first and favourite wife had been at that age. Amongst other things, he trained her to make speeches before company, and to learn by heart and then declaim long passages out of Milton and—Ovid's "Metamorphoses." But, she assures us, although she read the Bible as well as Milton, the care with which she was instructed in the classical mythology made her somewhat doubtful whether she ought to profess Christianity or paganism! Whatever her accomplishments may have been, she was, naturally enough, much sought after by heiress-hunters, titled and otherwise; and, naturally enough, she flirted with a good many of them for a time without committing herself. One night at Almack's, for example, there was a quarrel, which set the whole room in an uproar and nearly ended in a duel, between Lord Mountstuart and a Mr. Chaloner, over a dispute as to which of them should sit next her at supper, when the young lady innocently declared that she had not given any encouragement to either of them. But she was too great a prize to remain uncaptured for long; and before she had completed her eighteenth year she accepted the addresses of John Lyon, ninth Earl of Strathmore. Her mother objected to her choice; but nevertheless on February 24th, 1767, they were married from her country house at Paul's Walden, in Hertfordshire, and a fortnight later went off to spend their honeymoon at Gibside.

MARY ELEANOR, COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE

John, Earl of Strathmore, a Scotchman, then thirty years of age, was reputed to be a good friend and a good bottle companion, but he can scarcely have been altogether an appropriate husband for the flighty and eccentric young woman he had married. He had no controlling influence over her, and he had no sympathy with the literary and scientific hobbies to which she was devoted. He made no complaints about her filling the house with flatterers and pedants and what Foot describes as "learned domestics." With him, the property was evidently the main thing; and having added the name of Bowes to his own surname, in recognition of the financial benefits he had received, he seems to have gone quietly his own way and left his wife to go hers. Of course she became surrounded by designing people, who called her "the patroness of all the arts," and egged her on from one extravagant hobby to another, out of which they found their own advantage. Foot says that she had a really considerable knowledge of botany, though she adopted a very extravagant way of showing it, for she purchased a fine old mansion, with extensive walled-in gardens, at Upper Chelsea, and there built a series of costly and elaborate hothouses and conservatories for the preservation and cultivation of exotic plants, which her agents procured, at great expense, from every available quarter of the globe. She had some acquaintance with several languages, and she believed herself to have great literary faculty, if not, indeed, poetic genius. What her faculty amounted to may be estimated from the ambitious five-act tragedy, in blank verse (very blank verse), entitled "The Siege of Jerusalem," which she had printed for private distribution in 1774. It is very poor stuff indeed, without a single image or the semblance of a thought in it from beginning to end; and the feeble story is told in even feebler verse, whose halting lines, some too long and some too short, it is impossible to scan. Many young persons, both before and since, believing themselves to be literary geniuses, have

proved the contrary by producing equally worthless compositions. Of course, had she lived in our twentieth century, her story would have been written in prose instead of in verse, and, by lavish advertisement of it as "the Countess of Strathmore's *great* novel," might have been boomed into the success of a season. But these halcyon days were yet to come.

There were five children of the marriage, two daughters and three sons; but poor Lord Strathmore, whose health was never very robust, broke down altogether in 1775, and when the winter came on was ordered off to the milder climate of Lisbon, where he died of consumption on March 7th, 1776. It might have been thought that, as Lady Strathmore did not accompany her husband, she had remained behind to look after her children; but although she had an inordinate affection for cats and dogs, her children seem to have received very little of her care, and for her eldest son in particular she appears to have conceived an unnatural dislike. As soon as Lord Strathmore was dead she began to live the life of a merry widow, so that her own as well as her husband's relatives were shocked and held aloof from her. Before many months had elapsed there was talk of her marrying again; and it was currently reported that she had received the addresses of a Mr. George Gray, an Anglo-Indian, forty years of age or thereabout, who had served under Clive in no very high capacity, but who had returned home with a large fortune and set about purchasing land in Scotland by way of becoming a pillar of the British Constitution. Gray visited her constantly, and they went about openly together in such a fashion as provided delectable journalistic material for Parson Bate's *Morning Post*, wherein appeared a series of paragraphs and letters concerning "the Countess of Grosvenor Square," alluding to her cold indifference to her late husband during the days of his sickness, suggesting that, instead of indulging in indecent levity, she would be better employed in her closet

"perusing the letters she had received from her fond and doating noble lord, or in visiting her eldest son, whom she had forsaken," with other reflections on her character and conduct. Her late husband's relatives seem to have been rather pleased than otherwise with these attacks in the *Morning Post*, imagining that they might perhaps put a stop to her marriage, which they strongly opposed in the interest of her children; at any rate, they did nothing to stop the libels. But just as the marriage appeared to be a foregone conclusion another candidate appeared on the scene. Of him it will be necessary to say a few introductory words.

Andrew Robinson Stoney, a half-pay lieutenant, thirty years of age, was a cadet of a good old English family which had been settled in county Tipperary for near a hundred years, where they possessed considerable property. When his regiment was disbanded, he boasted of being the youngest lieutenant of foot who had ever been placed upon half-pay. At the age of twenty-two he had managed to captivate and marry Hannah, sole daughter and heiress of William Newton, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, a young lady who possessed a fortune of £30,000. Stoney was evidently a man of insinuating address, although, judging by Foot's description of him, he cannot have had a very captivating appearance.

"His height was more than five feet ten; his eyes were bright and small; he had a perfect command over them; his brows were low, large, and sandy; his hair light, and his complexion muddy; his smile was agreeable; his wit ready,—but he was always the first to laugh at what he said, which forced others to laugh also. His conversation was shallow, his education was bare; and his utterance was in a low tone and lisping. There was something uncommon in the connection of his nose with his upper lip; he could never talk without the nose, which was long and curved downwards, being also moved ridiculously with the upper lip."

Hannah Newton is described as short, dark, and "not handsome"; but she was a good-natured young lady—and she possessed £30,000. After his marriage Stoney lived with her at Cold Pig Hill, the seat of her ancestors. Greatly

to his disappointment, his wife brought no children into the world alive. A correspondent who lived in the neighbourhood, and knew him well, wrote to Foot saying that on one occasion Stoney caused the bell of the parish church to be tolled for a child that was still-born, because, if he could have proved it to have lived, he would have acquired a life estate in his wife's property. But the mere tolling of the bell was no proof, and apparently he had no other. On several occasions he advertised the timber on his wife's estates for sale, but the next week's newspaper always contained an advertisement of forbiddance on the part of certain persons who laid claim to the estate as next heirs; and he was frustrated in that scheme also. In consequence of these disappointments, he behaved to his wife like a savage. Once at a public assembly, in a violent fit of rage, he tumbled her down a whole flight of stairs. At another time, as it was currently reported in the neighbourhood, he kept her locked up in a bare room for three days, with no other clothing than her chemise, and fed her on nothing but one egg a day. Fortunately for herself, the unhappy lady did not survive this kind of treatment very long. After her death Stoney came to live in London, where he seems to have filled up his time with the usual routine of a "man of pleasure," which consisted in cock-fighting, horse-racing, gambling in the clubs of St. James's, and general dissoluteness.

It is not probable that Lady Strathmore knew anything about Stoney's private history, and how he obtained an introduction to her does not appear. But having run down and captured already one only daughter and sole heiress, he was not the sort of man to lose his chance from want of audacity in joining in the pursuit of another. He was late in the field, for Gray had the start of him by about four months; but the dull-witted nabob was no match for the cunning half-pay officer. Amongst the principal members of the Countess's household in Grosvenor Square were Miss Eliza Planta, her Ladyship's *confidante*, and the Rev. Henry

Stephens, her domestic chaplain. Both these persons were won over to Stoney's interest, on the understanding apparently of payment by results. They insidiously influenced the Countess's mind in accordance with his promptings, and kept him regularly supplied with information which he was able to use for himself. For example, having discovered that the Countess was of a very superstitious turn of mind, he got Eliza Planta to arrange a visit to a certain fortune-teller; and, as he took care to prime the man beforehand very carefully, Lady Strathmore, greatly to her astonishment, was told, in the first place, many things which she thought nobody outside her own establishment could possibly know, and then informed oracularly, but unmistakably, that a certain contemplated marriage was fated never to take place, and that a better husband, whose description tallied with that of Stoney, was in store for her. Another of his stratagems was to write a letter to himself, and get it copied out in a female handwriting, purporting to come from a lady in Durham, who, having heard of his devotion at the shrine of the Countess of Strathmore, denounced vengeance on him for his faithlessness to herself. The copy of this letter he caused to be forwarded to the Countess, having first sent it down to Durham in order that it might arrive with the Durham post-mark on it. A day or two later this was followed by another letter, in which the supposititious forsaken fair one expressed regret for having sent her Ladyship a copy of her letter to Stoney, as she had since been greatly relieved to hear that her Ladyship was likely to marry Mr. Gray; and as she had received authentic information that Mr. Gray's addresses had received the support and concurrence of the late Lord Strathmore's friends and relations, she had no doubt that her Ladyship would soon marry him, and that the infatuated Stoney would then return to her. This was an extremely subtle stroke against Gray, for if anything could have induced the Countess to break her engagement with him or anybody else it would

have been to find that they were in friendly association with the relatives of her late husband. She did not break with Gray, however, who continued to visit her as usual, and was quite unconscious that the artful lieutenant was slowly undermining his position and fortifying his own. At Christmas, 1776, the Countess went on a visit for a few days to her mother at Paul's Walden, from which place she sent Stoney a letter, informing him, amongst other things, that her chaplain, Mr. Stephens, had suddenly and unexpectedly married her *confidante*, Eliza Planta. It seems probable that, for reasons best known to Eliza and himself, Stoney had been anxious to provide her with a husband with as little delay as possible; and from his point of view there were two great advantages in allying her with Stephens: firstly, it would not withdraw her from the Countess's service; and secondly, by making his two secret agents man and wife he relieved himself of the risk of their developing conflicting interests. How they were rewarded for their services will be seen presently. At the moment, of course, it was his cue to express the greatest surprise, and he replied to her letter in the following somewhat obscure and rhetorical strain:—

"Woman's a riddle. I never felt the proverb more than upon the honour of receiving your Ladyship's letter. Eliza has indeed been playing within the curtain. Had I been worthy to have had confidence in this business, I certainly should have advised a double plot. Your journey would have prevented any inquiry after the intention of your fair friend, and I then should have had the happiness of making my consort not only the conversation of the day, but [? myself] the envy of the world. You draw a flattering picture of Mr. Stephens; was he anything but Eliza's husband, I should not be pleased with this trait; but she deserves to be happy; and I hope he is everything that she can wish. I always thought that Eliza had a good heart; but she has now convinced us that she has a great mind, above being trammelled by the opinions of guardians, relations, or pretended friends. A free choice is happiness; and bliss is the offspring of the mind. Those only possess joy who think they have it; and it signifies little whether we are happy by the forms our connections would prescribe to us or not. I believe it will not be denied that many are miserable under the opinion of the

world of their being very much the contrary. You tell me that your good mother (Heaven bless her!) is well employed for an old lady; but by the soul of Angelica[1] you vow (and I know she was dear to you) that her pursuits do not at this time engage your attention. Now by the living sick Jacintha,[2] by everything I have to hope, I swear that I am highly interested in your present thoughts; and were I Proteus I would instantly transform myself, to be happy that I was stroked and caressed, like them, by you; and discovering the secret of your mind, I might experience what I hope Eliza will never be a stranger to, to be placed beyond the reach of further hope. I am all impatient to see your Ladyship; I really cannot wait till Saturday. I must have five minutes' chat with you before that time. You will think me whimsical; but upon Thursday next, at one o'clock, I shall be in the garden at Paul's Walden. There is a leaden statue, or there was formerly, and near that spot (for it lives in my remembrance) I shall wait; and can I presume that you will condescend to know the place? Eliza shall be our excuse for this innocent frolic; and the civilities shall never be erased from the remembrance of your faithful" etc., etc.

Stoney was evidently getting on apace.

Meanwhile the *Morning Post* continued to print spicy and satirical paragraphs about "the Countess of Grosvenor Square," which at length so exasperated her Ladyship that in a passionate outburst she declared that "any man who was brave enough to call out the editor of that vile paper and avenge her reputation upon his body should have both her hand and her heart." Mr. Gray seems to have taken no notice; but Stoney saw that this was his trump card. He accordingly challenged Parson Bate, and on January 12th, 1777, they fought together in a room at the "Adelphi" tavern, first with pistols and then with swords, until the door was broken open and they were separated. Gray, who now saw that his rival had scored a point over him, and the late Lord Strathmore's relatives, who were no better pleased at the prospect of a marriage with Stoney than with the other man, tried to discredit the champion's reputation by alleging that there had been only a sham duel. But four credible witnesses contradicted this,—a Mr. Hull, who was in the tavern at the time, and three surgeons, Jesse Foot, John

[1] A deceased pet cat. [2] A living pet cat.

Scott, M.D., and Sir Cæsar Hawkins, who were all called in to attend to the wounds of the combatants. The morning after the duel Stoney's apartments at the St. James's Coffee-house were filled with visitors who came to congratulate him, but this would have proved scant consolation for the risk he had run had her Ladyship regarded his exploit in the matter-of-fact way that most other fine ladies of the period would have done. But he knew, and calculated upon, her extreme sensibility, and was probably not surprised at the romantic tone of the letter she sent him next morning, in which she declared that the wounds he had received externally had wounded her internally, with much more to the same effect. In the course of the morning she followed up her letter by a call, and Foot, who was present in attendance on the wounded swain, thus describes her appearance:—

"The Countess at this time was scarcely thirty years of age: she possessed a very pleasing *embonpoint;* her breast was uncommonly fine; her stature was rather under the middle class; her hair brown; her eyes light, small, and she was near-sighted; her face was round; her neck and shoulders graceful; her lower jaw rather underhanging, and which, whenever she was agitated, moved very uncommonly, as if convulsively, from side to side; her fingers were small, and her hands were exceedingly delicate. She appeared in very fine health; her complexion was particularly clear; her dress displayed her person, it was elegant and loose."

He adds that she glowed with all the warmth of a gay widow about to be married, and that she was extraordinarily elated in consequence of having had a duel fought on her account. The poor silly soul, he says, took home the sword that Stoney had used, and hung it up at the head of her bed. She also celebrated the occasion in verse, to the following effect:—

"Unmov'd Maria saw the splendid suite
Of rival captives sighing at her feet,
Till in her cause his sword young Stoney drew,
And to avenge, the gallant wooer flew!
Bravest among the brave!—and first to prove
By death! or conquest! who best knew to love!

> But pale and faint the wounded lover lies,
> While more than pity fills Maria's eyes!
> In her soft breast, where passion long had strove,
> Resistless sorrow fix'd the reign of love!
> 'Dear youth,' she cries, 'we meet no more to part!
> Then take thy honour's due—my *bleeding* heart!'"

One can imagine the "dear youth's" long curved nose moving up and down with his lip as he read these pitiful lines, for to him their meaning was not so much that he had won the admiration of a sentimental young woman as that Gibside, and Streatlam Castle, and the coal mines, and the Chelsea hothouses, and other properties of hers were now to come into his possession. But being well aware of the fickleness as well as sensibility of his charmer's temperament, he pressed matters forward with the utmost urgency, and before a week had elapsed they were married at St. James's Church. The morning after his marriage he held quite a levée at the St. James's Coffee-house. He was dressed for the occasion in a new suit of regimentals; two of his near relations, General Robinson and General Armstrong, appeared likewise in full military uniform, as also did some of the relations of the Countess; and the cards that were left by the numerous visitors, who came on foot, on horseback, and in coaches, made an immense heap. But, says Foot, growing inordinately rhetorical, no bridesmaids graced the nuptials, Hymen's torch burned not clear, the perfume was not sweet-scented, the background was sombrous, and so forth, in a long string of incongruous metaphors intended to shadow forth the troubles that were to come. It is a highly significant fact that on the morning after the marriage the Rev. Henry Stephens, Eliza's husband, received the sum of £1,000, which Bowes generously paid him out of the Countess's money.

Of course the bridegroom promptly took possession of his wife's house in Grosvenor Square and of all her movables. He then seems to have bethought himself that there was at least one person to whom he must make some show of

apology for the indecent haste of his proceedings. He accordingly wrote a letter to Lady Strathmore's mother to excuse himself for having omitted the ceremony of asking her concurrence, in which he said:—

"I wish to atone for that breach of duty, and to ask your pardon, under the promise of dedicating the remainder of my life to the honour and interest of your daughter and her family. My grateful heart will make me her faithful companion, and with unremitting attention I will consult her peace of mind and the advantage of her children."

Like Lord Strathmore before him, Stoney changed his surname for that of his wife, and we must henceforth speak of him as Bowes. One of his earliest little attentions to the peace of mind of his wife was to change all her old servants for new ones of his own choosing and to get rid of the *quasi*-literary and scientific persons with whom she had delighted to surround herself. Then, after giving a few grand dinners to exhibit his newly acquired splendour, he sold the house in Grosvenor Square, and rented another in what was then the secluded neighbourhood of Hammersmith.

He had been married but a very short time when he made a discovery that greatly astonished him. He found that before her marriage with him, and while she was contemplating a marriage with Gray, she had, with Gray's concurrence, executed a deed to trustees whereby she vested in them for her sole use the whole of her estates. This would never do. What he had married her for was simply and solely in order that *he* might have the entire control of all her estates. As it happened, she, as well as he, wanted to raise a considerable sum of ready cash on the property, for, to say nothing of other immediate necessities, Mr. Gray alleged a contract of marriage with her Ladyship, and threatened a suit if he were not pecuniarily recompensed. She agreed therefore to the raising of a loan, and a deed was duly executed by the two of them conjointly whereby the rents of certain specified estates should be set apart to satisfy the necessary annuities. Out of the money so raised

Gray was compensated with the sum of £12,000. But, of course, this did not satisfy Bowes, and on May 1st, 1777, less than four months after his marriage, he induced her to execute another deed revoking the ante-nuptial settlement, and vesting the whole of her estates in himself. What methods of persuasion he adopted will appear later in the story. As soon as this business was concluded they gave up the Hammersmith house, and went off to Gibside, where, in November of that year, a daughter was born.

Bowes, now become a county magnate, aspired to a seat in Parliament, not, as may readily be imagined, from any public-spirited motive, but because he thought it would assist him in obtaining, what was then the object of his ambition, an Irish peerage. During his canvass he kept open house and gave good dinners at Gibside, although, as Foot notes, there was always a spice of meanness about his splendour. He failed at his first attempt, but a year or two later succeeded in becoming member for Newcastle. A number of letters to a friend in London, which somehow came into Foot's possession, show how he was occupied otherwise. Little more than a year after his marriage we find him negotiating to raise more money by insurances on the life of his wife, and also for the cutting down of the extensive and beautiful woods on the estate at Gibside. In November, 1778, he writes :—

"If you will be so obliging as to have my wood put into any of the papers, I am sure of fifty bidders. . . . It has never been offered to sale, and I will venture to say *such wood is not in England.* . . . The Dock Company in this country has made me a great offer ; but I have been told the people in London can afford to give more. . . . I am obliged to you for the trouble you have taken about the insurance, and beg you will send me a list of the few best brokers in London. I will see myself and them damned before I agree to the price you mention. D——, when I was last in London, got me £3,000 much under that charge."

A little later in the same month he writes from Cold Pig Hill, the old property of his first wife, about some

expenditure that appeared necessary to further his candidature for a peerage. In December he says that he will not come to London, because he can live at half the expense at Gibside, and must first get some money in hand. In the following May he reports that although he has sold the Chelsea house, with all its conservatories, etc., he is still in want of ready money. In June he wants a bill held over for a short time, although it appears that he has recently been able to buy a racehorse, which has been doing well. In February, 1780, he declares that he will break with his present bankers as soon as it is safe for him to show his teeth, but at the moment he is being incessantly harassed by the mortgagees of his estates. He implores his friend to buy from him one estate, near Barnard Castle, which is entirely in his own disposal, has no encumbrance on it but a sum of £2,000, the interest of which has been duly paid, and is worth about £400 a year. At the same time he gives this friend the tip to bet on his horse "Icelander," and he adds that it will be equally safe to bet on its owner becoming member for Newcastle. As it happened, the tip was a good one, for his horse won the race, and he won his election. In August, 1781, he writes that although Lady Strathmore is in perfect health, yet, as she is with child, he is determined to insure her life deeply, and would like £18,000 worth of policies with good names to them. Altogether he seems to have insured her for about £30,000. And so the letters go on, always showing him to be in difficulties and adopting all sorts of expedients for raising ready money. Notwithstanding that he was member for Newcastle, he was scarcely ever in London, making not even a pretence of attending to his parliamentary duties, and as soon as he found that the Government did not favour his pretensions to a peerage he devoted himself exclusively to other pursuits.

One day in the autumn of 1783 Foot met him in Cockspur Street and accompanied him to a jeweller's, where he bought a number of trinkets to the value of £40. Shortly after this

the surgeon went down to Paul's Walden to inoculate the Countess's latest baby. He found many people at dinner there, and amongst them a most beautiful young woman, a daughter of one of the farmers on the estate, who, he noticed, was wearing the trinkets that Bowes had bought a few days previously in Cockspur Street. Her mother and sisters came after dinner, and they all drank tea with the Countess. He had not seen Lady Strathmore for some time, and found her so strangely altered that he would have liked some private conversation with her, but no opportunity was afforded him.

"She was pale and nervous, and her under-jaw constantly moved from side to side. If she said anything, she looked at him first. If she was asked to drink a glass of wine, she took his intelligence before she answered. She sat but a short time at dinner, and was then out of my sight."

Bowes now rented another house, furnished, in Grosvenor Square, where he gave a few parliamentary dinners, "to some of the members of his acquaintance, for I will not call them friends," says Foot significantly. But he saw both that he had no chance of being returned again for Newcastle, and that the peerage game was up, wherefore, abandoning politics and ambition, he devoted his restless energies to worrying and harassing the relatives and guardians of his wife's children, partly perhaps as a vent for his evil temper, but partly also, without a doubt, to make money by getting the girls into his possession and disposing of them in matrimony.

The late Lord Strathmore's two daughters were wards in Chancery; and their guardians, who disapproved not only of Lady Strathmore's marriage, but of her conduct generally, wished to keep the children away from her influence as much as possible. They were allowed to visit her occasionally, but only on condition of returning home the same evening; and for several years she seems to have troubled very little about them. In 1784 Lady Maria Jane, the elder daughter, was about sixteen years of age, and having left school, was living

with her aunt, Lady A. S——, in Harley Street. The younger daughter, Lady Anna Maria, was in a school not far off. On May 21st in that year the Countess addressed a letter, unmistakably dictated by Bowes, to the mistress of this school saying she was just about to make a visit to Bath and would send for Lady Anna Maria next morning, as she would like her daughter to spend a day with her before her departure. Next morning accordingly Lady Anna Maria was allowed to leave the school for Grosvenor Square in company with a Mr. and Mrs. Reynett, who had been sent to fetch her. Mr. Reynett was a clergyman, who had replaced the Rev. Henry Stephens as domestic chaplain, and now lived, together with his wife, in Bowes's house. But when night came, instead of bringing the child back to school, this worthy couple brought a letter to the schoolmistress and the information that Lady Strathmore and her daughter had left Grosvenor Square in a hackney coach, for what destination they could not tell. The letter, which was signed by the Countess and in her handwriting, set forth that, in accordance with Lady Anna Maria's affectionate and dutiful request that she might spend her holidays with her mother, Lady Strathmore had taken her into her own possession. She would not have done this, she added, before the end of the school term had she not feared that she would then be prevented, as she had been before, by the young lady's guardians, who had caused her much suffering by depriving her of the company of her children.

On the same day the Countess addressed another letter (also, of course, at Bowes's dictation) to Lady A. S——, requesting that Lady Maria Jane might come the following day to see her before she set out for Bath; and next morning Lady Maria Jane was duly sent, accompanied by Mrs. O——, a sister of Lady A. S——'s late husband. They were shown into the drawing-room and received by Mrs. Reynett. As they came up to the house the young lady declared that she saw her sister's face at one of the windows.

Consequently, when the Countess appeared, Mrs. O—— inquired whether Lady Anna Maria had come on a visit also, and was answered in the affirmative. After a short chat the mother took her daughter into another room, ostensibly to show her something of interest, leaving Mrs. O—— behind in the drawing-room with Mrs. Reynett and with a gentleman whose name does not appear, but who evidently was that friend to whom Bowes had addressed the letters about his money matters which have already been quoted from. When some considerable time had elapsed, Mrs. O—— rang the bell and desired a servant to acquaint his mistress that it was time for Lady Maria Jane and herself to go. He brought back word that the young lady would come immediately. After waiting a while, she rang again, sent the same message, and received the same answer. Then, after another interval, she desired Mrs. Reynett to go and fetch Lady Maria Jane to her immediately. Mrs. Reynett went out for the purpose, but presently came back saying she dare not go into the room. Mrs. O—— thereupon said she would go herself, and being directed to the Countess's dressing-room, found the door locked. She consequently returned to the drawing-room in great agitation, which was nowise lessened when a servant entered and delivered to her the following letter:—

"MADAM,—As you have accompanied Lady Maria upon the present as well as a former occasion, on both of which I strenuously requested to see my daughter *by herself*, I conclude that you have some written order from a majority of her guardians. If thus authorised, I shall not choose to interfere in regard to her returning with you to-day; but if you cannot produce any such sanction, you will, I hope, excuse my detaining her till, by representing my case and laying my grievances before my Lord Chancellor, I shall be honoured with his Lordship's commands.

"However inhuman may be the behaviour I have experienced from those who never paid the slightest attention to my feelings as a mother, and whose professed regard for my children ought to have taught them a very different lesson, yet I hope you will be so obliging as believe that nothing can be further from my wishes than to treat you with the most

distant degree of impoliteness, especially in my own house; but that goodness of heart which I have the pleasure to know you possess will, I doubt not, fully excuse the liberty I now take, and lead you to sympathise in the sufferings of a parent whose children have for many years been entirely excluded from her sight, an affliction which, though you have never been so unfortunate as to experience, yet you may easily conceive the severity of ; and from your own sensations upon former occasions will form a just idea how impossible it must be even to exist under such cruel and unnatural control.

"I am, Madam,

"Your most obedient and humble Servant,

"M. E. BOWES STRATHMORE."

As soon as Mrs. O—— had read this letter she called for her own servant, who attended her carriage at the door, and directed him to carry it to his master and bid him come to her in Grosvenor Square immediately. She then told Mrs. Reynett that she meant to stay there until her young charge was given up to her. Mrs. Reynett pretended to go in search of the young lady, but presently returned saying she could not find either her or Lady Strathmore. Mrs. O—— then went again to the Countess's dressing-room, the door of which proved this time to be unlocked; but on her endeavouring to enter, it was shut and locked against her by some person on the inside. At the same moment she heard Lady Maria scream, whereupon she called out, "Maria, I will not quit this house until you come to me." Then, asking Mrs. Reynett for a chair, she planted it against the door, sat down, and declared that there she would remain. Her courage and determination were rewarded, for the gentleman who had been sitting with her and Mrs. Reynett in the drawing-room interfered in her behalf, and presently appeared leading the young lady by the hand. After thanking him warmly, they hastened out of the house. Lady Maria afterwards informed her friends that all the while she was detained both her mother and Mr. Bowes had been exhorting her by every inducement they could think of to withdraw herself from her guardians and reside with them. On the 26th of the month application was made by

her guardians to the Lord Chancellor to have the person of Lady Anna Maria delivered over to them; but they were too late. On the evening of the 22nd Bowes, who had made all necessary preparations in advance, had set out with the Countess and her daughter, not for Bath, but for Paris.

He was always a good hand at Pecksniffian letter-writing; and the friend who, as we have seen, took a great deal of trouble to help him in his financial negotiations, was now induced to help him in the suit which was brought against him in the Court of Chancery. But in a letter which he wrote to this friend after he had been about three weeks in hiding on the Continent he came perilously near to giving himself away.

"If I had wanted to petition the Chancellor" [he says] "on the late conduct of the guardians, I am perfectly well satisfied that the same diabolical and unfair artifices would have been successfully practised upon Lady Anna Maria that have deprived Lady Strathmore for ever, I believe, of the company of her eldest daughter. Besides, his Lordship has been applied to upon two former occasions without giving any redress; though no circumstances could be stronger than those brought against Mr. L———. The other guardian I consider merely as a tool, and Mr. O——— the commander-in-chief. I am now extremely sorry that I did not turn Mrs. O——— out of the house, and retain Lady Maria. . . .

"I am sure your kindness upon examination will do Lady Strathmore essential service; but Reynett is a blundering poor fellow, that would do all in his power to serve us, but has no head. However, there is one good thing, which is that he has been always kept in the dark in every essential that concerned Lady Strathmore's children, and his wife equally so. It will therefore be prudent, lest they should be examined, for you to be as little communicative to them as possible; for if they say anything, they will likely say too much. All the service they can do us will be merely to prove Lady Strathmore's state of health and mind."

In a subsequent letter he said that, whatever the Chancellor might determine, he was "resolved to permit Lady Strathmore and her daughter to do exactly as their own wishes may happen to dictate," and expressed his belief that they wished to remain in "their present asylum." He

seems to have persuaded Lady Strathmore's medical man, John Hunter, as well as many other people, that her Ladyship's evident disorder, both of body and of mind, was entirely due to the suffering she underwent by being separated from her children. His counsel, John Scott (afterwards Lord Chancellor Eldon), argued to the same effect, with tears in his eyes, in court. And when the Lord Chancellor, unmoved by this pathetic appeal, ordered the young lady to be brought to England and delivered over to her guardians forthwith, Bowes seems to have so hypnotised his poor wife that when the friend already referred to came over to France to fetch the child back by order of the Chancellor she fainted when she saw him and complained of the barbarity of the proceeding. And yet all the while, as the whole town learned in rather dramatic fashion three months later, her disorder of body and mind was due to another cause altogether, and it was the dearest wish of her heart to be brought safely back to England.

Writing to the Countess of Upper Ossory on February 5th, 1785, Horace Walpole says in his characteristic style:—

"The news of my coffee-house, since I began my letter, is that Lady Strathmore eloped last night, taking her two maids with her; but no swain is talked of. The town they say is empty; it certainly does not produce its usual complement of extravagances when one solitary elopement of a veteran madwoman is all that is at market."

Two days later the empty town learned something more of the matter, for on the 7th Lady Strathmore exhibited articles of the peace against her husband in the Court of King's Bench for ill-treatment of her person, and immediately afterwards entered an action against him in the Ecclesiastical Court for a divorce. How long she had had any such step in contemplation does not appear; but on February 4th, when Bowes was out to dinner, the men-servants were got out of the way on some pretence or other; the doors of some of the rooms were locked, so that it might not be found out immediately that she had fled; and then, accompanied by

her faithful maid, Mary Morgan, she stole out into Oxford Street, got into a hackney coach, and was driven off to the house of Mr. Shuter, a lawyer, in Cursitor Street, who at once took her case in hand, and found apartments for her, under the protection of the Court, in Dyer's Buildings. When she escaped she had not a shilling at her command, and she took with her nothing but the clothes she was wearing. Her family jewels were soon afterwards handed over by Bowes to the useful and obliging friend already mentioned, with the idea probably of raising money on them; but the honest man deposited them in Child's Bank in her Ladyship's name, and they were consequently preserved for the Strathmore family. Bowes was bound over in substantial bail for a year; and being thus precluded from such interference with his wife as he would otherwise have attempted, had to content himself with taking a lodging in the same street to keep a watch over her movements.

When the case came on in the Consistorial Court, not only was Bowes convicted of several adulteries, but the evidence of his barbarous cruelty also was overwhelming. It was shown that he had refused her proper clothing, left her without money to buy any little necessaries she might require, and refused to pay the bills of tradesmen who supplied goods to her without his order. She had often been without a shift or a pair of stockings fit to put on, had been seen going about in shabby and even ragged garments, and had sometimes been obliged to borrow articles of clothing from her own maid. He had often cursed her, pinched her, and kicked her. One day, merely because she had been in the garden at Paul's Walden without his leave, he had thrown a dish of hot potatoes in her face, then forced her to eat the potatoes, and afterwards thrown a glass of wine in her face, "to wash the dirt off." On another occasion he had held a knife to her throat, and threatened to cut it if she spoke another word. Mary Morgan, her maid, deposed that during the time they were in France with Lady Anna Maria,

instead of letting his wife and her daughter do exactly as they wished (which, it will be remembered, is what he had protested to his friend at the time), his conduct to the Countess had been "one continued scene of abuse, insult, and cruelty," and that, after their return to England, he had burnt her face with a candle, thrust the quill of a pen into her tongue, thrown the fire-tongs at her, and beaten her with a stick. The Rev. Samuel Markham, chaplain to Bowes from May, 1778, to February, 1779 (this fine gentleman seems to have changed his chaplains as often as a modern fine lady changes her maids), deposed that the Countess behaved to her husband in a very dutiful and obedient manner, nay, as he thought, rather servilely than otherwise, but that Bowes was of a very savage disposition and put himself into a furious passion on the most trivial occasions. Not only was he violent to the Countess, but the poor parson had had to give up his appointment on account of violence to himself. On February 25th, he deposed, Mr. Bowes, thinking his chaplain had stayed too long in the parlour after dinner, not only abused him by calling him a villain and a rascal, but also struck him several hard blows on the face, head, side, and other parts of his body, and finished up by knocking him down. There was no defence worth considering, and, of course, the Countess obtained judgment in her favour. Bowes had tried all he knew to delay the proceedings; and now, in order to cause further delay, he appealed to the Arches Court of Canterbury. Before the appeal came on his bail expired, and his securities were discharged. Then he determined that he would take possession of Lady Strathmore by force and get her to sign a paper promising to drop all opposition to his appeal and to live with him again as his wife; this, of course, merely that he might still retain full control of her fortune. All his plans at this time were laid over the bottle, for he sat up drinking hard every night; and the result of his drunken inspiration must now be told.

After the trial Lady Strathmore, considering herself quite secure, had removed from Dyer's Buildings to a house in Bloomsbury Square; but before long she and her servants became alarmed by noticing several suspicious-looking persons lurking about the place, and they knew Bowes well enough to suspect that he was probably contemplating some nefarious design to her disadvantage. It turned out afterwards that, in addition to several of his own servants, a constable whom he had corrupted, and an unscrupulous attorney, Bowes had conspired with a "gentleman" named Peacock, a colliery agent, to capture Lady Strathmore and carry her off to one of his places in the north. When they were all subsequently tried for conspiracy, it was proved that Bowes, who assumed the name of Colonel Medison, and Peacock, who passed by the name of Johnson, took lodgings together in Norfolk Street, Strand, and that they were always going about town disguised and armed with pistols. Sometimes, in military dress, Bowes was Colonel Medison; sometimes, differently attired, he was a justice of the peace; sometimes, made up with a large wig and a pair of spectacles, he was a tottering old man; and sometimes he assumed the dress and appearance of a sailor. Occasionally Bowes and Peacock would sit and wait in a coach with the blinds up in Bloomsbury Square. At other times he and Peacock in one coach, with his posse of servants, all armed, in another, drove about to Hyde Park Corner, or to Chelsea, or to any other neighbourhood where they imagined they might meet with Lady Strathmore. But her Ladyship had evidently become too suspicious; and, in order to put her off her guard, Bowes, leaving his subordinates behind in London, rushed off to Durham. Arrived there, he got up a little dramatic scene, with the assistance of a servant and an accommodating surgeon, who, of course, were given some other explanation to account for the little play in which they consented to take part. Being out for a ride, he got off his horse at a quiet and convenient spot, and lay down in the road as though he

had fallen. His servant immediately galloped off to the nearest house, and, assuming great agitation, explained that his master had had a nasty accident, had dislocated his shoulder and broken his leg, and three of his ribs perhaps also, as well as fractured his skull. Apparently by the merest coincidence, the accommodating surgeon happened to come riding by in the very nick of time, and, after bleeding the sufferer, ordered him to be very carefully removed to Streatlam Castle and kept quite quiet, for he was too dangerously ill to see anybody. Of course he took care that the news was not only circulated all over the county, but also carried up to London. Then slipping out unobserved, and effectually disguised, he posted off at full speed to rejoin his fellow-conspirators in Norfolk Street, Strand, and was actively prosecuting his nefarious scheme in person when everybody supposed him to be laid up in bed at Streatlam Castle. But he seemed to make no progress towards the accomplishment of his purpose until he conceived the brilliant idea of corrupting a constable named Lucas and getting him to insinuate himself into the confidence of the Countess. He got at the man through his wife. They were poor, and he was liberal of his money. He posed as an injured and outraged husband, and managed to secure the wife's sympathy. She said he was a most charming man, and it was a great shame he should be so badly used. Why, when one of her children was ill he called to see it every day, and gave it the medicine with his own hands. He was as mild and meek as a lamb, as generous as a prince, and so forth. Then he promised to let Lucas have some houses, belonging to Lady Strathmore, at a peppercorn rent, and to get him a comfortable place in the Customs. By these means he induced the man to go to Lady Strathmore and, in his capacity of constable, warn her of the danger she was in from certain evilly-disposed persons who were lurking about. The bait took; her Ladyship was very grateful; and when Lucas offered his services to protect her whenever

she went abroad, he was promptly engaged for the purpose. Bowes then instructed another of his accomplices to go before a justice of the peace and swear that he went in danger of his life from a servant of Lady Strathmore's, named Mary Morgan, from her footman, named Robert Crundel, and from her coachman, whose name was Lee, but who, as Bowes did not happen to know this, was described as one Jones. A warrant being granted for the arrest of these three persons, was, of course, handed over to Lucas, who employed three men to effect the arrests whenever instructed to do so.

On November 10th, 1786, Lucas went to Lady Strathmore's house to know if she were going out that day and required him to protect her. She told him she need not trouble him at that time, as Captain Farrer would accompany her and would be sufficient protection. This was all he wanted to know, and his plans were laid accordingly. When she left the house, accompanied by Captain Farrer and her maid, Mary Morgan, he and his myrmidons followed her carriage until it stopped at the shop of an ironmonger named Foster, in Oxford Street. As soon as the occupants of the carriage had entered the shop her coachman and footman were instantly arrested and hurried off to the magistrate who had issued the warrant. No one appeared against them, and they were at once discharged, but all that was wanted was to get them out of the way for a short time. Seeing the commotion and scenting danger, Lady Strathmore and Mary Morgan ran upstairs into a private room and locked themselves in. After a few moments there was a knock at the door, and they heard the voice of Lucas, who said he had come to protect her Ladyship; but as soon as he had obtained admittance he declared that he held a warrant for her Ladyship's arrest, which he was bound to execute at his peril. At the same time he endeavoured to reassure her by saying that his instructions were to take her before Lord Mansfield, who would assuredly afford her protection against her enemies.

He advised Mary Morgan to go away quietly, as there was a warrant out against her also; and calling upon Captain Farrer to aid and assist him in the King's name, requested Lady Strathmore to re-enter her carriage. Rather bewildered by all this, Lady Strathmore asked if Captain Farrer might accompany her to Lord Mansfield's, and, this being agreed to, she re-entered her carriage, a strange coachman and footman mounted the box, and, followed by the rest of the confederates, they drove off at a rapid pace. Farrer does not seem to have realised that they were not travelling in the direction of Lord Mansfield's until, when they reached Highgate Hill, Mr. Bowes put in an appearance, requested him to alight, got in and seated himself beside Lady Strathmore, and shouted to the strange coachman to drive on with all speed. Then, of course, the rather stupid Captain hastened back to London and gave the alarm.

An application was made in the King's Bench as soon as possible, and on the 13th two of Lord Mansfield's tipstaffs set off for the north to effect a rescue. But Bowes had three days' start of them, and he had probably counted on the almost hypnotic influence which he had previously exercised over his wife to enable him to accomplish his purpose before he could be overtaken. She screamed "Murder!" struggled, and broke the carriage windows, but without avail. They attracted much curious notice at several places on the road; but nobody felt called upon to interfere, as Bowes declared she was a poor unhappy madwoman, whom it was unfortunately necessary to place under restraint. At Barnet they got into a four-horse post-chaise which there awaited them, and continued their journey with increased speed. About noon next day one of Bowes's servants rode up to the "Angel" inn at Doncaster, and ordered horses to be got ready instantly for his master's carriage. Half an hour later the carriage drove up, and while the horses were changing the landlord handed some cakes to Bowes, who said the lady wanted them. Then, as soon as the horses were put to, they flew on their

way northward. At Branby Moor the lady was shown into a room for a short time, attended by a chambermaid, while Bowes stood sentry at the door. A similar halt was allowed her at Ferry Bridge, and at each place Bowes and his villainous-looking attendants gave out that she was an unfortunate mad lady. She related afterwards that as they drove along Bowes endeavoured to persuade her to sign a paper, which he had with him, in which she was made to promise to stop all proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Court and consent to live with him as his wife. When she refused, he struck her with his clenched fists, and presenting a loaded pistol at her head, threatened to take her life. When they arrived at Streatlam Castle, however, at midnight on November 11th, she still remained firm in her refusal to sign. When he had got her into the castle and barricaded the entrance to prevent a rescue, he renewed his exhortations, and on her persistent refusal beat her violently. After that she saw no more of him for a whole day, and on his reappearance he looked and spoke more calmly; but when he inquired whether she had thought better of it, and had now become reconciled to the idea of resuming a dutiful domestic life as his wife, she answered in the same terms as before, whereupon he flew into a more violent passion than ever, and pulling out his pistol, bade her say her last prayers, for if she did not instantly consent he would assuredly kill her. Then the poor miserable woman went down upon her knees, said her prayers, and called on him to fire!

Having thus failed to force her to sign or to resume cohabitation, and fearful of being arrested, Bowes determined to carry her abroad. But that was by no means so easy a business as he could have wished. Rumours of what was going on had got abroad, and the colliers of the county were assembling for a rescue. When the tipstaffs arrived they found a couple of hundred people or more surrounding the castle; but they were refused admittance, and had to serve the writ of *habeas corpus* by pushing it under one of

the doors. Although thus driven into a tight corner, Bowes would not give in. He dressed up two of his domestics to personate himself and the Countess, and ordered them to show themselves, as though engaged in amicable conversation, at one of the upper windows. This ruse caused the people to disperse quietly to their homes, and enabled him to get away from Streatlam without observation. In the middle of the night he made Lady Strathmore get out of bed, and when she had put on some of her clothes he completed her attire with an old bonnet belonging to one of the servants, and a man's great-coat. Then, mounting her on horseback behind him, he rode off to the cottage of one of his not very reputable dependants, where he once more endeavoured, although again unavailingly, to procure her signature by threats and blows. At daybreak next morning he mounted her again behind him, and, after a terrible journey over dismal heaths and wild hills covered with snow, about four o'clock on the following morning they reached the house of Thomas Bowes, his attorney, at Darlington. While there, she was shut up in a dark room and threatened, while a red-hot poker was held to her breast, with a mad doctor and a strait waistcoat. But all threats were in vain, and next day he set out with her behind him on horseback once more. The whole county was now up after him, however, and escape was impossible, notwithstanding that he avoided all roads and took his famished and perishing captive across moors and ploughed fields and hedges and ditches. A constable of the parish of Neasham deposed that when he came up with Bowes, whose horse's bridle was being held by a country labourer, the prisoner had one pistol in his belt and another in his hand, which he presented and threatened to fire with. But the constable promptly knocked him off his horse with a stout cudgel, and perhaps gave him an additional blow or two to keep him quiet, for after he had been carried into an adjacent alehouse it was necessary to send for a surgeon to look to his wounds. Lady Strathmore, attended by her

deliverers, then made the best of her way to London. When she called at the "Red Lion" at Barnet to change horses, the landlord said she was dressed "in a bonnet and an old handkerchief, like a woman that was sifting cinders in Gray's Inn Lane." But this, of course, was only a minor evil. The effect on her nervous system of the treatment she had received was never likely to be effaced, and the effect on her limbs of exposure to the bitter wintry weather was such that she was unable to stand on her feet for a month after.

On November 24th, a fortnight after the abduction, application was made in court for an attachment against Bowes, which was immediately granted. His counsel applied for the matter to be held over till next term, proper bail being forthcoming, on the ground that when he was arrested Bowes was really bringing Lady Strathmore to London in accordance with the writ of *habeas corpus;* but this was too impudent an assertion to obtain credence. On Monday, the 27th, while at Barnet, on his way to London, Bowes sent a letter to Jesse Foot, his medical man, saying he was sorely in need of professional attention, and soon after the letter came the prisoner himself, looking as pale as ashes, his boots dirty, his shirt and cravat stained with blood, and his head bound up with a bloody handkerchief. He wanted Foot to go down to Westminster Hall and certify that he was too ill to be imprisoned. Foot agreed to do this provided another medical man would join him, but when another surgeon was sent for and had examined him they had to tell Bowes that he would have to do as best he could without such a certificate. On the way to the court Bowes vomited twice in the coach, and Foot began to doubt whether, after all, he might not be suffering from a fractured skull, although there was no other symptom of it. He afterwards found out that while at Barnet the artful rascal had procured a dose of ipecacuanha, which he had swallowed after he got to London, so that his symptoms might look grave, excite sympathy, and save him from being committed to prison. But this trick failed.

When he walked through Westminster Hall, bent almost double and supported by two men, he was saluted with hisses; and when his counsel argued that there was no proper accommodation in the prison for a man so seriously ill as he evidently was, the marshal remarked in a loud and significant tone of voice that he could quite easily accommodate the gentleman, whereat everybody in court laughed loudly. He remained safely under lock and key therefore until, on May 30th in the following year, he and his accomplices were charged before Mr. Justice Buller and a special jury with "a conspiracy against the Right Hon. Mary Eleanor Bowes, commonly called Countess of Strathmore." The trial lasted from nine in the morning till half-past four in the afternoon, when, after a few minutes' consideration and without leaving the box, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty against all the prisoners. The sentences were of various degrees of severity, and the prisoners were committed to Newgate or to the King's Bench according to their status. Bowes was condemned to pay a fine of £300, to be imprisoned in the King's Bench for three years, and after that time to give security for his good behaviour for fourteen years, himself in £10,000 and two sureties in £5,000 each.

Of course when his appeal against the decree of divorce came on in the Court of Arches the decision was given against him. But what was of even more importance to him than this was the result of another suit which was instituted by the trustees of the Countess in the Common Pleas, for upon this depended whether at the end of his term of three years he should come out of prison a wealthy man or whether he should be entirely crushed. They moved to have set aside, on the ground that it had been obtained under duress, the deed which she had executed on May 1st, 1777, which revoked her ante-nuptial deed and vested all her estates in her husband. It was shown that this deed of revocation excluded the Countess from disposing of the most trifling part of her own property, that it did not even make provision for any children

which she might have by Bowes, and that it was altogether such a deed as no friend or responsible adviser would have permitted her to sign; and it was shown that this unreasonable deed had been extorted from her by cruelty. Much of the cruelty proved in the divorce case was inadmissible, as the evidence was restricted to ill-usage prior to the execution of the deed, which, as we have seen, was signed less than four months after the marriage; but she was able to prove that from the very first her husband had deprived her of liberty, that the use of her carriage had been denied her unless with his express permission, that her own old servants had been discharged, and the new ones ordered not to obey her commands or even attend the ringing of her bell, that she durst not write a letter without his inspection nor look into one addressed to herself until he had previously perused it, that she was treated with foul language and often chastised with blows. Thus had the "dear youth" of her poem fulfilled the promise made to her mother that he would dedicate his life to Lady Strathmore's service. Needless to say, the deed of revocation was set aside, the ante-nuptial deed declared to be in operation, and Lady Strathmore consequently placed once again in possession of her own fortune.

This gave Bowes his *coup de grâce*, for it meant not only that he would no longer have the fingering of a penny of the Countess's money, but that he would be charged with all that he had drawn from her estates during the ten years that he had been in wrongful possession of them, and would consequently have to pay up this large sum before he could be liberated from his prison. At first he sank into extreme despondency, for he saw nothing but prison before him for the remainder of his life. As a matter of fact, he did remain in prison until his death, twenty-two years afterwards, passing from the state rooms which he occupied at first to the ordinary apartments within the walls, and then living for about the last twelve years "within the rules," as it was called, in St. George's Fields. After a while, however, he pulled himself

together and determined to enjoy life in his own characteristic fashion so far as the restrictions of his domicile permitted. He had his half-pay, and, although it was encumbered with mortgages, he still retained his own estate of Benwell. He tried to become acquainted with everybody of importance or anybody he imagined might be made useful to him within the walls; but Foot declares there were many prisoners who refused to associate with such a cruel scoundrel, although he held out the temptation of very good dinners. Whatever the cooking may have been, however, the dinners cannot have been otherwise very attractive, for we are informed that he played freakish tricks upon his guests and had an ingenious way of making the whole of his company drunk against their inclinations. He would tell them to help themselves to spirits from the bottles on the table, and then himself officiously pour the diluting water into their glasses from a tea-kettle; but he had instructed his servant to fill the kettle, not with plain water, but with a mixture of half water and half spirit, so that the more his guests insisted upon diluting their drink the more intoxicated they became.

Not long after his committal to the King's Bench, Bowes desired Foot, who was continuously in professional attendance on him, to visit a young lady, Miss Polly S——, the daughter of a fellow-prisoner, at the lodgings of her mother in Lant Street. What was the object of this visit Foot does not say, but he tells us that Miss S—— was a very innocent and charming young lady, who had attracted Bowes's attention as she came to and fro on visits to her father, a gentleman of some landed property who had got himself into difficulties by an intemperate devotion to hunting. By paying attention and making promises to the father, and by flattery and presents to the girl herself, he at last induced her to take up her quarters with him. She little knew what that meant, for Foot assures us that Bowes kept her "literally a prisoner in his house from the year 1787 to the day of his death." She had five children by him; and although the surgeon

was sometimes called in on occasions of illness, he never had any opportunity of speaking a word in private with the poor woman, as Bowes was always present and always hurried him away as quickly as possible.

In 1793 he caused to be printed, and published at the price of half a crown, a little book of 100 pages, entitled "The Confessions of the Countess of Strathmore, written by herself, carefully copied from the original lodged in Doctors' Commons." These "confessions" doubtless contain some truth as well as a good deal of falsehood of his suggestion. The scoundrel had extorted them from his wife about a year after their marriage, and they had constituted almost his only defence in the divorce proceedings ten years afterwards, when, of course, they were of no use to him, because, apart from all question of how they had been obtained, they related only to indiscretions that had admittedly taken place before he married her. Their publication at this time was probably due partly to spite, and partly to his belief that they would aid him in certain legal proceedings which he had in contemplation. But it was not until 1797 that he commenced a suit in Chancery, claiming the surplus rents of those estates which, as we have seen, had been set aside by a deed executed by the Countess and himself conjointly soon after their marriage in order to raise money for the purpose of squaring Mr. Gray and providing for other immediate necessities. Lady Strathmore negligently put in no answer to this, so that he obtained judgment by default; and in great glee he confidently put in his application to be put in possession of something like £60,000. But before he could get the money paid to him Lady Strathmore died. She died at Christchurch, Hants, on April 28th, 1800, and her body was brought up to London to be buried in Westminster Abbey, "arrayed in a superb bridal dress." That, however, is by the way. The point that concerned him was that her executors and her son, Lord Strathmore, opposed his application, and he

was defeated. About the same time, however, fortune favoured him in two lesser ways. He received an accession to his income in the shape of a freehold in Ireland worth about £300 a year, and he was permitted to move out of the walls of the prison to a house in London Road, St. George's Fields, "within the rules," whither he betook himself in company with Miss Polly S—— and the five children. He was always prosecuting, or threatening to prosecute, a suit of some kind; and, with his usual cunning, he often managed to obtain money or credit on the strength of the probable results. One of his little tricks was to employ a copyist to write letters to or about himself. One purporting to be from Lord Strathmore, and offering him favourable terms of compromise, he carried about in his pocket, and occasionally produced by way of proof that he would soon be in possession of a considerable sum of money. Any distant creditor who proved unduly troublesome would be apt to receive a letter, apparently coming from some friend of Bowes, containing the information that that harassed and penniless gentleman had shot himself, and that the writer had just been to see his body weltering in his blood.

In June, 1807, he brought the last of his actions, which is described as a suit to ascertain whether the deed of revocation set aside in 1788 had really been obtained by duress, as represented by Lady Strathmore. Of course he was not successful; but it probably cost him nothing, and perhaps even enabled him to raise a little money by a side wind during the proceedings. As he grew older his habits grew baser. Foot tells us that during the last eight years of his life "he scarcely ever saw or spoke to Miss S——," and that he "allowed her but one meal a day." He kept no servant, and was so niggardly that there was no broom or brush in the house, "so that his daughters had to go down on their knees and gather up the dust with their hands." He used to read a newspaper in the tavern, but he never possessed a book, and Foot was of opinion that he

had never read one of any kind from the hour he went into prison to the very last. He survived to the age of sixty-three, and died on January 16th, 1810.

It is strange that Bowes, by his Pecksniffian hypocrisy, should have been able to impose himself on a good many people for some years as a man of respectability and honour. He was not merely an unscrupulous fortune-hunter: he considered all females as natural game, and hunted them down as so many *ferœ naturæ*. He did not know what friendship meant, and those who were for a time deceived by his superficial agreeableness and plausibility invariably suffered for it afterwards. Not only were his accomplices abandoned to their fate without his lifting a finger to help them, Peacock being left to go into bankruptcy and his valet Prevost to shift as best he could with a broken collar-bone and a blasted character, but even the one friend who had been so ready to help him in financial and legal matters was treated by him with contumely as soon as it suited his purpose to do so. This gentleman's case was a peculiarly hard one, for although he had prevented the abduction of Lady Maria Jane, preserved the family jewels for the Strathmore family, and made two journeys to France at his own cost in order to get Lady Anna Maria restored to her guardians, he was not only regarded by Bowes as an enemy, but at the same time suspected and censured by the other parties as one of his secret accomplices, thus showing, as Foot philosophically remarks, that "reputations may be likened to the positive and negative powers of electricity, where the best-disposed man may lose his character by too near an approximation to a bad one." It is not probable that there was ever any inscription to the memory of Andrew Robinson Bowes in the vault of St. George's Church, in the Borough, where he was buried; otherwise the following words, in which his character was summed up by the medical man who had attended him for thirty-three years, might have provided an appropriate epitaph: "He

was cowardly, insidious, hypocritical, tyrannic, mean, violent, selfish, deceitful, jealous, revengeful, inhuman, and savage, without a single countervailing quality." But it is a very quaint notion of the good doctor's that the mere recital of such a person's villainies should have a moral effect upon future generations.

BAMPFYLDE MOORE CAREW.
From an engraving.

IV

A PROFESSIONAL BEGGAR—BAMPFYLDE-MOORE CAREW

IV

A PROFESSIONAL BEGGAR—BAMPFYLDE-MOORE CAREW

DURING the greater part of the Georgian era England swarmed with beggars; and although from time to time stringent Acts of Parliament were passed with the object of putting an end to the evil, the administration of such laws was culpably lax, and in many districts mendicancy met with little or no opposition. A statute of 1713 (13 Anne, c. 26), most of the provisions of which were re-enacted during the course of the two succeeding reigns, enumerates as rogues and vagabonds—

"all persons pretending themselves to be Patent Gatherers, or collectors for prisons, gaols, or hospitals, and wandring abroad for that purpose, all Fencers, Bearwards, Common Players of Interludes, Minstrels, Jugglers, all persons pretending to be Gipsies, or wandring in the habit of Counterfeit Egyptians, or pretending to have skill in Physiognomy, Palmistry, or like crafty science, or pretending to tell fortunes, or like phantastical imaginations, or using any subtile craft or unlawful games or plays, all persons able in body, who run away and leave their wives or children to the parish, and not having wherewith otherwise to maintain themselves, use loytring, and refuse to work for the usual or common wages, and all other idle persons wandring abroad and begging."

Pedlars and tinkers, it will be observed, were not reckoned as vagabonds. And certain persons were actually privileged to beg, including soldiers and "mariners or seafaring men," who received a licence or testimonial from a justice of the peace setting forth the place from which they came and the place to which they were to go. But any other person found wandering and begging without a licence might be publicly whipped and then sent to the house of correction;

and, under certain conditions, vagrants might be handed over as servants or apprentices for seven years to anybody willing to receive them either in Great Britain or in the plantations beyond the seas. As a matter of fact, whole cargoes of such poor wretches were annually shipped off and *sold* to the planters of what were then the British colonies in America. Such being the condition of things, mendicancy, it might be thought, was hardly the profession that would have insuperable attractions for a young gentleman of good family in Devonshire. Yet so it was; for Bampfylde-Moore Carew, a scion of one of the oldest and most respectable families in the west of England, followed this occupation for forty years or more, in spite of all sorts of inducements that were held out to tempt him into a more reputable way of life; and during the whole of that time he managed to keep the people of the western counties in a state of amused wonderment by his ingenious exploits, going about in a variety of disguises, now as a shipwrecked mariner or a flooded-out farmer or a burnt-out tradesman, now as a distressed Quaker or a non-juring clergyman, one day posing as a miserable cripple, another day as a wandering lunatic, and sometimes even changing his attire for that of the other sex and passing himself off for a tottering old woman.

In 1745, when he was fifty-two years of age and had been a celebrated character in his native Devon and the adjacent counties for thirty years or more, there appeared at Exeter a little quarto volume of 152 pages professing to contain the "Life and Adventures" of this noted stroller and dog-stealer "as related by himself during his passage to the Plantations in America." The anonymous editor of this little book makes no bones about calling Carew a rogue and impostor, and hints that the following narrative of his exploits was drawn from him partly by vanity and partly by want of money; yet although the credibility of the stories might, therefore, be thought liable to grave suspicion, many of them, he says, must be so well known to everybody in

that part of the country that, as the public can attest the accuracy of these, they will not, perhaps, be much inclined to question the veracity of the remainder. He would have had no hand in the publication, he declares, but for his belief that the book might be of use in guarding well-meaning persons against similar impositions in the future; and, quite in the style of a member of the yet unborn Charity Organisation Society, he takes up his parable against indiscriminate almsgiving as being mischievous and altogether undeserving of the name of charity. A few years after the appearance of this little book at Exeter a somewhat similar volume, entitled "An Apology for the Life of Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew," etc., was issued in London, being printed for R. Goadby and W. Owen, bookseller at Temple Bar. This "Apology" appears to have been a great success, for numerous editions of it, with additional stories and other embellishments, appeared during the latter half of the eighteenth century. It is not, as bibliographers have too hastily assumed, a mere reprint of the Exeter volume, for, besides omitting many stories told in the earlier book and containing much that the other does not, the spirit and tone of the relation are altogether different. Timperley's "Dictionary of Printers" states that it was written by Robert Goadby, and a Tiverton correspondent of *Notes and Queries* in 1857 wrote to say he had heard that it was written by Mrs. Goadby from the relation of B. M. Carew himself. On the face of it, this seems likely enough. We may be certain that the "King of the Mumpers," having been persuaded in a moment of temporary depression and impecuniosity to part with a recital of some of his curious professional exploits, would be far from satisfied, especially as he had then no intention of retiring from business, to find that recital accompanied by disparaging comments and warnings to the charitable against being similarly imposed upon in future. But if he got Robert Goadby or his wife to put together this little book by way of counterblast to the

Exeter volume, his selection of a "histriographer" was an unfortunate one, for the "Apology," as an apology, is very poor, consisting mainly in gushing eulogies of those gulls who were most free with their money, in interjected observations on the beauty of tenderness and compassion, and in fervent recommendations to its readers not to deny themselves the enjoyment of "that most Godlike and pleasing of all pleasures," the luxury of relieving the distressed. With the "Apology" as an apology, however, we need not here concern ourselves; and, as there appears to be no reason for doubting the substantial accuracy of the stories related in either of these little volumes, there is no need to particularise in every case from which of them any item of information is drawn.

Bampfylde was born with a silver spoon in his mouth; and we are assured that when he was christened, in July, 1693, "never was there known a more splendid appearance of gentlemen and ladies of the first rank and quality at any baptism in the west of England." His godfathers, Mr. Hugh Bampfylde and Major Moore, had, it appears, an amiable altercation as to whose name should have precedence; and as they tossed for it, and Mr. Bampfylde won, he presented the infant with a handsome piece of plate whereon was engraved in large letters "Bampfylde-Moore Carew." The boy's father, the Rev. Theodore Carew, rector of Bickleigh, near Tiverton, had several other children, both sons and daughters, who all grew up to be respectable members of society, and never did anything else worthy of mention; but young Bampfylde, who was sent to school at Tiverton at the age of twelve, made such progress in his studies during his first four years there that it was hoped he would one day make some figure in the Church. At the Tiverton school he likewise became very intimate with a number of lively young gentlemen of rank belonging to Devonshire and the adjacent counties, and made even more surprising progress in hunting than in the classics. The boys somehow managed

to keep a pack of hounds; and amongst Bampfylde's most intimate associates in this sport were John Martin, Thomas Coleman, and John Escott, all of whom we shall hear of again. One day, when Bampfylde was about sixteen years of age, a neighbouring farmer incautiously informed these lads that he had seen in a field near by a fine deer with a collar round its neck. Of course they promptly set off in a body to hunt the animal. The chase proved a hot one, lasting several hours; and, as the fields were ripe for harvest, much damage was done. The owner of the deer, and farmers and others who had suffered severely, came and complained to the schoolmaster, so much fuss being made that the boys appear to have become thoroughly frightened. Next day, rather than face the music, they absconded from school. After wandering aimlessly about the country all day, they fell in with a company of gipsies, who were carousing at a wayside inn with such apparent happiness and freedom from care that the boys thought what a fine life theirs must be, and offered to join them. The gipsies at first treated this proposal as a mere jest; but when the lads stayed all night, and earnestly renewed their proposal on the morrow, the matter assumed another aspect, and after their faces and hands had been stained with walnut juice, and they had taken the required oaths and gone through the necessary ceremonial, they were duly admitted to the community. While the gipsies remained at this place crowds of people, of both sexes and all ages, came to them from the surrounding districts to have their fortunes told; and probably the boys' knowledge of the characters and circumstances of many of them came in very useful. The first person off whom Carew made any considerable score was a Mrs. Musgrave, of Monkton, near Taunton, who suspected a large sum of money to be buried somewhere about her house, and sought to find it by means of the wisdom of the Egyptians. Carew took her case in hand, and after making a great parade of consulting his secret oracles, etc., informed her that the

treasure was buried underneath a certain laurel tree in her garden, but that, as her favouring planet was not in the ascendant for three days to come, she must on no account begin to dig before then. Of course the gipsy wanted his fee at once, and the lady was so overjoyed at the prospect before her that she handed him the sum of thirty guineas. Three days later, when her digging had revealed nothing but the roots of her laurel tree, needless to say, Carew and his company were nowhere to be found.

The parents of Bampfylde and the other lads were naturally in great distress; but, in spite of numerous advertisements, nothing could be learned about any one of them until after the expiration of six months, when Coleman and Martin returned to their homes and told what they had been doing. Messengers were then despatched to all the alehouses and other known gipsy resorts in the west of England, but no intelligence of Bampfylde could be obtained; and it was not until a year later that the young prodigal put in an appearance, being moved thereto, as he declared, not because he was tired of his companions, but because he had heard of the distress into which his parents were plunged on his account. Hè was received with open arms, the fatted calf was killed, the church bells were rung, and the whole parish gave itself up to festive rejoicing in sympathy with its good rector. Everything that his parents and friends could think of to make home agreeable to him was done; but the vagabond streak in his constitution was too strong to be eradicated, for, after remaining only two months, he stole quietly away to rejoin his wandering associates, and was ceremoniously readmitted to the community at their next general assembly. Coleman's parents, not unnaturally, thought that their son would be content with the roving life of a sailor, and accordingly placed him in the navy; but the same fascination was strong upon him also, and before long Carew had the satisfaction of welcoming his old schoolfellow once more as a travelling companion.

Carew's professional disguises were manifold, and his "make-up" must have been as well studied as that of an actor, for in one character or another he frequently visited without detection those who were well acquainted with him, even going boldly to the rectory at Bickleigh and answering the questions of his own father and mother, who always inquired anxiously of any wanderer for news of their missing son. He took much pride in his ability in this line, and relates that he once raised a contribution twice in one day from a certain Mr. Jones merely because he had heard that gentleman declare that it was impossible for anybody to be so deceived. In the morning, with sooty face, leathern apron, woollen cap, and dejected countenance, he obtained relief as an unfortunate blacksmith whose all had been consumed by fire; in the afternoon he again extracted money as a pale and sickly-looking tinner, supported on crutches, who professed to be totally disabled by the damps of the mines and compelled to solicit charity for his wife and seven small children. Whenever he heard of a fire, in town or village, Carew instantly paid a visit to the place, and having acquired full information as to the names and families, the trades and circumstances, of the sufferers by it, first artfully singed his coat and burnt a hole in his hat, and then tramped the surrounding country representing himself as one of these unfortunate persons, who had been burnt out and lost his all. Sometimes he managed to induce a sympathising person of creditable reputation to write him a letter recommending his case; often he forged such letters himself, as he did also passes and testimonials from justices of the peace, whose signatures he copied from the licences of the inns at which he was in the habit of staying. One of the most profitable "lays" was that of a shipwrecked mariner; but finding his technical knowledge insufficient for the proper support of this part, he determined to make a voyage of discovery. Having apparently saved enough money for the purpose, he persuaded his old schoolfellow Escott to bear him company;

and the two of them took ship from Dartmouth to Newfoundland, decently habited and paying their own passage. By this means they not only acquired familiarity with nautical language and the details of a seaman's life, but by visiting all the settlements, both English and French, and informing themselves of the names, characters, and circumstances of all the inhabitants of any note in Newfoundland, they laid in a further stock of information which was capable of being turned to pecuniary account. After their return from this expedition Carew went about in the character of a shipwrecked mariner whose vessel had been lost when homeward bound from Newfoundland, and belonged to Poole, or to Dartmouth, or to any other port according as the newspapers reported the wreck of any vessel connected with the district.

But deeming his education still incomplete, the next thing Carew did was to apprentice himself to a noted rat-catcher, who also pretended to cure madness in cats and dogs. Bampfylde had already some reputation as a dog-stealer, and often took hounds and setters from one neighbourhood to sell them at a good price in another. In fact, from his schoolboy days he had been supposed to possess some mysterious secret which caused dogs to follow him as children followed the pied piper of Hamelin. He spent two years travelling about with this man, and found the business of rat-catching, combined with dog-stealing, both a pleasant and profitable occupation. But, change and novelty having still greater attractions, he presently set up as a rag merchant. As this trade, however, somewhat restricted his movements, involved the renting of some sort of warehouse, and hampered him with a donkey and cart, he soon forsook it, and incontinently turned himself into a "Tom o' Bedlam." With no shirt to his back, without shoes or stockings, covered only with a blanket or an old and ragged clergyman's gown, wearing a cap of fox-skin with the long bushy tail hanging down behind, his beard shaved on one side of the face only, carrying in his hand a large horn,

whereon were engraved names of ancient members of his family (which he now pretended was the Welsh family of Morgan), and wearing on his right arm a piece of brass plate made after the model of a certificate from Bedlam, Carew presented a tragic appearance calculated to evoke both pity and terror. In this guise he boldly marched right into any house, whether great or small, without further notice than the winding of his horn, claimed kindred with the occupiers, whoever they might be, and confidently demanded his "rent." This was a very profitable line of business, for his distracted look and incoherent talk and frantic actions prompted many to give him money out of pity, whilst others gave merely to get rid of such a nuisance, and many more through fear, especially those who lived in solitary places.

All these various and successful begging stratagems not only produced a constant supply of coin, but also procured him such favour with the gipsy community that on the death of Clause Patch they elected Carew to be their "king." On this occasion, we are told, the following ode was sung by the jubilant electors:—

I.

"Cast your nabs[1] and cares away;
This is Maunders'[2] holiday:
In the world look round and see
Where so happy a King as He.[3]

II.

"At the crowning of our King
Thus we ever dance and sing:
Where's the nation lives so free
And so merrily as we?

III.

"Be it peace or be it war,
Here at liberty we are:
Hang all Harmenbecks[4]! we cry,
We the Cuffin Queeres[5] defy.

[1] Hats or caps. [2] Beggars'. [3] Pointing to the new king.
[4] Constables. [5] Justices.

IV.

" We enjoy our ease and rest;
To the field we are not prest;
And when taxes are increas'd,
We are not a penny cess'd.

V.

" Nor will any go to law
With a Maunder for a straw:
All which happiness, he braggs,
Is only owing to his rags! "

Although now, owing to the dignity of his office, Carew was privileged from going out on begging excursions, his zeal never slackened, and his exploits were as successful as ever. But occasionally, when the whim took him, he would make " a very genteel appearance." Having a curiosity to see Newcastle and the coal district, he travelled thither, decently attired, and put up at reputable lodgings, where he passed for the mate of a vessel belonging to Dartmouth. While there he became acquainted with an apothecary named Gray, who had a very charming daughter, with whom the vagrant instantly fell in love. If he had made his addresses to the young lady in his " kingly " habiliments, he would doubtless have been driven out of the place with scorn; but being a good-looking, well-built young fellow, rather handsomely dressed, and possessed of a remarkably oily tongue, he had little difficulty in persuading Miss Gray to elope with him. They were duly married, and spent their honeymoon at Bath, making considerable show and mixing in the society of the place as an evidently very well-to-do young couple. They then went on a visit to an uncle of Carew's, a clergyman at Portchester, who received them with great hospitality, and offered to make Bampfylde his heir if he would abandon his gipsy life and settle down respectably. But the vagrant was not to be persuaded. When Mrs. Carew discovered who it was she had married she was at first extremely disgusted; but as her husband's business was

evidently a good money-making concern, and as he at once proposed to make her treasurer, she quickly became reconciled to it, and even occasionally gave a hand in the business herself. Sometimes she travelled about with him, but the usual plan was for him to leave her for a fortnight or so at a time at some lodging-house or inn and return to her there with the profits of his excursion.

Of course nobody could ply the "mumper's" trade without encountering occasional reverses. Carew admits that he was twice publicly whipped and several times clapped into prison. He even had the ill-luck to be arrested once in mistake for another man, a runaway blacksmith who had made off with several of his customers' horses. When brought up for examination next day, he had little difficulty in proving that he was not the defaulting blacksmith, but Bampfylde-Moore Carew, King of the Mumpers, and the justice was consequently about to order his release, when a man in court stood up and insisted on his being committed as a rogue and an impostor, alleging that he had seen him and been defrauded by him the previous day in Bishop's Nimpton, when he pretended to be one John Palmer, of Abbotsbury, and obtained money from several persons by the exhibition of certificates to that effect, the signatures to which he had doubtless forged. Being therefore committed to Exeter gaol, Carew immediately sent for his wife, and instructed her to go into the debtors' ward, opposite to where he was confined, and find out the names, characters, and circumstances of those who were confined there. When she had done this he fixed upon a certain Mr. Maddick, who was of a reputable family, well known throughout the county, and whose present circumstances were more than ordinarily deplorable; and when Mrs. Carew had gathered all the information she could concerning his place and family and misfortunes, she went about pretending to be his sister and soliciting contributions for his relief. Every three or four days she brought what she thus collected, not to poor

Maddick the debtor, but to Carew the mumper and dog-stealer, who was thus well provided for as long as his imprisonment lasted. Luckily for him also, when he was brought up before the justices at quarter sessions some of them happened to be old schoolfellows of his at Tiverton, who not only let him off without punishment, but, after making kind inquiries after Martin and Coleman and Escott, invited him to dinner at their inn, and subscribed several pounds amongst them to help him on his way. But the justices were not invariably friendly, and an encounter with one of them changed the field of his operations for some time. Squire Incledon, of Barnstaple, owed him a grudge, and got him committed to Exeter gaol two months or more before he could be brought up for trial. Then he was brought before a hostile bench and sentenced to transportation for seven years. "Thus," exclaims his apologist, in comical heroics, "thus sudden and unexpected fell the mighty Cæsar, the master of the world; and just so affrighted Priam looked when the shade of Hector drew the curtains and told him that Troy was taken."

Carew and about a hundred other convicts were packed on board the *Juliana*, Captain Froude commander, and, in consequence of bad weather, took as long as eleven weeks to reach Maryland. When at last anchor was cast in Miles's River, the captain fired a gun as signal to the planters to come aboard and buy his cargo of convicts. The colonials' first inquiry was, as usual, for news from home, and the captain informed them that, just before he left, war had been declared against Spain. Carew's "histriographer" never by any chance mentions a date, but this item of news enables us to fix the year, for as Walpole declared war against Spain in October, 1739, Carew must have arrived in Maryland early in 1740, when he was in his forty-seventh year. The colonials' next inquiry was whether the captain had brought them a good supply of carpenters, joiners, blacksmiths, weavers, and tailors. The most useful artisans were soon sold; but, as

Carew was proclaimed a mendicant, rat-catcher, and dog merchant, there were no bidders for him. The captain took him ashore next day, and was trying to palm him off over a bowl of punch at a tavern as an excellent scholar who would make a good schoolmaster, when the slippery rogue quietly absconded and made off into the woods; but he was soon recaptured, and after a whipping an iron collar was fastened round his neck such as was then put upon all runaway slaves. It was not easy to get rid of this encumbrance in Maryland, as any one who assisted in removing it was liable to a fine of £45 and six months' imprisonment. He escaped, however, by the aid of a Captain Hervey and some other west of England men of his acquaintance, whose ships happened to be then lying in the harbour, although all they could do for him was to provide him with provisions and direct him how to make for the territory of some friendly Indians, whose chief called himself George Lillycraft, and was the son of one of that party of so-called "Indian kings" who visited England during the reign of Queen Anne and are mentioned in Addison's *Spectator*. After a forced march of several days Carew reached the habitation of these Indians, who received him hospitably and removed his iron collar. He dwelt with them some months apparently, and exhibited such skill in hunting and other matters that they wished to adopt him and offered him a wife from the family of their chief. Had he been content to stay with them, perhaps he might have become King of the Indians instead of King of the Mumpers; but, apart from the fact that he was genuinely attached to Mrs. Carew, he evidently regarded the latter dignity as the higher, and, therefore, seized the first opportunity that presented itself to cross the Delaware and make his way to the Quakers of Pennsylvania. Of course he immediately assumed the character of a Quaker, and having acquired a good deal of information from a communicative barber, went on from one place to another, varying his story according to what he had heard of his hearers and getting

liberal assistance everywhere. In one town he found the great preacher Whitefield holding forth to a vast concourse of people, who had come from all parts of the country to hear him. The mention of this circumstance again enables us to fix an approximate date to the mumper's narrative, and to some extent it confirms the truth of his story, for we know that Whitefield went to America in October, 1739, and that for eighteen months following he went about preaching through Maryland, Virginia, Carolina, and Georgia. Benjamin Franklin, in his Autobiography, tells us of one particular in which the great preacher resembled our friend the mumper, viz., in an extraordinary faculty for conjuring the money out of his hearers' pockets. Franklin had disagreed with Whitefield's project of building an orphanage in Georgia, and had refused to contribute to the scheme; but he tells us:—

"I happened soon after to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I confidently resolved that he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all."

It would have been extremely interesting if we could have had a like account of Carew's effect upon Franklin, but apparently the mumper never made an attack upon him. He applied to the preacher, however, sending in a written petition, on account of the difficulty of reaching him through the crowd of his admirers, setting forth that he was one John Moore, son of a clergyman, who had been kidnapped and taken into the Havannah, whence he had escaped, and was now anxious to return to his friends in England. Whitefield saw him, and told him that such misfortunes happened by the will of God and must be submitted to with patience and resignation, but at the same time he took out his pocket-book and presented Carew with a note for £4. Then the

vagabond went on to Philadelphia, where he called on William Penn, who gave him money and engaged with the captain of a homeward-bound ship to carry him to England free of charge. But Carew was not yet ready for a homeward voyage, as he wished first to see New York and other places. He notes the fact that at Penn's house the door was opened by a negro with a silver collar round his neck similar to the iron one from which the friendly Indians had relieved his own.

At length he took ship for England, and the vessel, having a favourable wind, ran from New London to Lundy in a month and three days. The sailors, pleased with their quick passage, were very joyful, anticipating all sorts of jubilation as soon as they got ashore; but when the pilot came aboard he informed the master that there was bad news for his crew, as Captain Goodere, of the *Ruby* man-of-war, which was then lying in the King's Road, was pressing every man he could lay hands on. On hearing this Carew immediately pricked his arms and chest with a needle, and rubbed in bay salt and gunpowder, in order to give himself the appearance of having the smallpox. Then he lay down in his hammock, with a blanket round him, groaning and pretending to be very sick, by which means, when a lieutenant from the *Ruby* came aboard and peremptorily demanded all the crew, the artful mumper was the only one who was not taken. This must have happened about the close of the year 1740, and it is rather strange that our mumper does not mention the fact that Captain Goodere murdered his brother, Sir John Goodere, Bart., on board the *Ruby* at that same place in January, 1741, and was duly hanged therefor after trial at the ensuing assizes. As soon as Carew was put ashore he went to a place called Mendicants' Hall to obtain news of his wife, and after he had found her he paid a visit to Bickleigh; then, his foot being upon his native heath, he resumed with gusto his beloved profession of mumping.

One day he was a poor shipwrecked mariner; the next,

perhaps, habited in gown, cassock, and band, he was a non-juring clergyman who had been turned out of his benefice, soliciting charity on behalf of his delicate wife and starving children. Then, in a plain dress and broad-brimmed hat and extraordinarily demure of countenance, he would go "thee"-ing and "thou"-ing about as a Quaker who had met with undeserved misfortunes. On one occasion, disguised as a tinker, he had an altercation with his brother, the vicar of Saltash, in the parlour of an inn, and on another, dressed as a fine gentleman, he attended a cock-fight and laid wagers with his cousin, Sir Coventry Carew, without being detected in either character. Whenever he did happen to be detected he usually managed to turn the occasion to his own advantage either by raising a laugh or in some other fashion, as in the following instance. Although very well known to the family of Squire Portman, he boldly marched up to that gentleman's house one day in the habit of a rat-catcher, with hairy cap on his head, buff girdle about his waist, and a tame rat in a little box by his side. Meeting the squire and several friends in the courtyard, he inquired whether their honours had any vermin to be killed. "Do you understand your business well?" inquired the squire. "Yes, and please, your honour," was the reply, "I have followed it many years and been employed in his Majesty's yards and ships." "Well, then, go in and get something to eat, and after dinner we will see what you can do." After dinner he was called into the great parlour, where was a large company of ladies and gentlemen. "Well, honest rat-catcher," queried Mr. Portman, "can you lay any scheme to kill the rats without hurting my dogs?" Being assured that this could be done satisfactorily, Mr. Portman next asked the rat-catcher what countryman he was, and being answered, "A Devonshire man," promptly demanded his name. Seeing by the nods and smiles of some of them that his identity had been discovered, he coolly spelled out "B-a-m-p-f-y-l-d-e-M-o-o-r-e C-a-r-e-w." There was a general laugh, and when it had subsided Carew impu-

dently inquired, "What scabby sheep has infected this flock?" He was informed that the only person present who had penetrated his disguise was the Rev. Mr. Bryant, whereupon he turned to the parson and asked him if he had forgotten good King Charles's rule,—referring presumably to the story of that king having once detected, but declined to expose, a thief who was pursuing his occupation amongst the courtiers in Whitehall. A Mr. Pleydell then expressed his pleasure at seeing one of whom he had heard so much, but whom he had never happened to set eyes on before. "Do you remember," asked Carew, "a poor wretch at your stable door a few weeks back, with an old stocking round his head instead of a cap and an old woman's ragged mantle over his shoulders, who declared that he was a shipwrecked sailor, a Tiverton man, who had been cast away on the coast and rescued from a watery grave by a Frenchman; and do you remember that, after testing him by many questions about the people of Tiverton, you gave him a suit of clothes and a guinea?" Mr. Pleydell did remember that wretched object. "Well, sir," rejoined Carew, "that wretched object was no other than the rat-catcher whom you now see before you." The company now laughed at Mr. Pleydell's expense, whereupon he said, "I will lay a guinea that I recognise you another time, come in what shape you will." Some of those present being of a contrary opinion, the wager was taken, and it was agreed that Carew should try his ingenuity upon the confident gentleman the next time he happened to be tramping that part of the country. Having given the company much diversion, a liberal collection was made for him, and he took his leave. But Parson Bryant, to make up for having exposed him on this occasion, followed him out and told him that the same company would meet at Mr. Pleydell's house within a very few days, and advised the vagabond to take that opportunity of deceiving them all together. Carew was equal to the occasion; and when the day arrived, after a clean shave, he dressed himself in a woman's gown and petticoats, had

two gipsy children strapped on his back, and carried in his arms a little humpbacked child whom he had borrowed of a travelling tinker. As soon as he arrived at Mr. Pleydell's door he put a hand behind him and pinched the two children smartly enough to set them both screaming, which noise started the squire's dogs barking and disturbed the whole household. Out ran one of the maids to bid the old woman take her squalling brats away, as they discomposed the ladies. "God bless their Ladyships!" cried the old woman. "I am the poor unfortunate grandmother of these poor helpless darlings, whose dear mother was burnt in the dreadful fire at Kirton the other day; and I hope the good ladies, for God's sake, will give me a trifle to keep the poor famished infants from starving." Then the old woman wept copiously, and the sympathetic maid ran in to acquaint her ladies with the melancholy tale, while Carew kept on surreptitiously pinching the brats, so that they maintained a howling chorus. Presently the girl returned with a half-crown from the ladies as well as a bowl of appetising stew. Learning that the gentlemen were not in the house, but were expected to arrive at any moment, Carew sat down in the yard, prolonging his meal and getting one of the under-servants to feed the children on his back. While this was going on the gentlemen rode into the yard. "Hallo, old woman!" said Mr. Pleydell; "where did you come from?" "From Kirton, please, your honour," squeaked Carew, "where my daughter, the mother of these poor helpless babes, was burnt to death in the flames"; and then, of course, followed a torrent of circumstantial details and pathetic supplications. "Damn you!" exclaimed Mr. Pleydell; "there has been more money collected for Kirton already than Kirton was ever worth." However, he threw the weeping old grandmother a shilling, and all his friends followed suit. The money was received with the most profound gratitude, and the old woman hobbled away into the road, but just as the gentlemen were about to enter the house she surprised them with a "Tantivy!

tantivy!" and such a halloo to the dogs as caused her to be promptly brought back and her disguise stripped off, when, we are assured, the gentlemen were so pleased with the ingenuity of the deception that the mumper was handsomely rewarded.

Carew and his mumper associates were in the habit of attending all the fairs in the west of England, when, made up as deaf and dumb, or blind, or maimed unfortunates, they would plant themselves by a bridge or at a cross-road at the entrance of the town and keep up a loud and lamentable cry all day long, till their pockets were heavily laden with halfpence. Once when he was at Bridgwater Fair, together with his old schoolfellows Coleman and Escott, there were so many miserable-looking objects, halt, and maimed, and blind, and deaf, and dumb, asking alms, that the mayor suspected the majority of them to be counterfeits. Being a humourist in his way, he declared that he would make the blind see, the deaf hear, and the lame walk; and, as a first step towards their cure, he had the whole lot arrested and lodged in the Dark House. They passed the night in fear and trembling; and early next morning they received a visit from a well-known physician of the town, who told them they must expect no mercy from the mayor, who would deal with such as were not what they represented themselves to be with the utmost severity; but, as he rather sympathised with them himself, he advised all of them who were counterfeits to make a bolt for it as soon as he unfastened the door. The mayor and aldermen and many others in the secret were posted opposite the prison to see what would happen. No sooner had the doctor unlocked the door than the whole crowd rushed out pell-mell: the deaf had heard well enough what he had said; the blind had no difficulty in finding the shortest way out of the town; the lame flung away their crutches and ran like hunted deer. In fact, there was only one, a really lame man, who failed to get away; and this poor wretch, after being brought before the mayor and

admonished, had a collection made for him, which amply compensated him for his one night's imprisonment. Carew relates another instance in which an eccentric humourist got the better of him. One day, as he was begging from door to door in Maiden Bradley in the habit of a shipwrecked sailor, he saw on the other side of the street a brother mendicant mariner doing likewise. The fellow crossed over, asked him where he lay last night, what road he was going, and several other civil questions, and then proposed that he should "brush into the boozing-ken and be his thrums," *i.e.*, go into an alehouse and spend threepence with him. They compared notes about the country, the charitable and uncharitable families, the moderate and severe justices, and so forth, finally agreeing to divide that village between them and visit the neighbouring gentlemen's houses together. In course of conversation by the way, the other "ancient mariner" was surprised to learn that he had entered into a temporary partnership with the celebrated King of the Mumpers, and expressed in appropriate slang his sense of the honour. Presently they came to Lord Weymouth's place, where it was agreed that Carew should act as spokesman. The servants bade them be gone unless they could give a very good account of themselves and of the countries they pretended to have come from, for Lord Weymouth, who had travelled in many parts of the world, would infallibly detect any impostor and have him whipped and committed to Bridewell without mercy. Carew, however, confidently told a harrowing tale, with the most circumstantial details, of their lamentable misfortunes, and, as his Lordship seemed to be just then out of the way, the two rogues obtained both money and victuals from the housekeeper. The victuals they exchanged for liquor at a neighbouring wayside inn, where, after sharing the takings of the day, they parted, each having mapped out for himself a separate excursion. But now the second beggar, who was none other than Lord Weymouth himself, hurried back to his own house by a private

way through the park, and being let in by a confidential valet, changed his clothes, and immediately sent off two men on horseback to apprehend the pretended sailors who, as he was informed, had been imposing on the neighbourhood. His servants, who had no suspicion of the true state of the case, soon returned with Carew, but reported that they could find no trace of the other fellow. Lord Weymouth questioned the vagrant roughly, and having told him that his companion would infallibly be caught and brought in very shortly, assured him that if, on separate examination, their stories were found to disagree, it was "cat-o'-nine-tails" and Bridewell for the pair of them. He then went away, donned his beggar's rags once more, caused his confidential man to conduct him through the room where his prisoner was confined, as though he were being taken elsewhere for separate examination, changed back again into his ordinary attire, had Carew brought before him in another room, and indignantly denounced the trembling rascal as a detected impostor who should be dealt with according to the utmost rigour of the law. Having diverted himself in this fashion until he was tired of it, Lord Weymouth sent for a neighbour, Captain Atkins, who he knew had been at school with Carew at Tiverton, in order that he might make sure of his captive's identity, for such was the rascal's celebrity that many inferior mumpers were in the habit of endeavouring to pass themselves off for the "King." Being thus satisfied that he had caught the real Simon Pure, he confessed that it was he who had masqueraded as the other beggar, and they all made merry together. He presented Carew with a good suit of clothes, gave him ten guineas for his pocket, took him to the races, introduced him to his friends and acquaintances, and entertained him handsomely for several days. Thomas Thynne, second Viscount Weymouth, who died in 1750, at the age of forty, is the hero of this escapade, and is otherwise unknown to history.

A Mr. Thomas Price, of Poole, who made a redaction of

the "Apology" in 1810, states that he was well acquainted with Carew, who, realising after a time that he was keeping his wife and child in a very false position, determined to try his fortune in a totally different line in London. He was converted to this better way of thinking, we are assured, by an eloquent sermon preached by a right reverend bishop; and, having resigned his gipsy sceptre, devoted himself to the highly respectable occupation of speculating in lotteries. The speculation proved so extraordinarily successful that after a very few years he was able to buy a neat and comfortable estate in his native west country, where he "ended his days beloved and esteemed by all." According to one account this took place in 1758, according to another in 1770. "His wife died some time before he did," says Mr. Price; "and his daughter, to whom he left a genteel fortune, married a young gentleman of the neighbourhood, and at the present time of writing" (? 1810), "by the sweetness of her behaviour and amiableness of her character, is a blessing to herself, a pattern to her acquaintance, and an honour to his family." All which sounds a trifle unlikely, and the reader may take Mr. Price's word for it or not as he pleases.

The "histriographer" of the "Apology" in 1750 describes Carew, who was then fifty-seven years of age, as tall and majestic, strong and well proportioned of limb, with regular features and "a countenance open and ingenuous, bearing all those characteristical marks which physiognomists assert denote an honest and good-natured mind." The engraving of him which is prefixed to the book appears to have been made after a portrait by "Mr. Philips, a celebrated limner of Porlock," who painted it at the request and charge of Mr. Coplestone Bampfylde. It represents him as a portly, resolute-looking, square-jawed, shrewd, capable man of affairs, much more like a dignified chairman of quarter sessions than a vagabond beggar. Unfortunately, he seems to have had no literary faculty; and whoever it was that took down his recollections was not only equally deficient in this respect,

but also without sufficient intelligence to make any inquisition into his motives and feelings. The restlessness, the passion for the open air, and the constitutional reserve or aloofness, which are such prominent characteristics of all the vagabond spirits who have taken to literature—of Thoreau, of Richard Jefferies, of George Borrow, or of Mr. W. H. Davies, the poetic "super-tramp" of our own day—were his in full measure. He would doubtless have said, with Mr. Davies,

> "This is a jolly life indeed,
> To do no work and get my need,"

or have exclaimed, as does our modern "super-tramp":—

> "Lord! who would live in towns with men,
> And hear the hum of human greed,
> With such a life as this to lead?"

But from the "Apology" for his life we get no indication that he took any delight in birds or animals, except in snaring them, or that he ever brooded on the loveliness of the English country-side, like Mr. Watts-Dunton's "Children of the Open Air,"

> "Loving the sun, the wind, the sweet reproof
> Of storms, and all that makes the fair earth fair."

It is apparent, however, that he must have had a good deal of humour, considerable insight into human nature many of the qualifications of an actor, and a power of imparting an air of reality to imaginary events which, combined with an aptitude for using the pen, would have made his fortune as a novelist. He seems to have been considered, and to have considered himself, as a sort of popular entertainer. The country squires whom he hoaxed, though not always very pleased when they were themselves deceived, were always hugely delighted to see their neighbours taken in, and then found Carew's tricks "as good as a play." It is as impossible for us to be angry with the rascal as it was for them, and we may let him march out of

these pages repeating the *tu quoque* which he prefixed to Mr. (or Mrs.) Goadby's recital of his adventures:—

"Be not too hasty, most gentle reader. Of whatever profession thou art, lay thy hand upon thy heart and consider if thou hast never imposed upon mankind.

"Art thou honoured with the grave title of Doctor? Recollect if you never prescribed and took fees when you were sensible your patient was incurable. Did you never agree with the Apothecary . . . and prescribe ten times more drugs and potions than were necessary, . . . whilst he, in turn, sounded the trumpet of your praise . . . when the patient, perhaps, would have recovered much sooner without the presence of either?

"But perhaps the reader is some Gentleman of the Law. If so, let him consider, before he is angry with me, if he never took in hand a bad cause, and assured his client of the goodness of it? . . . And when he has been cast in one court, has he not by specious promises and false hopes enticed his client to try the issue in another? . . . Or has he never agreed with his brother counsellor . . . to spin out the cause by unnecessary delays, till they got the oyster between them, and left their clients nothing but the shells?

"But perhaps some plodding honest tradesman is reading my Memoirs, with loud exclamations at my cheats and impostures. But he must be much better than his neighbours if he has never contrived to darken his shop windows to prevent his customers seeing the flaws in his goods; if he has never put off a bad commodity for a good one; or made his goods weigh heavier than when he bought them."

As the recital of Carew's career is hardly likely to induce any one to go and do likewise, we may be content to let the mumper have the last word.

ELIZABETH LADY HOLLAND.
From an engraving of the portrait by Fagan.

V

A UNIQUE HOSTESS—ELIZABETH, LADY HOLLAND

V

A UNIQUE HOSTESS—ELIZABETH, LADY HOLLAND

IT is a pity that the generation which knew Elizabeth, Lady Holland, passed away without leaving us from the hands of some one of the many who enjoyed her acquaintance, and were otherwise specially qualified for the task, a memoir, or at least a character sketch, of one who, as a contemporary observed, "left a more marked impression of her individuality than any woman of her age." And, in the absence of any such memoir, it seems worth while to gather together from a variety of scattered, and in some cases not very readily accessible, sources such notices as her contemporaries have put upon record of this remarkable woman, who for the greater part of the earlier half of the nineteenth century was the most conspicuous female figure (royalty excepted) in the splendid society of London.

Her entrance on the historic scene was made in a way that might have been expected to prove a permanent barrier against any subsequent social success. Henry Richard, third Lord Holland, who succeeded to the title at the age of nineteen, in 1792, had been in the following year sent abroad by his guardians in order to quench what they considered a premature interest in politics. In 1794 he had settled for a time at Florence, and while there had made the acquaintance of the beautiful wife of Sir Godfrey Webster, a Sussex baronet. The lady, who was Holland's senior by some three years, was the only child and heir of Richard Vassal, a wealthy planter of Jamaica, and had been married to Sir

Godfrey when but sixteen years of age. The marriage was a particularly unhappy one, owing to faults upon both sides; and she appears to have been left by herself in Florence while her husband followed his accustomed pursuits elsewhere, the result of which was that she had a son which Lord Holland acknowledged to be his, and that when he returned home in the spring of 1796 Lady Webster travelled with him, and continued to live with him after their arrival in England. Sir Godfrey Webster naturally instituted proceedings for a divorce by Act of Parliament, and two days after the Bill had been assented to, Lord Holland and the lady were quietly married at a church in the country. Such was the inauspicious beginning of a union which, nevertheless, appears to have lasted with unabated satisfaction to both parties until Lord Holland's death, forty-three years afterwards.

Immediately after his return to England Lord Holland set about the restoration of the family mansion at Kensington; and, before saying anything more about the remarkable woman who was thus rather strangely brought home to be its mistress, it may be well to devote a few words to the house itself, for undoubtedly its exterior architectural beauty, its interior arrangements, as remarkable for comfort as for luxury and splendour, its collection of varied objects of art, and its almost unbroken chain of political and literary associations, stretching back for nigh upon three centuries, form a combination which has given to Holland House the first place amongst our metropolitan palaces. Sir James Mackintosh at one time proposed to write its history; but, although he commenced making notes, and received from the lady who is the subject of the present sketch a good deal of valuable information for the purpose, this proved to be but one of Mackintosh's many projects which were never carried into execution. Some notion of the beauty and the interesting associations of the place, as well as of the characters of its various tenants and guests, may, however, be obtained

from the splendid book on the subject, illustrated with several fine steel engravings of portraits, forty heliotype illustrations, and an abundance of woodcuts, which was written by Princess Liechtenstein and published by Messrs. Macmillan in two quarto volumes in 1873. From this source we learn that somewhere about 1624 Sir Henry Rich, who became successively Baron Kensington and Earl of Holland, added to the centre and turrets of what was then known as Cope Castle those wings and arcades which are so pleasant a feature of what has ever since been known as Holland House. Its next occupant is said to have been the Parliamentary General Fairfax; and after him another of Cromwell's lieutenants, General Lambert, held his headquarters at Holland House in 1649. The second Earl of Holland, who succeeded to the earldom of Warwick in 1673, nevertheless continued to make this house his principal place of residence; and in 1716 the widow of his son and successor gave the place its first distinctively literary association by her marriage with Joseph Addison. It was to what afterwards became the dining-room of Holland House that Gay was invited by Addison to give his forgiveness for some injury, he knew not what, and the young Earl of Warwick summoned to "see how a Christian could die." When this young earl himself died, in 1721, the estate devolved upon a cousin, William Edwardes (afterwards Lord Kensington); but during the following thirty years the house had a variety of more distinguished tenants, including Sir John Chardin, the Persian traveller, Sir Anthony Van Dyck, the great painter, and William Penn, the founder of the colony of Pennsylvania. There is a tradition that, after the Revolution of 1688, William the Third had some thought of making Holland House a royal palace; but if so, he changed his mind. Its connection with the Fox family dates back no further than to about the middle of the reign of George the Second, when, in 1749, it was let on lease to Henry Fox for what nowadays appears the absurdly small rental of £182 16s. 9*d*. per annum; and that

rapacious politician after his elevation to the peerage as Lord Holland became, in 1767, the owner of the place. Henry Fox was already the tenant of this "suburban palace and paradise," says Sir George Trevelyan,[1] when his son Charles James was born; but "the noise of carpenters and the bustle of upholsterers obliged Lady Caroline to choose a lodging in Conduit Street for the scene of an event which would have added distinction even to Holland House." Of Charles James's elder brother, the second Lord Holland, little need be said; but when Henry Richard, the third lord, returned to England in 1796, as already mentioned, he immediately set to work to restore the place to something of its former glory. He restored it in two ways, says Princess Liechtenstein: practically, by fitting it up at great expense for his own habitation; and intellectually, by bringing about him there a circle of wits and geniuses who invested it with greater brilliance than it had enjoyed even in the days of Addison. How considerable a part in this undertaking was played by the lady whom he married in 1797 is abundantly shown in the various memoirs and diaries of the period.

Elizabeth, Lady Holland, gave Sir James Mackintosh a list of the celebrities she had entertained during her reign at Holland House; and Princess Liechtenstein prints this,[2] with a kind of thumb-nail character sketch appended to each name. Thus Talleyrand is described as "the diplomatic wit and witty diplomatist who cared not which party he supported, provided it was the stronger"; Madame de Stael as the writer "who in graceful French painted Italy, and in solid French digested German literature"; Sir Philip Francis as he "whose supposed authorship of 'Junius' places him in historical interest on a level with the wearer of the iron mask"; Dr. Parr as the eccentric scholar "whose attainments and Whig principles gave him fame, and whose horror

[1] "The Early Life of Charles James Fox," p. 41.
[2] "Holland House," by Princess Liechtenstein, Vol. I., pp. 143—152.

of the east wind was such that Tom Sheridan once kept him in the house for a fortnight by fixing the weathercock in an easterly direction," and so forth. The list, which is confessedly by no means complete, includes Metternich, the two Humboldts, and Canova, in addition to the two foreign celebrities already cited; legal luminaries such as the four great Lord Chancellors, Thurlow, Eldon, Brougham, and Lyndhurst, with Curran and Sir Samuel Romilly; Count Romford and Sir Humphry Davy amongst men of science; Sheridan, Sir Philip Francis, Dr. Parr, Lord Byron, Thomas Moore, Jeffrey, Rogers, Luttrell, Sydney Smith, Macaulay, and others too numerous to mention, amongst wits and men of letters; and amongst politicians nearly all the celebrities of the Whig party for half a century.

The success of the Holland House dinners was due to several causes: the invariable excellence of the dinner itself; the charm of the hospitable host's manner and conversation; the brilliancy of the company gathered together; the fascination of the hostess, notwithstanding certain unpleasant traits in her character; and the exquisite art with which she directed and controlled the scene. The excellence of the dinners was admitted on all hands; but it was left to Abraham Hayward[1]—a not very frequent diner there—to suggest that that excellence was in great part due to Lady Holland's habit of levying contributions on guests who inhabited districts famous for venison, poultry, game, or any other edible. He relates that, the praises of the *mouton des Ardennes* having been sounded at her table when M. Van de Weyer was present, she commissioned that ambassador to procure her some. He sent an order for half a sheep, which the clerks in the Foreign Office in Brussels, finding it marked *très pressé*, imagined to be a bundle of despatches, and forwarded by special messenger. The affair, he says, got wind, and caused the Belgian journals to ring the changes for a week or more on the epicurean habits of his Excellency.

[1] "Sketches of Eminent Statesmen and Writers," Vol. II., pp. 216, 217.

The charm of Lord Holland's manner and conversation was also admitted on all hands. Moore noted with approbation in his diary in 1818 a remark of Rogers's to the effect that Lord Holland always came down to breakfast like a man upon whom some good fortune had suddenly fallen; and the usually mordant Greville after Lord Holland's death, in 1840, remarked[1] that no man ever had so great and general a popularity: "His marvellous social qualities, imperturbable temper, unflagging vivacity and spirit, his inexhaustible fund of anecdote, extensive information, sprightly wit, with universal toleration and urbanity, inspired all who approached him with the keenest taste for his company, and those who lived with him in intimacy with the warmest regard for his person." Lady Holland's organisation of the dinners and control of her guests have often been commented on, but by no one with greater point than Sir Henry Holland, the celebrated physician, who was an intimate friend of some thirty years' standing. In his "Recollections" he recalls some of the dinners at Holland House, and remarks that English and foreign Ministers and diplomatists, men of learning and science, poets, artists, and wits, were so skilfully commingled as to make it sure that none but a master-hand could have accomplished the result. And the master-hand was undoubtedly that of the mistress of the house.

"Supreme in her own mansion and family, she exercised a singular and seemingly capricious tyranny even over guests of the highest rank and position. Capricious it seemed, but there was in reality *intention* in all she did; and this intention was the maintenance of power, which she gained and strenuously used, though not without discretion in fixing its limits. No one knew better when to change her mood, and to soothe by kind and flattering words the provocation she had just given, and was very apt to give. . . . Her management of conversation at the dinner-table—sometimes arbitrary and in rude arrest of others, sometimes courteously inviting the subject—furnished a study in itself.

[1] "Journal of the Reigns of William IV. and George IV.," Part II., Vol. I., p. 341.

Every guest felt her presence, and generally more or less succumbed to it."[1]

He adds that she was acute in distinguishing between real and false merit, and although not a woman of wit in words, might be described as a consummate practical wit in all her relations to society. Once, towards the end of her life, she spoke to him of the labour she had undergone in maintaining her position; and he remarks that the information was not necessary, as his own observation had made him well but silently aware of it.

Beautiful, clever, and well informed, says Princess Liechtenstein,[2] Lady Holland's habit of contradiction occasionally lent animation, not to say animosity, to her conversation, though she could generally accomplish the difficult feat of carrying off a disagreeable thing cleverly. Lady Holland's contradiction, however, was by no means always disagreeable. Moore, in his diary,[3] speaks of a dinner at Holland House in 1825 when she maintained a contest with great spirit and oddity against Lord Holland and Allen on the subject of General Washington, whom she, "with her usual horror of the liberal side of things," disliked and depreciated. But, he says, "the talent and good humour with which she fought us all was highly amusing." Greville, at a later date, chronicles an "agreeable" dinner which was enlivened by a "squabble" between Lady Holland and Allen, "at which all the company were ready to die of laughing." Her despotic rule there is no denying. To begin with, the guests were always invited by herself. Rogers told Dyce[4] that Lord Holland never ventured to ask any one to dinner without previously consulting her Ladyship; and he frequently came to his own dinner-table without knowing whom he would

[1] "Recollections of Past Life," by Sir Henry Holland, Bart., Second Edition, p. 229.
[2] "Holland House," Vol. I., pp. 156, 157.
[3] "Memoirs, Journals, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore," Vol. IV., pp. 313, 314.
[4] "Recollections of the Table Talk of Samuel Rogers" (1856), p. 275.

meet. Shortly before his death Rogers called at Holland House, and found only Lady Holland within; but as he was coming out he met Lord Holland, who asked, "Do you return to dinner?" "No," answered Rogers, "I have not been invited"; and that was final. Then she insisted upon dining at the unusual hour of five; and although, as Greville observes, nothing could be more inconvenient than such a shortening of the day and lengthening of the evening, her power over society was sufficient to compel people to get to her house at that hour. Greville says she was always fancying she was ill, and that the state of her health made it necessary for her to dine early; but Talleyrand declared that she did it merely *pour gêner tout le monde.* She also systematically crowded her table. Greville noted in August, 1832,[1] that he had been to "a true Holland House dinner," for two more people (Melbourne and Tom Duncombe) arrived than there was room for, "so that Lady Holland had the pleasure of a couple of general squeezes, and of seeing her guests' arms prettily pinioned." This practice gave occasion for one of Luttrell's *bon mots.*[2] Once, when the company was already tightly packed, an unexpected guest arrived, and she instantly gave her imperious order, "Luttrell, make room," whereupon the wit replied, "It certainly must be *made,* for it does not *exist.*" Moore mentions[3] that one day in 1842, as he was going in, he found in the hall a victim of another of her ways of making room, in the person of Gore, who was putting on his great-coat to take his departure, having been sent away by her Ladyship for want of room; and after he had taken his place, he says, the pressure was so great that Allen, after performing his carving part, retired to dine at a small side table. But Moore adds that, according to Rogers, the close packing of Lady Holland's dinners was one of the secrets of their

[1] "Journal of the Reigns of William IV. and George IV.," Part I., Vol. II., p. 316.
[2] "Holland House," Vol. I., p. 58.
[3] Moore, Vol. VII., p. 313.

conversableness and agreeableness; and he is inclined to think that Rogers was right.

Of course the imperious rule extended to the drawing-room also. As Macaulay wrote to his sister in 1831,[1]—

"The centurion did not keep his soldiers in better order than she keeps her guests. It is to one, 'Go!' and he goeth; to another, 'Do this,' and it is done. 'Ring the bell, Mr. Macaulay.' 'Lay down that screen, Lord Russell, you will spoil it.' 'Mr. Allen, take a candle, and show Mr. Craddock the pictures of Bonaparte.'"

Sir Charles Lyell, some years later, remarked on the indescribable singularity of her way of questioning people, like a royal personage. But this, together with her tap of the fan and such a command as "Now, Macaulay, we have had enough of this; give us something else," was not altogether mere caprice. One who had evidently observed her well wrote:—

"Beyond any other hostess we ever knew, and very far beyond any host, she possessed the tact of perceiving and the power of evoking the various capacities which lurked in every part of the brilliant circle she drew around her. To enkindle the enthusiasm of an artist on the theme over which he had achieved the most facile mastery; to set loose the heart of the rustic poet, and imbue his speech with the freedom of his native hills; to draw from the adventurous traveller a breathing picture of his most imminent danger, or to embolden the bashful soldier to disclose his own share in the perils and glories of some famous battle-field; to encourage the generous praise of friendship, when the speaker and the subject reflected interest on each other, or win the secret history of some effort which had astonished the world or shed new light on science; to conduct these brilliant developments to the height of satisfaction, and then to shift the scene by the magic of a word, were among her daily successes."[2]

It was not everybody, however, who could bear the restraint she imposed. When Lord Dudley was asked why he so persistently refused to dine at Holland House, he replied that he did not choose to be tyrannised over while he was eating his dinner[3]; and on one occasion she so fidgeted Lord

[1] "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," Popular Edition, p. 151.
[2] *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1846, Part I., p. 90.
[3] Sir Henry Holland's "Recollections," p. 230.

Melbourne by making him shift his place when he was seated to his liking that he rose, exclaiming, "I'll be damned if I dine with you at all!" and walked off to his own house. She also occasionally aroused rebellion by exhibitions of temper and unwarrantable rudeness. She is reported to have said even to her old friend Rogers, "Your poetry is bad enough, so pray be sparing of your prose." To Lord Porchester she remarked, "I am sorry to hear you are going to publish a poem. Can't you suppress it?" And Moore himself records in his diary that, being one day in rather a *bravura* mood, she asked him how he could write those "vulgar verses" about Hunt; on another occasion told him she had two objections to reading his "Lalla Rookh": in the first place it was Eastern, and in the second place it was in quarto; and, yet again, violently attacked his "Life of Sheridan," telling him it was "quite a romance" and showed "want of taste and judgment." He says he told her she might go on, as he took anything and everything in good part from her. But he confides to his diary that "poets inclined to a plethora of vanity would find a dose of Lady Holland now and then very good for their complaint."[1] Macaulay relates that one day in November, 1833, she came to dinner at Rogers's, with Allen, in so bad a humour that they were all forced to rally and make common cause against her, for there was not a person at the table to whom she was not rude. So "Rogers sneered; Sydney made merciless sport of her; Tom Moore looked excessively impertinent; Bobus put her down with simple straightforward rudeness; and I treated her with what I meant to be the coldest civility."[2] It is satisfactory to learn that her Ladyship afterwards showed herself to be the better for this discipline. Now and again a quick-witted guest scored heavily.

"Shortly after M. Van de Weyer's arrival in England as Belgian Minister, he was dining with a distinguished party at Holland House, when Lady Holland suddenly turned to him and asked, 'How is

[1] Moore, Vol. VII., p. 41. [2] Macaulay, "Life," p. 246.

Leopold?' 'Does your Ladyship mean the King of the Belgians?' 'I have heard,' she rejoined, 'of Flemings, Hainaulters, and Brabanters, but Belgians are new to me.' His reply was in French, in which the conversation had been partly carried on: 'Miladi, avant d'avoir l'honneur de vous être présenté, j'avais entendu souvent parler de vous, non seulement comme d'une femme d'esprit, mais aussi une femme qui avait beaucoup lu. Eh bien! est-il possible que dans vos nombreuses lectures vous n'ayez pas rencontré le livre d'un garçon nommé Jules César—garçon de beaucoup d'esprit—qui dans ses 'Commentaires' donne à tout notre population le nom de Belges, et ce nom nous avons conservé depuis lui jusqu'à nos jours?'"[1]

The American George Ticknor, who saw much of the Hollands during his first visit to England, in 1819, gained a similar victory. She offended him by remarking that she believed New England was originally colonised by convicts sent over from the mother-country. He politely replied that he was not aware of it; but he happened to know that some of the Vassal family had settled early in Massachusetts, where a house built by one of them was standing in Cambridge, and a marble monument to a member of the family was to be seen in King's Chapel, Boston. It is notable, however, that she always bore with calmness and even good humour any outbreaks of indignation which she had provoked, and that she both respected and liked those who were not afraid to treat her with spirit and freedom. Ticknor, for instance, who never came to like Lady Holland, admits that her politeness and even kindness to him in after-years was probably due to the foregoing passage of arms between them at the beginning of their acquaintance.[2]

Some observers seem to have been unable to see any but the unpleasant traits in Lady Holland's character. The mischievous—not to say malicious—Creevey, for example, whose gossiping "Papers"[3] were published a year or two back, has hardly ever a good word to say for her. He nicknamed

[1] A. Hayward, "Biographical and Critical Essays," New Series, Vol. I., p. 290.
[2] "Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor," Second Edition, Vol. I., p. 219.
[3] "The Creevey Papers," edited by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart.

her "old Madagascar," and, according to his account, while she flattered and courted him, he more often than not declined her invitations, because he could not stand the artificial bother and crowded table of her house, and found her presumption not to be endured. In January, 1821, he represents her as looking very forlorn and discontented because the temporarily more popular Lady Jersey was taking her company away from her,[1] and in December of the following year as disgusting her *habitués* by setting up a huge cat, to whose vagaries she demanded unqualified submission from all her visitors. Rogers, he says, sustained some injury in an encounter with the animal; Brougham only managed to keep it at arm's length by means of snuff; and Luttrell sent in a formal resignation of all future visits till the new and odious favourite should be dismissed.[2] And her behaviour at other people's houses he represents as even worse than in her own. He met her in July, 1833, at Lord Sefton's, and thus describes the scene:—

"She began by complaining of the slipperiness of the courtyard and of the danger of her horses falling, to which Sefton replied that it should be gravelled the next time she did him the honour of dining there. She then began to sniff, and turning her eyes to various pots filled with beautiful roses and all kinds of flowers, she said, 'Lord Sefton, I must beg you to have those flowers taken out of the room, they are so much too powerful for me.' Sefton and his valet Paoli actually carried the table and all its contents out of the room. Then poor dear little Lady Sefton, who has always a posy as large as life at her breast when she is dressed, took it out in the humblest manner, and said, 'Perhaps, Lady Holland, this nosegay may be too much for you?' But the other was pleased to allow her to keep it, though by no means in a very gracious manner. Then, when candles were lighted at the close of dinner, she would have three of them put out, as being too much, and too near her. Was there ever?"[3]

The letters of Joseph Jekyll convey a similar impression. The Hollands, he said, resembled the different ends of a

[1] "Creevey Papers," Vol. II., p. 9.
[2] *Ibid.*, Vol. II., p. 58.
[3] *Ibid.*, Vol. II., p. 256.

magnet, one attractive, the other repulsive.[1] In October, 1820, when he dined and slept at Holland House, he reported, "Miladi, from repletion *en petite santé*, as usual"[2]; and ten years later all he could say of either the master or the mistress of the house was, "Lord Holland has the gout, and Miladi the blue devils."[3] Fanny Kemble has nothing but unpleasant impressions to record of Lady Holland. She first met her at a dinner at the house of Samuel Rogers in 1837, when, it appears, her Ladyship drank out of her neighbour Sydney Smith's glass and otherwise behaved herself with "the fantastic domestic impropriety in which she frequently indulged, and which might have been tolerated in a spoilt beauty of eighteen, but was hardly becoming in a woman of her age and personal appearance." After dinner Fanny's sister Adelaide joined the party, and sat for a few moments beside Lady Holland, who dropped her handkerchief.

"Adelaide, who was as unpleasantly impressed as myself by that lady, for a moment made no attempt to pick it up; but reflecting upon her age and size, which made it difficult for her to stoop for it herself, my sister picked it up and presented it to her, when Lady Holland, taking it from her, merely said, 'Ah! I thought you'd do it.' Adelaide said she felt an almost irresistible inclination to twitch it from her hand, throw it on the ground again, and say, 'Did you? Then now do it yourself.'"[4]

Fanny Kemble goes on to say that it was always a matter of amazement to her that Lady Holland should have been allowed to ride rough-shod over society, as she did for so long with impunity; and she ventures the opinion that people generally gave way to her Ladyship partly because of the respect and even affection inspired by Lord Holland, partly for the sake of their hosts and fellow-guests, and partly, perhaps chiefly, because of the immense attraction of Holland House, with all its various associations, and the

[1] "Correspondence of Joseph Jekyll with his Sister-in-Law," p. 176.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 103.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 217.
[4] "Records of Later Life," Vol. I., pp. 96, 97.

brilliant and distinguished company who frequented it.[1] But the explanation is hardly adequate. At any rate, the brilliant and distinguished company who frequented Holland House cannot be said to have assembled there in spite of Lady Holland; and, as Greville well says, although everybody found something to abuse or ridicule in the mistress of the house, they all continued to go, and they all liked it. Some of them, too, remained Lady Holland's lifelong affectionate friends. Samuel Rogers, who was a frequent visitor at Holland House before the death of C. J. Fox, remained on terms of pleasant intimacy with her for over forty years; Moore's diary from 1819 to 1842 contains numerous references to her kindness and good qualities; and from 1797 to his death, in 1845, Sydney Smith was always her grateful and devoted friend.

Sydney Smith had made Lord Holland's acquaintance when on a visit to his brother "Bobus" at college, and the connection was cemented by the subsequent marriage of Bobus with Miss Vernon, one of Lord Holland's aunts. Sydney was first introduced to Holland House in 1804, when, according to his own account, he was distressingly shy! And when the Whigs came into power in 1806, Lady Holland never rested until she had induced the Chancellor to give her favourite a living. Rogers told Dyce[2] that when Sydney got the living of Foston-le-Clay, in Yorkshire, he went to thank Erskine for the appointment. "Oh," said Erskine, "don't thank me, Mr. Smith. I gave you the living because Lady Holland insisted on my doing so; and if she had desired me to give it to the devil, *he* must have had it." Some sixty or more of Sydney's letters to Lady Holland, covering a period of nearly forty years, are to be found in his correspondence, as edited by Mrs. Austin; and the letters are not only extremely amusing, but also, from first to last, indicative of his warm regard. One of these, written about the end of 1807, may be prefaced by something

[1] "Records," Vol. I., pp. 98, 99. [2] "Table Talk," p. 86.

which Cyrus Redding records in his "Recollections."[1] Redding represents Lady Holland as not only cold and haughty, but as offensive towards those she disliked, and very apt to construe into a personal affront any remark of the slightest nature which did not chime in with her views. By way of example, he says that the poet Campbell, for a mere jest about Lady Holland's phraseology when she spoke of "taking a drive," was treated with such *hauteur* that he would never afterwards visit her house to expose himself to a repetition of it. Some time after this, however, Campbell was reported to be in financial difficulties; and, whatever animosity he may have cherished, it is quite evident from Sydney Smith's correspondence that she had none against him. Sydney writes:—

"I told the little poet, after the proper softenings of wine, dinner, flattery, repeating his verses, etc., etc., that a friend of mine wished to lend him some money, and I begged him to take it."[2]

He goes on to relate that Campbell was not affronted, but, while expressing great gratitude to his unknown benefactor, declined the money on the ground that his affairs were not at the moment in so critical a state as to necessitate borrowing. Sydney therefore cancelled the draft which Lady Holland had sent, and he concludes his letter by telling her she is a very good lady, and that for what she had done, or rather proposed to do, he gave her his hearty benediction. In the following year he thus refers to his own relations to both her and Lord Holland:—

"You may choose to make me a bishop, and if you do, I think I shall never do you discredit; for I believe it is out of the power of lawn and velvet, and the crisp hair of dead men fashioned into a wig, to make me a dishonest man; but if you do not, I am perfectly content, and shall be ever grateful to the last hour of my life to you and to Lord Holland."[3]

[1] "Fifty Years' Recollections," Vol. III., pp. 176—178.
[2] "Memoir and Letters of the Rev. Sydney Smith," 2 Vols. (1855), Vol. II., p. 31.
[3] *Ibid.*, Vol. II., p. 38.

Sydney used to send to Holland House what he called his annual tribute, in the shape of a cheese; and presents of various kinds reached him from Lady Holland, which drew forth characteristic acknowledgments, that were carefully preserved:—

"Many thanks for two fine Galicia hams; but as for boiling them in *wine*, I am not as yet high enough in the Church for that; so they must do the best they can in water. . . . Horner is ill. He was desired to read amusing books. Upon searching his library, it appeared he had no amusing books—the nearest of any work of that description being 'The Indian Trader's Complete Guide.'"[1]

Grateful and affectionate as he was, however, Sydney would sometimes feel called upon to speak his mind very plainly to Lady Holland. Once it was reported to him that she was in the habit of laughing at him for being happy in the country; whereupon he at once sent her a letter of rebuke, telling her that, though not leading precisely the life he would choose, he considered it more manly to reconcile himself to it than to feign himself above it and send up complaints by the post about being thrown away, "and such like trash."[2] He frequently expostulated with her on her restlessness, as, in 1815, "Pray do settle in England and remain quiet. . . . I have heard 500 travelled people assert that there is no such agreeable house in Europe as Holland House; why should you be the last person to be convinced of this, and the first to make it true?"[3] Often, of course, he was merely excruciatingly funny, as in a letter, written during the Reform Bill agitation, wherein he tells her:—

"I met Lord John at Exeter. The people along the road were very much disappointed by his smallness. I told them he was much larger before the Bill was thrown out, but was reduced by excessive anxiety about the people. This brought tears into their eyes."[4]

[1] "Memoir and Letters of the Rev. Sydney Smith," 2 Vols. (1855), Vol. II., p. 48.
[2] *Ibid.*, Vol. II., pp. 56, 57.
[3] *Ibid.*, Vol. II., p. 124.
[4] *Ibid.*, Vol. II., p. 321.

Moore notes in his diary on September 14th, 1842, that after dinner Lady Holland read to the company a letter from Sydney Smith, "quite as piquant as any of her dishes." The letter, as given in his correspondence, runs as follows, and perhaps the discerning reader may be able to fill in the three names which Mrs. Austin has struck out:—

"I am sorry to hear Allen is not well; but the reduction of his legs is a pure and unmixed good; they are enormous,—they are clerical! He has the creed of a philosopher and the legs of a clergyman; I never saw such legs—at least, belonging to a layman. . . .

"It is a bore, I admit, to be past seventy, for you are left for execution, and we are daily expecting the death-warrant; but, as you say, it is not anything very capital we quit. We are, at the close of life, only hurried away from stomach-aches, pains in the joints, from sleepless nights and unamusing days, from weakness, ugliness, and nervous tremors; but we shall all meet again in another planet, cured of all our defects. —— will be less irritable, —— more silent; —— will assent; Jeffrey will speak slower; Bobus will be just as he is; I shall be more respectful to the upper clergy; but I shall have as lively a sense as I now have of all your kindness and affection for me."[1]

It may go without the saying that Sydney Smith poked fun at her, as he did at everybody else. Moore relates how, when Lady Holland proposed to stay the ravages of the bookworm in the library by the use of some mercurial preparation, Sydney declared it to be Humphry Davy's opinion that the air would become charged with mercury, and the whole family salivated. "I shall see Allen," said he, "some day with his tongue hanging out, speechless, and shall take the opportunity to stick a few principles into him." Abraham Hayward tells how one day Sydney hurried to her Ladyship with the model of a fire escape, the efficacy of which he guaranteed, provided the escaping person were first reduced to a state of nudity. He had a clerical friend, he told her, who was haunted, like herself, by the fear of fire, and who had provided himself with this admirable invention. One night he was awakened by a violent knocking and ringing at

[1] "Memoir and Letters of the Rev. Sydney Smith," 2 Vols. (1855), Vol. II., pp. 473, 474.

his door, and, supposing the house to be on fire, he threw off his nightshirt and instantly let himself down by the apparatus, only to find, however, when it set him down on the doorstep, that his wife and daughters, who had been kept late at a ball, were knocking and ringing to be let in.[1] And there are more stories of a similar character, most of them, however, only exhibiting Sydney's superabundant humour and high spirits, which, as Princess Liechtenstein tells us, kept even the servants of Holland House in fits of laughter.

Lady Holland was ambitious that her husband should take a prominent part in the government of his country. Whether this were entirely disinterested, or whether it were only another phase of that love of power which, as we have seen, the eminent physician, Sir Henry Holland, diagnosed as her most prominent characteristic, may be a matter for difference of opinion. Her house was naturally the social rallying-point for the chiefs of the Whig party. As early as 1802 we find it noted in the journal of Lord Hobart (afterwards Lord Auckland) that she was "deep in political intrigue and means for the preservation of peace to make it necessary that Fox should be in power." On the collapse of Lord Goderich's coalition Ministry, in 1828, she asked Lord John Russell, as Croker reports, why Lord Holland should not be Secretary for Foreign Affairs; and Lord John is said to have quietly replied, "Why, they say, ma'am, that you open all Lord Holland's letters, and the Foreign Ministers might not like *that*."[2] About the same time Jekyll wrote to his sister-in law:—

"Lady Holland is the only dissatisfied Minister out of office. She counted upon sailing down daily with her long-tailed blacks and ancient, crane-necked chariot to sit with Holland at the Secretary's office, to administer the affairs of Europe, and make Sydney Smith a bishop. As for him" (Lord H.), "he never cared twopence about the whole job."[3]

[1] "Sketches of Eminent Statesmen," Vol. II., p. 214.
[2] "Croker Papers," Vol. I., p. 400.
[3] Jekyll, p. 176.

Lord Holland, as is well known, was always both a prominent and a consistent member of the Whig party. He held office as Lord Privy Seal in the "Cabinet of all the Talents" in 1806. At the time of the Reform Bill he was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; and whether it be true or not (as Greville says it was in July, 1834) that "the Hollands think of nothing on earth but how they may best keep the Duchy," it is certainly the fact that he did keep it, with but one short interval, until his death in 1840. Jekyll's remarks, however, must always be taken *cum grano salis* and as a mixture of more or less humorous and malicious exaggeration. In 1833 he writes again :—

"Lord Palmerston is to be congratulated, for he has got Lady Holland for his neighbour in Stanhope Street. With her usual spirit of domination and restlessness, she has seized and possessed herself of her poor, quiet son-in-law's mansion for Cabinet dinners; and most likely will attempt to enthrone herself at the head of the table, and suggest secret measures for the conduct of Ministers in Spain, Portugal, and Belgium."[1]

Undoubtedly Lady Holland, as a hostess, was of immense service to the Whig party; and many besides Gifford must have wished that they could only "get up a Holland House on the Tory side of the question." But Greville and others bear most emphatic testimony to the fact that, while her society was naturally and inevitably of a particular political colour, Lady Holland never encouraged any fierce philippics, to say nothing of ribaldry, against political opponents, and made it one of her chief objects to establish "such a tone of moderation and general toleration that no person of any party, opinion, profession, or persuasion might feel any difficulty in coming to her house, and she took care that no one who did come should ever have reason to complain of being offended or annoyed, still less shocked or insulted, under her roof."

Several of Lady Holland's guests have recorded their

[1] Jekyll, p. 230.

impressions of the society at Holland House. The American George Ticknor when he first came to London, in 1819, found there, and in the Hollands' temporary quarters in St. James's Square, "a literary society not to be equalled in Europe." His brief but bright little sketches of some of the notabilities he met are all too few. Sir James Mackintosh is described as precise and rather "made up" in manners and conversation; Sydney Smith as a man of about fifty, corpulent though not gross, and liable to be mistaken at first sight for merely a gay, easy gentleman, careless of everything but the pleasures of conversation and society. But further acquaintance discloses a fund of good sense, sound judgment, and accurate reasoning, a humour giving such grace to his argument that it comes with the charm of wit, and a wit so appropriate that its sallies are often logic in masquerade. Brougham looks about thirty-eight, is tall, thin, and rather awkward, with plain and not very expressive countenance and inferior manners. At first, or on common topics, nobody could seem more commonplace; but when any subject excited him the listener became instantly aware that he was conversing with no ordinary man.[1] During his second visit to England, fifteen or more years later, Ticknor frequently dined at Holland House, when, he says, "Lady Holland, I really think, made an effort to be agreeable, and she certainly has power to be so when she chooses; but I think I could never like her."[2] It was a pleasure to him, however, to dine in that grand old Gilt Room, with its two ancient, deep fireplaces, and to hear Lord Holland's genial talk. Two things seem to have struck him particularly: firstly, the freedom with which the company, including Ministers, criticised the King; and secondly, the simple manner in which the Prime Minister behaved and was treated. The company on one occasion included Earl Grey, Lord and Lady Cowper, Lord Minto, the Lord Advocate Murray, and Lord Melbourne.

[1] Ticknor, Vol. I., pp. 218—220.
[2] *Ibid.*, Vol. II., p. 144.

He thought it singular that the dinner was not delayed a moment for Lord Melbourne, although his sister, Lady Cowper, had assured Lady Holland that he would certainly come. "Even, at last, when he came in, so little notice was taken of him that, though he sat opposite to me—the party was very small, and at a round table—I did not perceive his arrival, or suspect who he was until I was introduced to him some moments afterwards." He also adds that, if he had not known Melbourne to be the Prime Minister, he would never have suspected that any burden of state lay on his shoulders.[1]

Readers of Sir George Trevelyan's "Life of Macaulay" will remember a number of references to the house, the hostess, and the guests in the historian's letters to his sister. His first meeting with Lady Holland was at a crush at Lansdowne House in May, 1831, when, as he was shaking hands with Sir James Macdonald, he heard a command behind them, "Sir James, introduce me to Mr. Macaulay."

"We turned [he writes], and there sate a large, bold-looking woman, with the remains of a fine person, and the air of Queen Elizabeth. 'Macaulay,' said Sir James, 'let me present you to Lady Holland.' Then was her Ladyship gracious beyond description, and asked me to dine and take a bed at Holland House next Tuesday."[2]

During the following three years, until his departure for India, Macaulay was one of the most conspicuous figures in Lady Holland's distinguished circle. On one occasion he relates having a long talk with her Ladyship in the drawing-room about the antiquities of the house and about the purities of the English language, wherein, he says, she considered herself a critic. "Constituency" she thought an odious word, and she objected to "talented," "influential," and "gentlemanly," the last-named being a word from the use of which she could never break Sheridan, although he allowed it to be wrong. Macaulay treated her to a dissertation on the history of the word "talents," which he held to

[1] Ticknor, Vol. I., pp. 338, 339. [2] Macaulay, "Life," p. 148.

have been first used as a metaphor taken from the parable in the New Testament, and to have gradually passed from the vocabulary of divinity into common use. She seemed surprised at this theory, never having, so far as he could judge, even heard of the parable of the talents. And he adds, "I did not tell her, though I might have done so, that a person who professes to be a critic of the delicacies of the English language ought to have the Bible at his fingers' ends."[1] However, he admitted her to be a woman of considerable talent and great literary acquirements; and from the verdict of such a judge there could be no appeal. On another occasion, when inspecting the portraits in the library, he came upon one of Lady Holland painted some thirty years previously, and declared he could have cried to see the change, for she must have been a most beautiful woman. When it was announced, in January, 1834, that Macaulay had been appointed a member of the Supreme Council of India, he had a most extraordinary scene with her Ladyship.

"If she had been as young and handsome as she was thirty years ago, she would have turned my head. She was quite hysterical about my going; paid me such compliments as I cannot repeat; cried, raved, called me 'Dear, dear Macaulay. You are sacrificed to your family. I see it all. You are too good for them. They are always making a tool of you: last session about the slaves, and now sending you to India.'"[2]

She not only talked like this to Macaulay himself, it appears, but stormed at the Ministers for letting him go, and was so violent one day at dinner that Lord Holland could not command himself and broke out, "Don't talk such nonsense, my lady. What the devil! Can we tell a gentleman who has a claim upon us that he must lose his only chance of getting an independency in order that he may come to talk to you in an evening?"[3]

Perhaps the best general notion of the brilliant talk that

[1] Macaulay, "Life," pp. 150, 151. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 255.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 256.

was usually to be heard at Holland House is to be obtained from some of the entries in Greville's diary, although the diarist admits that it sometimes made him feel uncomfortable, because painfully conscious of his own deficiencies. In September, 1834, he jotted down the heads of the literary talk at dinner one day, when Spring Rice and his son, Melbourne, Palmerston, Allen, and Bobus Smith were of the party:—

"They talked of Taylor's new poem, 'Philip van Artevelde.' Melbourne had read and admired it. The Preface, he said, was affected and foolish; the poem itself very superior to anything in Milman. There was one fine idea in 'The Fall of Jerusalem'—that of Titus, who felt himself propelled by an irresistible impulse, like that of the Greek dramatists, whose fate is the great agent always pervading their dramas. They held Wordsworth cheap, except Spring Rice, who was enthusiastic about him. Holland thought Crabbe the greatest genius of modern poets. Melbourne said he degraded every subject. None of them had known Coleridge; his lectures were very tiresome, but he is a poet of great merit."

The talk then diverged to other matters. Melbourne told a story about Irving calling on him to remonstrate against the prohibition of preaching in the streets. Lord Holland related some anecdotes of Lord North and the Duke of Richmond, etc. After dinner literature came up again, and they discussed the work of women authors, finding few *chefs-d'œuvres* and admitting only Madame de Sévigné, Madame de Stael, and Sappho into the first class, though Lady Holland was for the exclusion of Madame de Stael. Mrs. Somerville was admitted to be great in the exact sciences, and Miss Austen's novels, if not in the first rank, were allowed to be excellent. By-and-by the talk got round to German literature, and Melbourne told the following story, which may remind the reader of a somewhat similar one which has since obtained currency in connection with Robert Browning:—

"Klopstock had a *sect* of admirers in Germany. Some young students made a pilgrimage from Göttingen to Hamburg, where Klopstock lived in his old age, to ask him the meaning of a passage in one of his works

which they could not understand. He looked at it, and then said he could not recollect what it was that he meant when he wrote it, but that he knew it was the finest thing he ever wrote, and they could not do better than devote their lives to the discovery of its meaning."[1]

Macaulay, in his essay on Lord Holland, has a fine passage on "that venerable chamber, in which all the antique gravity of a college library was so singularly blended with all that female grace and wit could devise to embellish a drawing-room," and draws attention to the peculiar character which belonged to that circle, in which every talent and accomplishment, every art and science, had its place, where one might hear "the last debate discussed in one corner, and the last comedy of Scribe in another, while Wilkie gazed with modest admiration on Sir Joshua's Baretti, while Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation, while Talleyrand related his conversations with Barras at the Luxembourg or his ride with Larmes over the field of Austerlitz." Macaulay and everybody else, however, thought that when Lord Holland died, in 1840, the society of Holland House would be broken up entirely, making, as Greville put it, a vacuum in society which nothing could supply, and, in literal truth, eclipsing the gaiety of nations. But they reckoned without their hostess; and Greville was forced to admit, when he dined at Holland House in 1841, that everything was exactly as it used to be. He wished that a shorthand writer could have been there to take down the conversation, for it was not only curious in itself, but curiously illustrative, he thought, of the character of the performers. Macaulay was there; and, in the absence of the wished-for shorthand writer, Greville ventures on a condensed report of his share in the conversation :—

"Before dinner some mention was made of the portraits of the Speakers in the Speaker's house, and I asked how far they went back. Macaulay said he was not sure, but certainly as far as Sir Thomas More. 'Sir Thomas More?' said Lady Holland. 'I did not know he

[1] Greville, Part I., Vol. III., pp. 126—130.

had been Speaker.' 'Oh, yes,' said Macaulay; 'don't you remember when Cardinal Wolsey came down to the House of Commons and More was in the chair?' And then he told the whole of that well-known transaction, and all More had said. At dinner, amongst a variety of persons and subjects, principally ecclesiastical—for Melbourne loves all sorts of theological talk—we got upon India and Indian men of eminence, proceeding from Gleig's 'Life of Warren Hastings,' which Macaulay said was the worst book that ever was written; and then the name of Sir Thomas Munro came uppermost. Lady Holland did not know why Sir Thomas Munro was so distinguished, when Macaulay explained all that he had ever said, done, written, or thought, and indicated his claim to the title of a great man, till Lady Holland got bored with Sir Thomas, told Macaulay she had had enough of him, and would have no more. This would have dashed and silenced an ordinary talker, but to Macaulay it was no more than replacing a book on its shelf, and he was as ready as ever to open on any other topic. It would be impossible to follow and describe the various mazes of conversation, all of which he threaded with an ease that was always astonishing and instructive, and generally interesting and amusing. When we went upstairs we got upon the Fathers of the Church. Allen asked Macaulay if he had read much of the Fathers. He said, 'Not a great deal.' He had read Chrysostom when he was in India; that is, he had turned over the leaves, and for a few months had read him for two or three hours every morning before breakfast. 'I remember a sermon,' he said, 'of Chrysostom's in praise of the Bishop of Antioch'; and then he proceeded to give us the substance of this sermon, till Lady Holland got tired of the Fathers, again put her extinguisher on Chrysostom as she had done on Munro; and, with a sort of derision, and as if to have the pleasure of puzzling Macaulay, she turned to him and said, 'Pray, Macaulay, what was the origin of a *doll?* When were dolls first mentioned in history?' Macaulay was, however, just as much up to the dolls as he was to the Fathers, and instantly replied that the Roman children had their dolls, which they offered up to Venus when they grew older, and quoted Persius for

Veneri donatæ a virgine puppæ,

and I have not the least doubt, if he had been allowed to proceed, he would have told us who was the chevenix of Rome, and the name of the first baby that ever handled a doll."[1]

From this we may get some faint impression of what the society and the conversation at Holland House continued to be after Lord Holland's death. And even after Lady Holland

[1] Greville, Part II., Vol. I., pp. 367—370.

had ceased to reign there, her dinners in South Street were still the most agreeable in London. Sir Henry Holland[1] remembered one in October, 1845—the last she ever gave—when Thiers and Palmerston met, as he believed, for the first time, and at her table smothered the angry feelings generated by prior diplomacy. And to the last, as another observer testifies, "with a voice retaining its girlish sweetness, she welcomed every guest, invited or casual, with the old cordiality and queenly grace."

If Sir Henry Holland, who, besides being a physician, was a trained psychologist, found Lady Holland difficult to describe, it is small wonder that she appears to us a highly complex and puzzling character. From first to last nobody ever expected Lady Holland to do anything whatever in the conventional way. Rogers, for instance, tells us of the characteristically odd manner in which she announced the death of Charles James Fox to those relatives and intimate friends who were sitting in a room near his bed-chamber, waiting to hear that he had breathed his last. She merely walked through the room with her apron thrown over her head.[2] Her unconventional, though highly successful, regulation of her dinner-parties has already been abundantly exemplified. It has also been shown that while capricious and tyrannical, and exhibiting a mischievous delight in provoking, and sometimes even insulting, her friends, she was yet, at the same time, eager to do the same persons some kindness or valuable service. She seems to have cared little for her own children, but to have been capable of strong and lasting friendship for certain other persons whose characters she respected; and she invariably showed remarkable kindness to her servants. Although notorious as a Freethinker, she never tolerated any irreligious talk in her house. She was superstitious to a degree: would not set out on a journey on a Friday for any consideration; had all the

[1] Sir Henry Holland, "Recollections," p. 233.
[2] "Table Talk," pp. 96, 97.

windows closed and candles lighted whenever there was a thunderstorm, and even, so it is said, dressed up her maid in her own clothes to attract the thunderbolt intended for herself; was frightened out of her wits when the cholera came as near as Glasgow; and habitually worried herself lest her unpleasant dreams should come true. Yet in her last illness she faced death with a philosophic calmness which astonished all who knew her. And she managed to astonish her friends, in another way, even after her death, for when her will was opened it was found[1] that while Babington, her medical attendant, received an annuity, while Macaulay, Luttrell, and other of her distinguished friends received legacies of varying amounts, while all her servants were more or less amply provided for, her children and grandchildren were all but ignored. The greater part of her landed property, estimated to be worth about £1,500 a year, was left to Lord John Russell, who did not want it, for life; and to her daughter, Lady Lilford, who did want it, she left nothing at all. Few women, even with the aids of wealth, beauty, and a title, could have righted themselves with society as she did after figuring in a notorious divorce case. Fewer still, though with the most impeccable record, would ever have assumed such privileges as she did, or, if they had, would have found the world so docile in submitting to their vagaries. Selfish, yet generous; irreligious, yet superstitious; whimsical, provoking, rude, yet obliging and considerate; an unnatural mother, yet a staunch friend; capricious and tyrannical, yet always fascinating, Lady Holland was, as Greville well says, "a very strange woman," a character difficult even for those who knew her intimately to describe,—impossible, perhaps, for those who have not known her at all.

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1846, Part I., p. 91.

ABRAHAM TUCKER OF BETCHWORTH CASTLE.
From an engraving

VI

A METAPHYSICAL HUMORIST—ABRAHAM TUCKER

VI

A METAPHYSICAL HUMORIST—ABRAHAM TUCKER

IT may be confidently assumed that few modern readers have so much as heard of Abraham Tucker by name, to say nothing of having read the seven stout octavo volumes, entitled "The Light of Nature Pursued," to the composition of which he devoted nearly twenty years of his life. Little as the general reader of to-day, or, for that matter, of his own day, may have heard of him, however, Tucker exercised a very considerable influence over the minds of certain thinkers and writers, who had much to do with shaping the current philosophical and theological thought of their time. To name two or three only, Paley, in the Preface to his "Moral and Political Philosophy," candidly owned how much he was indebted to "The Light of Nature," and said that he had found in it more original thinking and observation on the several subjects taken in hand than in any other work, "not to say than in all others put together"; Archbishop Whately endeavoured to condense some of his "most valuable" reasonings into the notes and appendix to his "Bampton Lectures"; and Sir James Mackintosh, in his "Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy," not only praised the work for its careful observation, original reflection, and unrivalled felicity of illustration, but instanced the neglect of it as "the strongest proof of the disinclination of the English people . . . to metaphysical philosophy."

It may be admitted, perhaps, that the English people in this instance were not without some show of excuse, for the

advertisement of a philosophico-theological treatise in seven large volumes is certainly calculated to appal any but the most voracious of readers. Yet it is impossible to turn over the pages of any one of these seven volumes without having the eye arrested by some pregnant sentence, or felicitous illustration, or quaint conceit, such as would induce any discerning reader to cultivate a closer acquaintance with their author. And the reader who did go on to make such further acquaintance, although he might not be disposed to accept, or even to attempt to master, Tucker's system in its entirety, would find so much that is illuminating on various problems in psychology, in ethics, and in theology, as well as so much sound common-sense in the author's practical application of his ideas to life, that he would find it difficult to understand how so rich a mine of suggestive thought and brilliant illustration can have been allowed to lie so long in obscurity. And in addition to this, or rather interwoven with it, as in the essays of Montaigne, the reader would likewise find a delineation of the author's own character, showing him to have been a man of an exceptionally happy temperament, a shrewd and prudent country gentleman, amiable and benevolent in conduct, serene and cheerful in temper, no less distinguished from the squirearchy of his day by an unconquerable aversion both to fox-hunting and to place-hunting, and by a devotion to plain living and high thinking, than he is from most of the philosophers of that or any other day by the possession of a rich vein of quaint and quiet humour, which runs through and colours all his speculations, on even the highest and most sacred themes.

All that is known of the circumstances of Tucker's uneventful life might almost be contained on a half-sheet of notepaper, and we may learn more about him from the personal details with which he occasionally illustrates a philosophical problem than from the meagre biographical sketch which his grandson prefixed to the 1805 edition of "The Light of Nature." He was born in London on

September 2nd, 1705, and was the only son of a rich City merchant of Somersetshire extraction, who died during the boy's infancy. He was left to the guardianship of Sir Isaac Tillard, a maternal uncle, of whom Tucker always spoke with affection and gratitude, declaring that it was to his uncle's bright example that he owed every principle of honour, benevolence, and liberality that he possessed. We may presume, though he does not tell us so, that his characteristic whimsicality was also derived from the same source. At any rate, it is significant that the only record we have of this uncle is that whenever young Abraham was called upon to write a periodical letter to some of his other relations Sir Isaac invariably referred him to the Apostle Paul as the best model for epistolary composition. In 1721, after leaving a school at Bishop's Stortford, Tucker was entered a gentleman commoner at Merton College, Oxford. While there he devoted most of his time to mathematical and metaphysical studies, but he also made himself a master of the French and Italian languages, and likewise acquired considerable proficiency in music, for which he possessed much natural talent. Three years later he was entered at the Middle Temple, where he acquired such a knowledge of law as enabled him both to conduct the management of his own affairs, and to give valuable advice to his friends and neighbours on occasion, though he was never called to the Bar. In 1727 he purchased Betchworth Castle, near Dorking, together with a large landed estate, and immediately set about acquiring the information necessary for its proper management. It is characteristic of him that he committed to paper a number of observations on this subject which he had selected from various authors, both ancient and modern, together with remarks which he had made himself or had collected from the experience of his neighbours and tenants. In 1736, at the age of thirty-one, he married, his wife being Dorothy, daughter of Edward Barker, of East Betchworth, Cursitor Baron of the Exchequer. By this lady, with whom

he lived in great happiness until her death, eighteen years afterwards, he had two daughters: Dorothea Maria, who married Sir Henry Paulet St. John, Bart., of Dogmersfield Park, in Hampshire, and Judith, who survived her father, inherited his estates, and died unmarried in 1795. Both his wife and his daughters are occasionally mentioned in "The Light of Nature," always by way of illustrating some philosophical or moral point under discussion, the wife being invariably referred to as "Euridice," and the daughters as "Serena" and "Sparkle." In the sixth chapter of his first volume, for example, when arguing against Locke that desire is not constantly accompanied with uneasiness, he illustrates his point as follows:—

"I may say with Mr. Dryden, 'Old as I am, for lady's love unfit, the power of beauty I remember yet.' I still bear in mind the days of my courtship, which in the language of all men is called a season of desire; yet, unless I strangely forget myself, it proved to me a season of satisfaction too. But, says Mr. Locke, it is better to marry than to burn, where we may see what it is that chiefly drives men into a conjugal life. This, for aught I know, might be the motive with some men, who, being of an unsociable and undomestic turn, can see nothing good in matrimony, but submit to it as a lesser evil delivering them from a greater. And I can excuse an old bachelor for entertaining so despicable a notion of a state he never experienced the pleasures of himself. Others, it may be, make their engagements too hastily, and then would break them off again through the shame of doing a foolish thing, till the smart of their burnings becomes intolerable, and drives them headlong into the matrimonial net. But this, thanks to my stars, was not my case: my own judgment, upon mature deliberation, and the approbation of my friends, gave leave for desire to take its course. I might feel some scorchings in my youthful days when it would have been imprudent to quench them, and while the object of desire lay at an undiscernible distance: but as the prospect grew nearer, and desire had licence to begin its career, it had no more the fierceness of a furnace, but became a gentle flame, casting forth a pleasing, exhilarating warmth. Perhaps I might meet with some little rubs in the way, that gave me disturbance: if my fair one spoke a civil word to any tall, well-bred young fellow, I might entertain some idle apprehensions lest he should supplant me. When I took a hackney coach to visit her, if we were jammed in between the carts, perhaps I might fret and fume, and utter many an uneasy 'Pish'; but as soon as we got through the stop, though desire abated

not, every shadow of uneasiness fled away. As near as I can remember, during the whole scene, desire, closely attended by satisfaction, directed all my steps, and occupied all my moments: it awaked with me in the morning, and was the last idea swept away by sleep: it invigorated me in business, it heightened my diversions, it gave me life when in company, and entertained me with delightful reflections when alone. Nor did it fail of accompanying me to the altar, where, laying aside its sprightliness and gaiety, as unsuitable to the solemnity of the occasion, it became more calm and decent, exhibiting the prospect of an agreeable companion, who should double the enjoyments and alleviate the troubles of life; who should ease me from the burthen of household cares, and assist me in bringing up a rising family; whose conversation should be a credit to me abroad, and a continual feast to me at home. Nor yet did possession put an end to desire, which found fresh fuel to keep it alive from time to time, in mutual intercourses of kindness and hearty friendship, in communication of interests, counsels and sentiments; and would often feed upon the merest trifles. How often, having picked up some little piece of news abroad, has desire quickened my pace to prattle over it at home! how often, upon hearing of something curious in the shops, have I gone to buy it with more pleasure than the keenest sportsman goes after his game! This desire, leading delight hand in hand, attended us for many years, still retaining its first vigour, although a little altered in shape and complexion; until my other half was torn from me. Then, indeed, desire left me, for it had nothing now to rest upon, and with it fled joy, delight, content, and all those under desires that used to put me upon the common actions of the day; for I could like nothing, find amusement in nothing, and cared for nothing: and in their stead succeeded melancholy, tastelessness, and perpetual restlessness. And though I called in all my philosophy to rescue me from this disconsolate condition, it could not relieve me presently, but had a long struggle before it could get the better of nature."

After his grief at his wife's death had somewhat abated he collected together all the letters that had passed between them at such times as they had been separated from each other, transcribed them twice over, and entitling the little book thus made "The Picture of Artless Love," gave one copy to his late wife's father, and the other, which he retained in his own possession, he frequently read to his two daughters. It is greatly to be regretted that these letters appear to have been either lost or destroyed, as they would undoubtedly have furnished us with many more artless revelations of our

author's own singular mind and character. Tucker then devoted himself to the education of his two girls, being himself their French and Italian tutor, and also instructing them in many branches of "science," above all, says his grandson, being careful to instil into their minds the purest principles of morality, benevolence, and religion. It was one of Tucker's theories that the spirit of emulation and the encouragement of vanity were too much in use in the education of the young. He held that it was possible to cultivate the desire for excellence without the desire of excelling, a nice distinction which everybody cannot be brought to appreciate. At any rate, he says:—

"I found no occasion for it with my Serena and Sparkle: on the contrary I endeavoured sedulously to pick out every seed as fast as sprinkled by any old woman of their acquaintance: and I have the pleasure to find they have made as good proficiency in every little accomplishment I could give them, have as much reputation in the world, and are as well received, even among persons of quality, as I could wish."

Tucker had no turn for politics; and although frequently asked to stand for his county, he always unhesitatingly refused. He was remarkable, says his grandson, for abstinence at table, and passed the time which other country squires passed over their bottle, or bottles, in walking about his estate and getting all the information he could from the practical experience of his tenants. When in London, where he spent some months every year, he usually arranged his walks so as to execute his own commissions; but if there were no business to be done, he would not forego his regular exercise, but took a walk from his house in Great James's Street to St. Paul's or the Bank, just, as he jocularly observed, "to see what it was o'clock." Both in town and country he seems to have led a very retired life, and it was apparently only amongst his relations and a few old college chums that he exhibited his very pretty talent for the socratic method of disputation. His amusements were of the simplest kind, and

when he wanted a little recreation after a morning's hard work at "The Light of Nature," he declared the veriest trifles suited him best, such as "lolling out at a window like Miss Gawkey, to see the wheelbarrow trundle or the butcher's dog carry the tray." At one time he used to play backgammon by himself on Sundays, one hand against the other, because he would not play with anybody else; not that he thought it wrong to do so, but because people might tattle about it, and his example be used to authorise things more mischievous. He was one of Bishop Sherlock's flock, he tells us, whose discourses he heard with much pleasure, and, he hopes, emolument. His religion was of the sober and temperate order, and he was greatly offended at some of the extravagancies of the Methodist revival.

"Selfishness and insensibility to all around us seem to be made the characteristics of high perfection in Religion: our fellow-creatures of a different language, or make, or way of thinking, or sentiment on some speculative point, are not thought worth our concern; but so we ourselves, together with a few of the same orthodox stamp, be safe, the devil take all the world beside, as deserving victims of a divine wrath never to be appeased. For my part, I cannot help being shocked to hear with what calmness the most pious people will talk of the innumerable multitudes that are to perish in everlasting flames; and with what glee the Methodists regale upon the thought that at the day of Judgment the rich and mighty of this world shall be dragged by devils, for Whitefield and his mob of carmen and basket-women to trample underfoot.'

It is obvious that a man of this temperament, circumstanced as he was, would have abundance of leisure, which he would be desirous of turning to some intellectual account; and it occurred to Tucker that, as his thoughts had always tended "towards searching into the foundations and measures of right and wrong," he might as well put into black and white, whether for publication or not, the scheme of a reconciliation between religion and reason which had gradually been taking shape in his mind. Accordingly in 1756, when just over fifty years of age, he began what proved to be a very extensive literary undertaking, for it afforded continuous

occupation for the remaining eighteen years of his life. Whatever may have been the motive which actuated him in so doing, it cannot have been literary ambition, for when, after seven years' labour, he published, by way of specimen, the section on "Free-will," and then, two years after that, the first four volumes of his growing treatise, both books were issued under the pseudonym of "Edward Search"; and it was not until some four years after his death, when the remaining three volumes were published by his daughter, that the real name of their author became known. Neither would the reception of the first four volumes have encouraged a man actuated by literary ambition to devote nine more years to the completion of the work, for they were reviled by the reviewers, neglected by the public, and disparaged by his own friends. The probability seems to be that he wrote primarily to please himself, finding pleasure in putting into shape and order his own abounding thoughts and fancies, and thinking—as, in fact, he acknowledges to have been the case—that by so doing he would clear up some dubious points in his own mind. In his introduction, he incidentally refers to "my reader, if I have one"; but as the work proceeded he seems to have anticipated an audience that would be fit, though few, and that what he modestly called his "rude sketches" might be the cause of some completer and more finished production "which may obtain general currency and do signal service among mankind when Search and his embryo work are clean forgotten." To a certain extent this has happened, for, as Sir Fitzjames Stephen remarked, Paley's "Moral Philosophy" is little more than an adaptation of one limb of Tucker's book. At the same time, and though dealing largely with metaphysics and psychology, Tucker never seems to have had the technical expert in his mind's eye, but to have shaped his arguments and chosen his illustrations so that they might be readily comprehended by—the expression is his own—"the first man you may meet in the street."

As already noted, Tucker had resolutely cut himself off from political society. It is even more remarkable that there is no trace of his ever having come into personal contact with any of the eminent authors who were his contemporaries, hardly even a trace of familiarity with any of their writings. The principal works of Pope, Johnson, Goldsmith, Swift, Defoe, Gray, Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett all appeared during his lifetime; but beyond the occasional quotation of a line from Pope's "Essay on Man" there is throughout the whole of these seven discursive volumes scarcely the remotest reference to contemporary general literature. Neither is there—and this is more curious still—any reference to important contemporary speculative works bearing on the subject of his own inquiries. Butler's "Analogy," Hume's "Treatise," Reid's "Inquiry," and Adam Smith's "Moral Sentiments" all appeared between the time of Tucker's leaving Oxford and the publication of the first four volumes of "The Light of Nature"; but not one of these works is even casually mentioned; and, except for some strictures on Hartley and on Bishop Berkeley, it might be assumed that Tucker had as deliberately eschewed the philosophical and the polite literature of his time as he had its politics. In his concluding chapter he apologises for the style and composition of the work on the ground that, having lived a retired life and conversed mainly with people who had other ways of employing their thoughts, he had been "forced to break through the briars of abstraction" by himself. He says, what the reader would certainly never have suspected, that he was wanting in readiness of thought and expression; but when he confesses that he found great difficulty in digesting his matter, in drawing out the threads of argumentation, and in preventing them from entangling, we may readily believe him. But he never seems to have become wearied or disheartened on his solitary journey. Even if his writings should be of no benefit to anybody else, he declares, they have been of benefit to him, for at the east they have

kept him pleasantly employed for many hours which otherwise might have passed vacant or irksome. When, in 1771, cataract in both eyes made him totally blind, he not only bore the affliction with resignation and cheerfulness, but, by means of a little machine of his own contrivance to guide the hand, managed to write out the concluding chapters of his work with sufficient legibility for them to be readily transcribed by an amanuensis. It is a significant trait of Tucker's character, as Hazlitt well says, that he nowhere makes the slightest allusion to this distressing circumstance. It also says something for his pet theories of education, as well as for the character of the young lady herself, that his daughter Judith not only became his amanuensis and transcribed the whole of his voluminous work for the press, but also learned enough Greek to be able to read to her father, in order that his blindness might not deprive him of the solace of his favourite classical authors. He lived long enough to complete "The Light of Nature," though not to give it the final revision which he had intended. On looking it over, he said, he found the performance fall short of the idea he had had at starting, and perhaps his design required a more expert and masterly hand; but having done his best, he will rest content.

"The women generally end their letters with, 'Excuse mistakes through haste'; and many male authors affect to give you a hint that they could have done better if they had a mind or would have allowed themselves more leisure: but I happen not to be of a humour to desire excuse for mistakes through haste; I had rather the reader should stand satisfied of my care and honest zeal in his service though at the expense of my abilities, and believe where he sees a blemish that I should have done better if I had known how. For of how little importance soever this attempt may prove, it seemed the most important I was qualified to undertake; and I have laid down all along that it is not so much the significancy of the part assigned, as the just and diligent performance of it, that merits a plaudit."

Tucker died in 1774, at the age of sixty-nine; and the three concluding volumes of his treatise were published by his daughter four years afterwards.

ABRAHAM TUCKER

It is by no means easy to give within a moderate compass an intelligible account of Tucker's work. The problem which he seems to have proposed to himself was this: Given such a creature as man in such a world as the present, what can we learn by the light of nature alone concerning our relation to the universe, and what sort of guidance will this light afford us in the practical conduct of life? His answer to the problem occupies no less than 3,951 octavo pages; and as he set out without any very definite plan, worked out every corollary with immense elaboration, repeated himself by discussing the same subjects over and over again in a slightly varying form, and overlaid the whole with such an abundance of illustrative comment that sometimes one cannot see the wood for the trees, it is obvious that we must limit ourselves to one or two characteristic points of the work.

Tucker proclaims himself to be a follower of Locke, although occasionally he ventures to disagree with his master; and he adopts unreservedly Hartley's principle of association, which, however, he renames "translation." All our knowledge, such as it is, is derived from sensation and reflection, whence by "translation" we get our "opinions, assents, and judgments." There are two kinds of judgment: appearance, which is the judgment of sense; and opinion, which is the judgment of understanding; both unfortunately very apt to be wrong! Yet every judgment, while it is our present judgment, "carries the same face of veracity"; and the highest pitch to which assurance ever rises is "when we can form no conception how things can possibly be otherwise than as we apprehend them." It does not follow, however, that we may never depend upon such knowledge as we have, for, as absolute certainty was not made for man, man is so constituted as to do very well without it. Tucker quaintly adds that although he is well enough persuaded that two and two make four, yet if he were to meet with a person of credit, candour, and understanding who should seriously

call it in question, he would give him a hearing. According to Tucker's psychology, we have two "faculties" only, imagination and understanding, the former being the executive power and having for the most part the direction of our conduct, while the latter is a legislative power, serviceable chiefly for putting the suggestions of the other into proper "trains." All human action is determined by motives; and what we call the will does not control our motives, but is, on the contrary, controlled by them. The great dominant motive of human nature is the prospect of what he calls "satisfaction," which, being interpreted, means the obtaining of pleasure or the avoiding of pain. Men always do that "wherein they for the present apprehend the greatest satisfaction." Even when they forego pleasures or endure pains, they do so for the sake of something which they conceive to be more satisfactory. The virtues are described as "habits or turns of sentiment inclining spontaneously to such points of aim or courses of action as sober reason and sound judgment would recommend," and the passions are regarded as only a stronger sort of habits acquired in childhood. Honour, fortitude, temperance, justice, and benevolence are all found to rest on a utilitarian basis; and it is altogether by means of "translation" that the base metal of selfishness has been transmuted into the pure gold of benevolence. The *summum bonum* is declared to be happiness, defined as "the aggregate of satisfactions"; and Tucker does not scruple to recommend the gratification of our desires as "the proper business of life." He is careful to point out, however, that pleasure, in the vulgar acceptation of the word, will not always even please, and that unfortunately our desires often defeat their own purpose, so that their very interest sometimes calls for self-denial; but in itself self-denial is an evil, and its only use is "for inuring us to do the same things we did under it without any self-denial at all." Most people, he points out, have an entirely mistaken notion of pleasure, like the boy who wished to be a

king that he might have an officer appointed to swing him all day long upon a gate. Moreover, the bulk of mankind usually seek after intense pleasures rather than after a continuance of gentler amusements, although nothing is more certain than that "high delights, like high sauces, if they draw no other mischief after them, at least pall the appetite for anything else." A selection of such pleasures, he says, as are valuable for their fruits and appendages, rather than such as delight only in the fruition, most obviously marks the difference between a civilised and a barbarous people, for the pleasures of pure nature, the gratifications of undisciplined appetite, are as intense, or perhaps more so, than those of refinement.

"When a child I have been more highly delighted with a coloured print bought for a halfpenny, with a ballad tune sung by the coarse-piped chambermaid, in reading the dragon of Wautley, in discovering a better way of building houses with cards, than ever I was since with the finest paintings, the sweetest music, the sublimest poetry, or the luckiest thought occurring in the progress of my Chapters: even the heights of Philosophy and effusions of grace, if you regard only the present moment, are not more transporting than the amusements of childhood. Nor do I doubt that the American savages find as strong relish in their lumps of flesh with the skin on, taken from the burning coals, in their contrivances to catch the beavers, in successes against their enemies and seizures of plunder, as we do in our dainties, our elegancies, our arts and accomplishments. And after all, perhaps we have no greater enjoyments among us than those of eating when we are hungry, drinking when we are thirsty, laying down when sleepy, or as the second Solomon has pronounced, than scratching where it itches."

All the passions, affections, aversions, habits, etc., have their seat in the imagination; but this faculty, having no discrimination, invariably catches at the satisfaction of the present moment, and needs perpetual bringing to book by reason. But even reason, although able to look forward to a larger sum of satisfactions, or greater good, is too short-sighted to discern clearly, or make a just computation of, all the consequences of action, and is therefore usually obliged

to take some rule, the product of her former experience or of other people's experience or judgment, for her mark of direction, and her ultimate end is therefore very rarely her ultimate point of view; and even when she has fixed upon her point, whether ultimate or subordinate, it will avail nothing unless she can raise up an appetite or habit to create an immediate satisfaction in the prosecution or an uneasiness in the deviation from it. Man has been wrongly defined as a rational animal, says Tucker; he is only sensitivo-rational. And then, by way of illustrating the action and interaction of these two parts of our constitution, he gives us a peculiarly fine and highly wrought simile, after the manner of Plato. It will be remembered that in Plato's "Phædrus" the form of the soul is compared to a charioteer and a pair of winged steeds, one of which is mortal, the other immortal. The charioteer represents reason, the black horse, an ill-conditioned animal, who will hardly yield to blow or spur, stands for the sensual element in human nature; and the white horse, a noble steed, readily guided by word and admonition only, represents the heaven-aspiring and spiritual element in humanity. But says Tucker:—

"I think the mind may be more commodiously compared to a traveller riding a single horse, wherein Reason is represented by the rider; and Imagination, with all its train of opinions, appetites, and habits, by the beast. Everybody sees that the horse does all the work; he carries his master along every step of the journey, directs the motion of his own legs in walking, trotting, galloping, or stepping over a rote, makes many by-motions, as whisking the flies with his tail, or playing with his bit, all by his own instinct; and if the road lie plain and open, without bugbears to affright him, or rich pasture on either hand to entice him, he will jog on, although the reins were laid upon his neck, or in a well-acquainted road, take the turnings of his own accord. Perhaps sometimes he may prove startish or restive, turning out of the way, or running into a pond to drink, maugre all endeavours to prevent him; but this depends greatly upon the discipline he has been used to. The office of the rider lies in putting his horse into the proper road, and the pace most convenient for the present purpose, guiding and conducting him as he goes along, checking him when too forward, or spurring him when too tardy, being attentive to his motions, never

dropping the whip nor losing the reins, but ready to interpose instantly whenever needful, keeping firm in his seat if the beast behaves unruly, observing what passes in the way, the condition of the ground, and bearings of the country, in order to take directions therefrom for his proceeding. But this is not all he has to do; he must get his tackling in good order, bridle, spurs, and other accoutrements; he must learn to sit well in the saddle, to understand the ways and temper of the beast, get acquainted with the roads, and inure himself by practice to bear long journeys without fatigue or galling; he must provide provender for his horse, and deal it out in proper quantities; for if weak and jadish, or pampered and gamesome, he will not perform the journey well: he must have him well broke, taught all his paces, cured of starting, stumbling, running away, and all skittish or sluggish tricks, trained to answer the bit and be obedient to the word of command. If he can teach him to canter whenever there is a smooth and level turf, and stop where the ground lies rugged, of his own accord, it will contribute to making riding easy and pleasant; he may then enjoy the prospects around, or think of any business, without interruption to his progress. As to the choice of a horse, our rider has no concern with that, he must content himself with such as nature and education have put into his hands; but since the spirit of the beast depends much upon the usage given him, every prudent man will endeavour to proportion that spirit to his own strength and skill in horsemanship; and according as he finds himself a good or a bad rider, will wish to have his horse sober or mettlesome. For strong passions work wonders where there is a stronger force of reason to curb them; but where this is weak, the appetites must be feeble too, or they will lie under no control."

Although the desire of "satisfaction" is the mainspring of all our motives, there are a number of other principles of human conduct and a number of subsidiary motives which require to be taken account of. Most of these motives are of the "translated" kind, *i.e.*, so transformed by association that what was originally only a means to an end has become an end in itself. When we attempt to recollect the inducements of our conduct, he remarks, there commonly occur, instead of them, specious reasons serving to justify it to ourselves or to the world; and he warns us to beware of this jugglery and always make sure of knowing what are our real motives, for only by the study of motives can we come to know ourselves. The foundation of all the virtues is

"moral prudence," a quality which he finds it somewhat hard to define. Considered from one point of view, it is "a disposition of mind to regard distant good equally with present pleasure, estimating both according to their real, not apparent, magnitude, like the skill we have of discerning a grown person twenty yards off to be larger than a child sitting in our lap, though the latter take up more room in our eye." This is declared to be the most durable possession we can have and the very essence of moral wisdom. Benevolence, though generally treated by ethical writers as a branch of justice, might more appropriately, he thinks, be considered as the root from which the other springs; and he proposes to raise it to the rank of a fifth cardinal virtue. The pure gold of benevolence is another thing altogether from the base metal selfishness, out of which it has been "translated."

"Persons deficient in this quality endeavour to run it down, and justify their own narrow views, by alleging that it is only selfishness in a particular form: for if the benevolent man does a good-natured thing, for his own satisfaction that he finds in it, there is self at bottom, for he acts to please himself. 'Where then,' say they, 'is his merit? What is he better than us? He follows constantly what he likes, and so do we: the only difference between us is that we have a different taste of pleasure from him.' To take these objections in order, let us consider that form in many cases is all in all, the essence of things depending thereupon. Fruit, when come to its maturity, or during its state of sap in the tree, or of earthy particles in the ground, is the same substance all along: beef, whether raw or roasted or putrified, is still the same beef, varying only in form: but whoever shall overlook this difference of form will bring grievous disorders upon his stomach: so then there is no absurdity in supposing selfishness may be foul and noisome under one form, but amiable and recommendable under another. But we have no need to make this supposition, as we shall not admit that acts of kindness, how much soever we may follow our own inclination therein, carry any spice of selfishness. Men are led into this mistake by laying too much stress upon etymology: for selfishness being derived from self, they learnedly infer that whatever is done to please one's own inclination, must fall under that appellation, not considering that derivatives do not always retain the full latitude of their roots. Wearing woollen clothes, or eating mutton, does not

make a man sheepish, nor does employing himself now and then in reading make him bookish: so neither is everything selfish that relates to self. If somebody should tell you that such an one was a very selfish person, and, for proof of it, give a long account of his being once catched on horseback by a shower, that he took shelter under a tree, that he alighted, put on his greatcoat, and was wholly busied in muffling himself up, without having a single thought all the while of his wife or children, his friends or his country: would you not take it for a banter? or would you think the person or his behaviour could be called selfish in any propriety of speech? What if a man agreeable and obliging in company should happen to desire another lump of sugar in his tea to please his own palate, would they pronounce him a whit the more selfish upon that account? So that selfishness is not having a regard for oneself, but having no regard for anything else."

His chapter on this subject concludes with an admirable passage, which I must refrain from quoting, in which he reconciles the existence of this disinterested benevolence with his principle of happiness as the ultimate end of action. Supposing, in his humorous way, a wise man to be utterly divested of all desires save that of happiness, and that in his neighbourhood virtues, vices, tastes, and inclinations of every fashion were for sale, like clothes ready-made in the shops, he undertakes to show why such a man would choose to purchase a suit of benevolence as the most convenient for his wearing. Unfortunately, as he admits, these wise people are everywhere in a minority; but if only charity and fellow-feeling could be made the prevailing humour in the world, it would become "as fashionable and engaging to ride as many miles upon a public service as after a stinking fox."

Concerning Tucker's peculiar and eccentric way of illustrating his religious conceptions something will have to be said presently; but of his system of natural religion it is unnecessary to say more than that it is well enough known as Paley's, for it was from "The Light of Nature" that the latter borrowed most of his arguments and illustrations, including even the famous simile of the watch. There was, however, one part of Tucker's treatise of which the unimaginative, hard-headed, and lawyer-like archdeacon

made no use, upon which, indeed, he probably looked down with a mixture of amusement and contempt. Yet it is precisely this part of the work which the modern reader will in all probability find most curious and suggestive, and in which Tucker exhibits himself most unmistakably as a man of original genius. Having shown imagination to be so much our strongest faculty that the convictions of reason can seldom be expected to have much weight or duration until they can be represented in sensible images, he was, of course, only carrying his own psychological principles into practice when, with the object of making the general idea of a continued existence in another world less hard of conception, he proceeded to develop at great length two hypotheses concerning what he called the "vehicular state" and the "mundane soul," and to give in the form of a vision a detailed description, as by an eye-witness, of the life of the soul in a future state. His aim was, he tells us, to represent a future state of being which, from all that we know of the laws of mind and matter, is at least possible, which is certainly innocent of offence, and which, to his mind at any rate, appeared to be a great deal more inviting than the current representations usually offered from the pulpit.

For the purpose of his first hypothesis Tucker assumes that on the death of the body the spirit does not go out naked, but carries away with it a material "vehicle," so small as to be invisible and incapable of affecting the finest balance. He argues that the smallest conceivable particle of matter is capable of containing as great a variety of parts and machinery as the whole human body, and that just as St. Paul's Cathedral, with all its parts complete, might conceivably be reduced to the size of a nutshell, so the human body, without the destruction of any of its component parts or their functions, might be reduced to a size which would be imperceptible even under the strongest microscope; and, in case anybody should be disturbed by the idea of being reduced to what they might perhaps consider so contemptible

a size, he reminds them that the strongest and biggest things on earth are by no means the most favoured by nature.

"A little horse shifts its legs quicker than a tall one; the vulture and the eagle cannot flutter their wings so fast as the sparrow; nor did you ever see a hornet crawl along the table so nimbly as a fly; and little men are generally the quickest in their motions. Imagine a race of giants as big as Hampstead-hill, placed on an earth which, with all its animals, fruits, corn, trees, and vegetables, should be proportionately vast: they might then have the same accommodations as we have, but could not find the same uses and convenience in them, by reason of the tediousness of their motions. Consider how long they must be at dinner; if they sat down at eight in the morning, they would scarce finish their repast by night, having a mile to carry every morsel from their plate to their mouths; when they went to bed, it must take an hour to get upstairs, and after having unbuttoned their coat, they must give their arm a swing of two or three miles round to pull down the sleeve behind; when they talked it would require four or five seconds for their voices to reach one another's ears; and as it may be supposed their mental organs are conformable in size to their bodily, if you asked what's o'clock, it might be necessary to consider half an hour before they could think of the proper answer. In short, they must needs be a slow, solemn, and heavy generation, without any spark of wit or liveliness belonging to them. If one of us were migrated into their enormous hulks, should we not, think ye, wish ardently to get back again into our less than six-foot bodies? And by parity of reason it may be presumed that when delivered from our present cumbersome bodies, if we remember anything of our sensations therein, we shall be as much rejoiced to find ourselves in a body proportionably less and proportionably more alert, wherein we may despatch as much business in a minute as we can now in an hour, and perhaps be able to read through Guicciardini in the time we are now poring over all the nothings in a four-columned newspaper."

But even this infinitesimal human body would not be small enough for Tucker's purpose; and, as he did not agree with Epicurus that nature could not form a reasonable creature except in human shape, he supposed these hypothetical "vehicles" to be made, not in the form of a man or of any other animal, but in the form of a bag; and he imagined them, moreover, to be composed of a substance so flexible and so obedient to the will that, whenever required, it could be made as soft as a feather or as hard as a bone, or formed

into any requisite shape. Even in our present condition, he reminds us, we have only one windpipe to talk, to whine, to rant, or to scold with. If it were necessary to have a different pipe for every articulate sound, our throats must have been made bigger than a chamber organ. And just as we are now able to cast this single pipe into as many various forms as there are tones of voice to be uttered, so in the "vehicular state" the whole of our frame might be similarly constituted. Vehicular souls, he concludes, will be born into the other life as much a blank paper as ever they came into this, and will, therefore, require the care of the old inhabitants of the State to cherish and educate them; but although they will have no actual remembrance of their life on earth, yet, having acuter faculties than ours, they may by application and exercise acquire such a dexterity at inferring causes from their effects as to discover their own pre-existence, trace out all that has happened to them in a former state, be able to tell by the manner wherein new-comers arrive who they are and whence they come, and even to become acquainted with the whole history of mankind.

"By these marks they may find out a wife, a child, a brother, a friend, a neighbour, a compatriot, and (what is more than we could do with our faculty of remembrance) may distinguish their descendants who never came to the birth, or were snatched away from their cradle."

At the same time, although a soul enters the "vehicular state" a mere *tabula rasa*, and although "the spirits of an angel, a politician, a shoe-cleaner, an idiot, a man, or a child, are intrinsically the same," yet every man goes out of this world with a differently modelled "vehicle," not only according as he has been a soldier or a scholar, a merchant or a mechanic, a gentleman or a labourer, but also according to the joys and afflictions, the successes and disappointments, the thoughts and the habits, which have been his throughout this mortal life. The inhabitants of the "vehicular state" form a regular community, and, in addition to their own

present and proper interests, have an interest in all that happens among us in so far as that tends to form characters and abilities which may be wanted for future service among themselves. But their condition is not eternal. The "vehicular" life has stages corresponding to our youth, maturity, and age; and in process of time the spirit, distending and separating the fibres of the "vehicle" by its inevitable expansion, flies off naked and alone. What happens to it then is the subject of the second hypothesis.

Tucker was fond of taking up an old classical notion and remodelling it according to his own fancy. How he dealt with Plato's mythical charioteer has already been seen. He now proceeds to deal in somewhat similar fashion with the old notion of a soul of the world. As expounded in the "Timæus," the idea of a soul of the world was inextricably mixed up with certain Pythagorean abstractions concerning number. But, to put it briefly, the world was conceived to be a living animal, with a soul diffused throughout from centre to circumference. Because this animal was to contain all others, he was made in the form of a sphere. He had neither eyes, nor ears, nor hands, because there was nothing outside of himself to see, hear, or feel; and because, as Plato assures us, that is the most intellectual of motions, he moved in a circle turning within himself, and consequently had no need of legs and feet. At first sight this idea does not seem a very promising one for the modern philosopher, but Tucker adapts it to his purpose with great ingenuity. He asks us to imagine "all space not occupied by matter" to be filled with individual spirits, lying contiguous together, so that "a perception raised in any one of them by some particle of matter would run instantly through them all quicker than fire does among the grains of gunpowder." This constitutes the mundane soul, which, we are told, "is one, no otherwise than as the sea is one, by a similitude and contiguity of parts, being composed of an innumerable host of distinct spirits, as that of aqueous particles." From this sea of spirit

are drawn all the souls needful for the bodies that are born into this world, and the vacant spaces are filled up by the passage into it of fully developed spirits from the "vehicular state." "The parts of the universal soul will serve for organs to each other, conveying perceptions instantaneously from the most distant regions of nature, distributing to every one whatever information it may concern him to receive, for we know of nothing so quick as thought, nor that it takes up any time in its progress." As their knowledge is derived from one common fund, they will all have the same sentiments and rules of conduct. And seeing that our spirits may very well be capable of receiving impressions from twenty senses, though now we are provided with only five and have no more conception of any others than a blind man has of light, the extent of the mundane understanding must not be limited by the narrowness of our own, though there is no reason for us to suppose it infinite. But this god, or animal, or glorified man, which is the world, "will have a full discernment of all his parts, with their combinations, proportions, situations, and uses." The minutest thing will not escape his notice; he will be all intelligence, perfect reason, and unerring judgment; and his activity will be co-extensive with his intelligence. Tucker, in fact, makes the mundane soul a sort of deputy or vice-regent of God, and credits him with the generation and sustentation of the world. The strength of each of these spirits singly, he says, might be very trifling, perhaps scarce able to lift a mote in the sunbeams, yet by their united action they would be able to perform far more stupendous wonders than Milton's archangels. On the disruption of a "vehicle" its inhabitant becomes instantly incorporated into the mundane soul; and in this state there is no infancy, or growth of faculties, or advancement in learning, as there was in the former, but a new-comer at once becomes possessed of all the knowledge and designs of its neighbours, and immediately takes its share in their operations, according to the station wherein it happens to

fall. It is impossible, declares Tucker, to imagine a more intimate "communion of saints" than such a host of happy spirits, acting in concert, carrying on one plan of operations, the act of all seeming the act of every one, and each having a kind of consciousness of what is performed by the whole company. But he feels that his notion may still seem strange and rather hard of realisation by that eighteenth century man in the street whom he had always in his mind's eye; so he proceeds to develop the idea further in the guise of a vision.

After falling asleep one night with his mind full of the foregoing speculations, he thought that something suddenly broke in his head, whereupon his soul separated from his body, and the latter, being whirled away by the motion of the earth at the rate of nine hundred miles a minute, left the former stranded as a helpless infant in another world. For a time he remained totally insensible; then he was roused by a sensation of something brushing against him, and although he seemed to have no limbs, or muscles, or other organs, he determined that he would try to catch hold of whatever it was that continued to pass so nimbly by. Immediately this resolve was formed he seemed to be stretching out a hundred hands in every direction ; but, as these were instantly bombarded by what felt like a shower of hard balls, he incontinently drew the hands in again. He discovered afterwards that these bombarding balls were passing rays of light, but at the moment he knew not what to make of it. However, a little further cogitation suggested that, as he had so readily managed to furnish himself with hands, he might also in similar fashion provide himself with eyes ; and, sure enough, after a trial or two, he found himself able to thrust out a pair of optics with which to reconnoitre his surroundings. He then beheld a kind of sack or bag filled out like a bladder with air, uniform everywhere except that from one place there came out a hand and arm, which were holding him (or rather the similar bag in which he now

perceived himself to be enclosed), and that from another place protruded a longish neck, with a head on it, having a meagre, lank-jawed face, very like the prints he had seen of John Locke.

"It looked upon me steadfastly, with a mild and benign aspect, and the lips moved as in speaking. This made me quite impatient to hear what was said, but I was as deaf as a post: however, having already found myself provided with hands enow, I did not despair of finding plenty of ears too, if I could but tell how to open them. My whole attention and desire being now bent upon hearing, my eyes sunk in directly and left me in the dark, but I heard a confused jumble of whispers, short, broken, and inarticulate at first; yet that did not discourage me, believing I should manage better by degrees, as I had done in the use of my sight. Accordingly, I could soon distinguish my own name repeated, which surprised me agreeably to find I was among friends. 'How's this?' thinks I to myself, 'that the retired Ned Search, scarce known to twenty people in the other world, should be so well known here that the first person he meets accosts him by name! It must certainly be some old acquaintance whose face I have forgotten, departed hither before me. Sure it can never be really John Locke himself, sewn up here in a bag for his sins, for he died before I was born?' After this soliloquy, reflecting that the more haste the less speed, I moderated my impatience, and observing my motions carefully and minutely, it was not long before I formed a complete ear, with drum and everything requisite for the auditory function."

He then learns that his new acquaintance is indeed John Locke, who, having heard that Ned Search, for whom he had a spiritual affinity, was come on a short visit to the "vehicular" world, made it his business to meet him in order to do the honours of the place. The first necessity, of course, is to instruct Search in the use of his faculties. Most of the inhabitants use a "sentient" language, which is carried on by applying their "vehicles" close to one another and raising certain figures and motions on their outsides, which communicate the like to their neighbour, making the one, as it were, feel the other's thoughts; but for the short period of his stay Search is advised to be content with the old vocal language. He fancies that his "bag" must be "big enough to hold two good Winchester bushels of corn without

bursting," but Locke assures him it is so small that thousands like him might creep into a single grain. The little bag, however, has infinite capacities; and, to show him what can be done with it, Locke throws himself into a variety of shapes—becoming first a man, then a horse, an eagle, a dolphin, a serpent, a stream of water, a flame of fire, a Briareus, an Argus—until Search exclaims that the "vehicular state" can never be in want of divertissement if all its inhabitants are such harlequins as that. Locke then explains that they have their imaginations as much under command as their limbs, being able to raise passions and desires of any sort they may find expedient, and to lay these down again at any moment when they are no longer required. On entering the "vehicular state" the soul leaves all its old acquisitions behind, but brings with it a peculiar aptness to make new ones similar to those it possessed before. Their condition is "longevous," but not eternal, for they are "advanced," as they term it, when they have completely purged themselves from every trace of "terrene concretion." Their mode of travelling is rather curious, for Search finds that they put out a couple of legs and get their momentum from the rays of light by a motion very much like that of a Dutchman skating upon ice. They dodge between the rays of light in a serpentine manner, and it is enough to take away the breath even of a modern motorist to hear that in this fashion Search was carried along by Locke "at the rate of forty thousand miles in a minute of Paul's clock." The new-comer inquires after his wife, who has been in that world for seven years, and is informed that he may pay her a visit, though Locke drily remarks that "we seldom meet with husbands so anxious about their wives." She addresses him as "Orphy," and he her as "Riddy," which we presume to be the "vehicular" parlance for Orpheus and Euridice; and they converse about their two daughters, familiarly referred to as "Serena" and "Sparkle," until "Orphy's" feelings overcome him, and he attempts to take "Riddy"

affectionately by the hand, whereupon "that severe, relentless pedagogue, that hard-hearted old batchelor, Locke . . . darted out a brawny arm and mutton fist, with which he catched up the skin of my vehicle, as one catches up a dog by the nape of his neck, and away we flew with incredible swiftness." Immediately after this Locke has occasion to leave him alone for a moment, when he undergoes a very unpleasant experience.

"I felt myself on a sudden seized all over by something hard, rough, and searching, a hundred cords seemed to ring me round, a thousand points stuck into my flesh, and I felt rough teeth grinding upon my skin. Ideas of resentment, cruelty, avarice, injustice, lewdness, debauchery, blasphemy, terror, shame, regret, and despair, poured upon my imagination, and pierced me to the very soul. I found myself tempted to all kinds of wickedness, to snatch the bread from the hungry, tear out the bowels of children, pluck out the eyes of my dearest friends, dash out my own brains against a stone, wallow in all the impurities of a brothel, rebel against the throne of Heaven, and worship the Devil."

He struggled with all his might against these distressing thoughts, and endeavoured to call up every opposite idea, an effort which had some effect; but when Locke returned he was still in a state of great uneasiness and dismay, which was not much alleviated when his mentor pointed out to him the cause of the mischief.

"I looked the way he pointed, and saw a black bottled spider, as big as myself, sprawling and cuffing with his nasty claws against three or four vehicles, who thrust out arms as long again as usual to push him away: however, they managed him pretty easily, and drove him before them to some stellar rays that pointed directly down to earth. 'Pray,' says I, 'what hideous monster is that? The very sight of him, though so far off, makes me shudder, and almost renews the pains I suffered from him.'"

Locke explains that this is one of a set of wretched "vehicles," so encrusted with terrene concretions as to be abandoned to misery and despair, and that his name when on earth was Cæsar Borgia. He appears to have come up on an unwonted visit from the regions of darkness, and

would never have dared to touch Search had he not perceived him to be labouring under some temporary disturbance of mind. This was Search's first experience of the vehicular "sentient" language, for it appears that by applying himself closely on all sides to the other Borgia had been able to inject into him all his own evil sentiments. Locke cures him in a similar manner.

"'Come! flatten your side a little, that we may have as large a contact as possible.' He then applied himself close to my side, and though I could discern nothing distinctly, for want of skill in the language, I felt such a general gleam of piety, sound reason, benevolence, courage, temperance, cheerfulness, quiet and satisfaction, spread over my imagination, as dissipated all my troubles, and restored me perfectly to myself again. 'Thank ye,' says I, 'incomparable master; I find you can assist, instruct, reprove, soothe, and everything, just as is proper. This is an excellent language when spoken by a good orator.'"

Locke next takes his pupil on a visit to Plato, who on learning that his visitor is what Locke describes as "a disconsolate turtle who has lost his mate" gives him a characteristic discourse on the subject of love; and when Plato has finished, the same subject is taken up by Socrates, who cross-examines Search much as he used to do the sophists of ancient Athens. Plato and Locke together then conduct him to Pythagoras, who discourses to him about the sacred Quaternion and the holy Tetragrammaton and other mysteries of the One and of number. After this Search expresses his anxiety to be introduced to some of the Apostles; but learning that they have all been "advanced," he desires to have speech with some of the famous moderns instead. Being new-comers, however, most of these were travelling about, after the fashion of young gentlemen on the earth below, to finish their education.

"Newton is run after the great comet that appeared in 1685, to try the justice of his calculations upon its trajectory. Huygens has undertaken a longer journey, to measure the distance, magnitude, and brightness of the Dog-star. Theory Burnet set out upon a visit to

Jupiter, as being an earth in its antediluvian state. He wants to peep into the great hole astronomers observe there, in hopes of seeing the great abyss beneath, and remarking how the earth stands in the water and out of the water. He then goes to Saturn, to examine whether the ring be not a part of the paradisiacal crust not yet broken in. Whiston is engaged in a wild-goose chase among all the Comets, to find which of them will bring on the conflagration, that he may calculate precisely in what year the Millennium begins, wherein he is to be chief Messenger, Archbishop Metropolitan, and Primate of all the new earth."

Search has, therefore, to be satisfied with visiting some of the small fry, including the famous German professor Stahl, who, being of a heavy and phlegmatic temperament, has not yet learned the use of his vehicular legs, and who treats us to a long discussion of a particularly uninteresting character.

After having thus acquired a general knowledge of the "vehicular state," Search learns that he is to be "advanced"; and, amidst the congratulations of all around him, his "vehicle" bursts, and he is absorbed into the mundane soul.

"As upon a man awaking in the morning out of sleep, the dreams and visions of the night vanish away, his senses, which had been kept stupefied, throw open their windows, his activity, that had lain suspended, returns, he resumes the command of his limbs, recovers his ideas and understanding, and goes on with the schemes and occupations he had begun the day before: so, upon my absorption, I found myself, not translated into another species of creature, but restored to myself again. I had the perfect command of my limbs, and their motions were familiar to me, I had that knowledge and judgment which is the result of experience. My body was immense, yet I could manage it without trouble, my understanding extensive, yet without confusion or perplexity: for the material universe was my body, the several systems my limbs, the subtle fluids my circulating juices, and the face of nature my sensory. In that sensory I discerned all science and wisdom to direct me in the application of my powers, which were vigorous and mighty, extending to every member and fibre of my vast composition. I had no external object to look upon, nor external subject to act upon; yet found an inexhaustible variety to employ my large thoughts, and unwearied activity within myself. I rolled the bulky planets in their courses, and held them down to their orbits by my strong attraction.

I pressed heavy bodies to the earth, squeezed together the particles of metals in firm cohesion, and darted beams of light through the expanse of innumerable heavens. I beheld the affairs of men, discovered all their springs of action, and knew how to set both them and the courses of events so as to guide the wheels of fortune with unerring certainty."

We must not follow Search in his further experiences as a part of the mundane soul, for they occupy twenty pages or more, all recited in a strain of serious and sustained eloquence and incapable of abstract or abridgment. In the end an angel carries him back and replaces him in his "vehicle," whereupon he is promptly informed that day has broken on the earth, and that if he does not speedily return to his body, his family, finding no sensation in it, will probably send for the doctors and surgeons to blister and scarify him all over. Guided by the friendly Locke, therefore, he descends to earth, and passes into his own house through the pores of the tiles and timbers.

"We clomb a high pinnacle that appeared like the Peak of Teneriffe, tapering up to the top, where was a spacious flat big enough for five hundred of us to have danced a Lancashire hornpipe. 'What are we got upon now?' says I.—'The point of a pin,' says he, 'sticking out of your pillow. But look up over your head and all about ye.'—'I used to think,' quoth I, 'the world was round; but this is a square world.'—'It is your bed,' says he, 'the curtains drawn round except one place at the feet.'—'Good lack!' says I, 'what fools mankind are to terrify themselves with notions of ghosts throwing open their curtains and staring at them with saucer eyes! A million of us could not stir those heavy textures, nor reflect corpuscles of light enow to make the apparition of a flea. But what is that huge mountain over against us, with a monstrous gaping chasm on one side, and a great ridge turned this way, from whence issue black streams of fuliginous vapour?'—'That,' says he, 'is your head, mouth, and nose.'—'Surprising,' says I, 'I have lain so many years, like another Enceladus, under that smoking Etna. How could I help being suffocated with that load of filth upon my lungs?'"

He is reluctant to return to so disgusting a habitation, but Locke persuades him; he casts himself into the shape of one of "Lewenhoek's" animalcules, passes through one of the pores

of the head, the vision ends, and anon he awakes in the commonplace workaday world.

The foregoing is a brief and necessarily inadequate summary of Tucker's hypothetical representation of a future life, which is worked out in elaborate detail in something over three hundred pages of his third volume. It is not to be taken as a mere play of humorous fancy. Tucker was a serious and devout thinker, and the intellectual system of the universe which he had worked out for himself in his solitary cogitations was intended to satisfy the moral and religious instincts of a candid and inquiring mind. His method of presentment he expressly states to have been deliberately adopted out of consideration for an infirmity of his compatriots, who are "too squeamish in their taste and fonder of the toothsome than the wholesome." It is on this account, he says, that he has likened the human machine sometimes to a mill, sometimes to a study hung round with bells, sometimes to a chamber organ; that he has produced a chess-board to prove that the sphere of a spirit's presence is wide enough to contain sixty-four particles of matter, computed the corpuscles of light in a grain of wax, introduced Hatchet the carpenter or Mrs. Cook and her plum-pudding into the most metaphysical of his discourses, and brought in a cat to assist in an optical experiment. He has observed that books are usually recommended, not because they are instructive, but because they are entertaining; and he only hopes his readers will not frustrate his good intentions by doing like the children when one sweetens a pill for them, who suck off the sugar and spit out the medicine. Many of his comparisons and illustrations are far from what the reader would expect in a grave metaphysico-theological treatise, and are perhaps all the more effective on account of their unexpectedness. For instance, in his chapter on the Divine Purity he effectually disposes of the extravagance of certain enthusiasts who exhort us literally to have God *always* in our thoughts, and to do *every* action of our lives with

conscious intention to please Him, with the following quaint observation :—

"If every time we shifted, or washed our hands, or cut our corns, or did other things I do not care to name, we were to do them with direct attention to please him, it would be more likely to debase and contaminate than ennoble and sanctify our minds; to degrade him below ourselves, than raise us to a nearer resemblance with him."

And similarly, in his chapter on the Divine Majesty, he thus comments on an objectionable habit some people have of attributing many of the little trivial and insignificant accidents of their lives to the direct interposition of Providence :—

"A grain of dust falling in a man's eye while fighting, may prove his destruction: a few particles of rust upon a firelock, or of damp in the pan, may save a life; a wasp missing his hold in crawling up the sides of a pot, may fall in, to be drank by one whom he shall sting to death; a young lady by a lucky assortment of her ribands, may procure entrance into a family where she shall become the mother of heroes; yet we cannot without impiety imagine God following the single atoms of terrene or aqueous matter as they float about in the air, watching his opportunity to trip up the feet of a crawling insect, or attending a giddy girl when she adjusts her dress at the toilet. We know, both from reason and authority that of two sparrows that are sold for a farthing, not one falleth to the ground without our heavenly Father, and the hairs of our head are all numbered: yet what pious man, if upon combing his head he meets with a tangle that tears off two or three hairs, or if a cat should happen to catch his favourite sparrow, would ascribe these catastrophes to the hand of Providence? Who would not be shocked at the profaneness of one who, upon finding only the tail of a mouse in his trap, or upon losing a flea that he had hunted after, should say it was the Will of God they should escape?"

Sometimes, however, his peculiar humour prompts him to the use of highly eccentric comparisons and illustrations, for which the sugar-coating of a pill is by no means an appropriate simile. In his chapter on Divine Services, for example, he gives a striking example of the fact that, as he himself confesses, many ideas had come by familiarity to lie easy and inoffensive in his mind which had before appeared uncouth and disturbing, and which might still appear so to

other people for in the course of an argument in favour of the appointment of particular times and the appropriation of special places for divine worship, because this cannot as a rule be done with proper piety in all places indiscriminately, he admits that there may be exceptions to the rule, and rather startles the reader by supplying the following extremely unconventional instance:—

"Suppose a man seized with a distemper that will allow nothing to pass through him; he has tried several remedies in vain, and given himself over: if at last he finds them begin to take effect, I conceive he may offer as pure and acceptable a thanksgiving from his close-stool, as he ever did from a hassock in his pew."

After Tucker had gone as far as the unaided light of nature would carry him, his next proceeding was to compare the discoveries so made with the doctrines of revealed religion. But as he succeeds in making the dogmas of the Church of England harmonise with his own system of ethics and natural religion only by a personal and peculiar interpretation, which often comes perilously near to explaining them away, we need not follow him throughout this operation. As might quite naturally be expected from a thinker of his temperament, he calmly propounds not a few heresies of his own. In his chapter on Redemption, after pointing out how many children there are in the midst of Christendom who never arrive at an age to understand the religion of their country, how many grown persons there are bred up in such ignorance that they can never attain to a just notion of it, how many there are who have rejected it—and small blame to them—because of its having been presented to them by ignorant fanatics in a corrupt and unacceptable form, he goes on to assert with quiet dogmatism that, if Christ died for all men, all these, having had no real opportunity of embracing the gracious offer, "must" be afforded it "elsewhere." He could not bring himself to believe in the eternity of future punishment, and held that doctrine not only to have no foundation in human

reason, but to be unwarranted by Scripture; and he was much more favourably disposed towards the Roman Catholic idea of purgatory. He could see "no difference between a true member of Christ and a good citizen of the world other than their method of attaining those characters"; and he held that if we could not make a man a good Christian we should try to make him a good Heathen, or a good Jew, or a good Freethinker. All which undoubtedly shows sound common-sense and abundant charity, but is several removes from the strict orthodoxy either of his eighteenth or of our twentieth century. Tucker punctiliously attended the services of the Church both in London and in his country village, but one suspects he would often have liked the parson to come down from the pulpit and let him preach the sermon. This being out of the question, however, he would go home and write a counterblast to what he had heard, in the following fashion:—

"Neither can anybody tell precisely of what kind the enjoyments of another life shall consist. But those who go about to paint them by figurative representations seem not always to have chosen such as are proper to strike upon the imagination. They tell us the righteous shall live exempt from all pain, labour, hardship, oppression, infirmity, or disappointment, and all tears shall be wiped from their eyes. So far it is well: but this is only a negative happiness, such as may be found in annihilation: but what actual enjoyment are they to have? Why, they shall sing psalms all day long and every day. This may be vast pleasure, for aught I know, to a mind rightly tuned, but as our minds are strung at present, I believe there is scarce anybody who would not be tired of singing psalms before half the day was out, or after having sung out the whole week, would have much stomach to sing again on Sunday.

"But then they shall sit in white robes, with crowns on their heads, and all be kings. This may weigh much with such as are fond of fine clothes, and would be prodigiously delighted to hear themselves called 'Your Majesty.' But if we are all to be kings, where are your subjects? Oh! the toils of government would be troublesome, but we shall be called to the bench to sit as assessors in judging the wicked, and triumph over all our enemies. This may have charms with the Methodists, and others of an ill-natured religion: but for my part, I should esteem the condemnation of malefactors a burden rather than an amusement: I never sign a mittimus to the house of correction, but had much rather

it were done by somebody else; and if I had any enemies, I think I should not wish to insult and triumph over them, or if I did take vengeance upon them, should do it as a matter of necessity, not of gratification. Besides, all this will furnish employment only for the day of judgment: when that day is ended, there will be nothing further to do.

"Well, but their enjoyment of the beatific vision will not cease. I can imagine there may be an extreme delight in the full and clear display of the Divine Attributes, particularly that of goodness: for I have experienced a proportionate degree of satisfaction in the contemplation, so far as I have been able to comprehend them. But this is only in my retirements, when I can bring my thoughts to a proper pitch by long and careful meditation: when I go abroad into the world upon my common transactions, I do not find this idea attend me in full vigour and complexion; and believe those who want incitements most will be scarce feebly touched with the hope of seeing God as he is. Besides, as I have powers of action as well as of reflection, I cannot readily conceive that in a state of bliss one of them should remain useless, nor how enjoyment can be complete which rests in speculation alone. In short, all propounded to us in the common harangues on this subject seems to be no more than an Epicurean heaven, a monastic happiness, an undisturbed pious idleness.

"But give me for my incitements, a life of activity and business; a constant succession of purposes worthy a reasonable creature's pursuit; unwearied vigour of mind; instruments obedient to command; exemption from passion, which might lead me astray; unsatiating desires of the noble and generous kind; clearness of judgment to secure me against mistake or disappointment; company of persons ready to assist me with their lights and their helping hand, so that we may join together with perfect harmony in that best of services, the exercise of universal charity, in administering the laws of God and executing his commands. And if I have therewith a largeness of understanding, these occupations need not hinder but that, while busied in them, I may feast upon the contemplation of whatever glorious objects shall be afforded me, either in the works of nature or the Author and Contriver of them.

"Some Religions propound rewards alluring enough to human sense. A Mahometan paradise may suit very well with Asiatic luxury: but then such incitements are worse than none, as being mischievous to practice. For as one is naturally inclined to inure oneself to the way of living one expects to follow, they are better calculated to lead into the road of destruction than of happiness. Nor are our modern enthusiasts less blameable in flattering their mob with the privilege of insulting and ill-using their betters: for of the two, a man is not drawn so far aside from the spirit of piety by the thought of possessing a seraglio of beautiful wenches, as of having a Lord or a Bishop bound hand and foot for him to kick and cuff about as he pleases."

Tucker saw clearly enough a century and a half ago what is now only slowly percolating from anthropology into theology, viz., that we are all idolaters, and that man makes God in his own image. He saw, too, not only that the process is inevitable, but that it may be beneficial instead of harmful, provided that we keep our eidolon clear of all avoidable grossness and impurity. After his manner, he illustrates from his own personal experience:—

"I can just remember when the women first taught me to say my prayers. I used to have the idea of a venerable old man, of a composed, benign countenance, with his own hair" [gentlemen in those days wore wigs], "clad in a morning gown of a grave-coloured flowered damask, sitting in an elbow chair. I am not disturbed at the grossness of my infant theology, it being the best I could then entertain: for I was then much about as wise as Epicurus, having no conception of sense or authority possible out of a human form. And perhaps the time will come when, if I can look back upon my present thoughts, I may find the most elevated of them as unworthy of their object as I now think the old man in the elbow chair."

Even in our day we sometimes hear people talk as though they imagined not only the whole round world and all that therein is, but even the whole universe, to have been made for man. Tucker points out the enormous wastefulness and extravagance implied in any such supposition, and argues that Providence has evidently much else to take care of in addition to ourselves.

"Man has no further concern with this earth than a few fathom under his feet: was then the whole solid globe beneath made only for a foundation to support the slender shell he treads upon? Do the magnetic effluvia course incessantly over land and sea, only to turn here and there a mariner's compass? Are those immense bodies the fixed stars hung up for nothing but to twinkle in our eyes by night, or find employment for a few astronomers? Is that prodigious effusion of light darted every way throughout the expanse of heaven for no other purpose than to enlighten and cherish two or three little planets? Does the vast profundity of space contain no more inhabitants than we see crawling about us, or may conjecture abiding on other earths like ours? Surely he must have an overweening conceit of man's importance, who can imagine this stupendous frame of the Universe fabricated for him alone: and he must be too partial an admirer of visible nature, or

entertain too mean an opinion of infinite wisdom, that can persuade himself things could not have been contrived better for the accommodation and happiness of man, had that been the sole object of Divine attention."

Man is in the habit of thinking that, at any rate, all the living creatures he sees around him were made for his special use and benefit; but, says our humorous philosopher, it might as well be said that he was made for the special use and benefit of other creatures. Not only does he employ his reason and his care to provide for such animals as are obviously subservient to his uses—the sheep and oxen for which he finds pasture, the horse which receives provender and tendance at his hands, the mastiff and the spaniel which earn their wages in his service—but predatory birds eat the grain he sows, predatory mice share in the provisions for his table, the parasitic flea and gnat regale on his blood, the harvest-bug burrows in his flesh, and his carcase breeds and nourishes the worm and the maggot. He is also in the habit of thinking that his "Godlike" intellect is capable of solving the riddle of the universe, yet his conception of it may be as imperfect as is entertained by the meanest of these. Tucker occasionally amused himself in a vacant hour, he tells us, with imagining what ideas the brute creation would entertain of our transactions supposing them to be endowed with understanding and reflection similar to ours. As they have little intercourse with us and no means of acquiring information from our speech or writings, it appears that they could have no conception of our politics, commerce, mechanics, mathematics, rhetoric, fashion, and other methods of employing our time, and would consequently find our proceedings for the most part quite unaccountable. A lively story is then introduced to show by implication that a like incapacity hampers man in his cosmical speculations:—

"I have heard a story of some very valuable jewel or piece of plate in a house having been lost in such a manner as to make it certain some

of the family had taken it, but no suspicion could be fastened upon any particular person, for they all denied any knowledge of the matter. The vicar was called in to examine them, but being able to get nothing out by his interrogatories, he engaged to discover the thief by art magic: for he had a cock among his poultry of wonderful sagacity, that being rightly prepared and situated, would know the touch of a light-fingered person in the dark; so he fetched the cock, tied down upon a nest of hay in a basket, which was placed at the further end of a darkened room; the servants were ordered to go in one by one and stroke the back of the cock, who upon feeling the delinquent would instantly crow. They went in each of them alone and returned, but still the cock did not crow. Our conjuror seemed surprised, for he said he never knew the cock fail before, and surely they had not all touched him. Yes, indeed, and indeed, they had. 'Pray,' says he, 'let's see your hands.' Upon turning them up, the palms of all except one were found as black as the chimney-stock, for he had besmeared the cock's back with grease and lampblack, of which those who were conscious of their innocence had taken a strong impression by giving a hearty rub, but the guilty person, though having no great faith in the cock's virtue, yet not knowing what tricks your learned man may play, thought it safest not to venture, especially as his word must be taken, there being no witness in the room with him to see how he behaved.

"Now imagine the parson's poultry possessing as large a share of the rational faculty as you please, they will never be able to account for these ceremonies undergone by the cock: but when he got home to relate his adventures, if there were any free-thinking cockerills in the henroost, they would treat it as an idle, incredible tale; for there would be no use nor purpose in daubing his back, tying him in a basket, shutting him up in a dark room, and sending so many different people to rub him over. 'Certainly,' they say, 'our daddy begins to doat, and vents his dreams for real facts; or else has been perching carelessly upon the edge of a tub until he fell backwards into some filthy stuff within it, and now would impose this invention upon the credulous vulgar among the chicken kind, to set us a pecking away the grease from his feathers, in hopes we shall foul our bills or spoil our stomachs so that we cannot eat, and then he will have all our barley to himself.'"

Tucker's benevolent disposition showed itself strongly in his love of animals, whom he called "our younger brethren of the brutal species." Those who had no feelings of tenderness and humanity for animals, he held, must necessarily be of a hard and callous nature, inhuman and indifferent to the distresses of their own species. He objected

to men calling themselves the lords of creation, at any rate whenever the phrase seemed to imply that the lords looked down with contempt upon all inferior animals and would think it a disparagement of their own dignity to suppose that the others might ever be raised to their level. It was both orthodox and fashionable, he admitted (and it is so still), to believe that death means annihilation to the brutes, and that they were created solely for man's uses, or *mis*uses, without the least regard to any benefit or pleasure their existence might produce to themselves. But when anybody told him it was ridiculous and inconceivable that such an abject condition could be the prelude to a more exalted state, he would ask whether the condition of some of us, who so confidently expect to become angels, is not almost as abject, whether a human infant when it lies sleeping, squalling, or spewing in its cradle has much more sense and intelligence than a puppy, and whether many thousands of our species do not pass out of this world without ever attaining a much greater degree of intellectual or spiritual dignity. In the chapter headed "Divine Economy," in the sixth volume of his treatise, there is a passage on this subject, which is so interesting in itself and so characteristic of the writer that, notwithstanding its length, it must be transcribed verbatim :—

"Upon occasion of the divine care extending to the smallest things, I shall venture to put in a word on behalf of our younger brethren of the brute species: yet it is with fear and trepidation, lest I should offend the delicacy of our imperial race, who may think it treason against their high pre-eminence and dignity to raise a doubt of their engrossing the sole care of Heaven. I shall not allege that Nature has provided the animals with accommodations for breeding, for harbouring, for feeding; because it will be said these were given for our sakes, to fit them for our services. But let it be considered that by these very services they become remotely instrumental to our salvation: for how could the Divine or the Philosopher perform the part allotted him in carrying on that great work, without the sustenance, the clothing, the other conveniences, he draws from the irrational tribes? or at least if he could, it is a fact that he does not, and therefore something is owing to them

for the help they give him in his principal concern. Besides, it has been shown in the foregoing pages that the plan of Providence for perfecting human nature does not stand confined to the operations of Religion and Philosophy, for the polity of nations, the characters and transactions of the people, have their share in the work: and the commerce, manufactures, and employments influencing these things, derive many of their materials and receive much of their assistance from the inferior creatures.

"Then for the orthodox, with whom I am likely to have somewhat more difficulty upon this subject than with the reasoner, I beg them to consider that many lambs, goats, and doves, have by express command of God been slaughtered for atonements and sacrifices, and made subservient to the uses of Religion. Since then, as well by his special injunction as by his ordinary providence, he calls upon the creatures for their labours, their sufferings, and their lives, in the progress of his great work of the Redemption, why should we think it an impeachment of his Equity if he assigns them wages for all they undergo in this important service? or an impeachment of his Power and of his Wisdom if such wages accrue to them by certain stated laws of universal Nature running through both Worlds?

"In what manner the compensation is operated would be needless and impossible to ascertain: perhaps they stand only one stage below us in the journey through matter, and as we hope to rise from sensitivo-rational creatures to purely rational, so they may be advanced to sensitivo-rational. And when our nature is perfected, we may be employed to act as guardian angels for assisting them in the improvement of their new faculties, becoming lords and not tyrants of our new world, and exercising government by employing our superior skill and power for the benefit of the governed: by which way may be comprehended how they may have an interest of their own in everything relative to the forwarding our Redemption. Yet it is not necessary they must have bodies shaped, limbed, and sized, exactly like ours; for the treasures of wisdom are not so scanty as that we should pronounce with Epicurus, there can be no spice of reason or reflection except in a human figure, and upon the surface of an Earth circumstanced just like this we inhabit.

"No doubt it will appear a wild and absurd imagination to fancy that a dog can ever be made to think and reason like a man, and so indeed it may be while you take your idea of the creature from his hairy hide, his long tail, his lolling tongue, and gross organs of sense; but it is as absurd to suppose you can ever teach a sucking child the mathematics, yet the child may grow to be a man, and then become capable of the sciences. Nor is it easy to conceive how a man, while consisting of an unwieldy body, with a variety of discordant humours circulating therein, can become purely rational, perfectly happy, secure from all dangers,

proof against all temptations; yet we hope that man shall one day rise to the condition of an Angel: then by Man must not be understood his whole composition, but some internal part, which when disjoined from the rest, will still continue to be him: and how know we what internal part may belong to other animals, capable of higher faculties than they now can exercise? When the caterpillar changes into a butterfly, we easily apprehend it to be the same creature, with larger powers than it had before, and if we knew the worm had passed its time in uneasiness, but the fly in a greater degree of pleasure, we should acknowledge the enjoyments of the one a compensation for the troubles of the other, both being numerically the same.

"But when the butterfly dies, we see no chrysalis left behind, yet we are not to think everything absolutely lost that is gone beyond the reach of our senses: there may still remain an imperceptible chrysalis, from whence will issue another fly with powers superior to the former; and while the same perceptive individual passes through all these changes, it will continue the same creature, notwithstanding ever so many alterations in the external form and substance. If you grant but that a dog feels me when I pinch him by the tail, this is enough to prove that he has a personality, and that what feels the pinch is an individual; for perceptivity cannot belong to a compound, any otherwise than as the other component parts may serve for channels of conveyance to some one which receives the conveyance entire; and in whatever different compounds this individual resides, they are successively the same percipient. Nor is the case otherwise with ourselves: for, as has been already observed in the chapter on the Trinity, personality and identity belong properly to Spirit; Matter has none of its own, but assumes a borrowed personality from the particular Spirit whereto it happens to stand united.

"We all apprehend ourselves continuing the same persons from the cradle to the grave, notwithstanding that many believe all the corporeal particles belonging to us change every seven years; because the same percipient abiding with us throughout makes every fresh set of them become a part of ourselves for the time, while adhering to us, and serving for our uses. And the personal identity currently believed to continue through life in the brutes, rests upon the same bottom with our own: every child who reads the fable of the Old Lion buffeted about by the beasts in revenge for the tyrannies he had exercised over them in his youth, acknowledges he deserved the punishment. But punishment is not ordinarily esteemed just unless inflicted upon the very party offending; therefore the whelp, the young, and the decrepit Lion is conceived all along the same identical creature: but this identity must depend upon the feeling part, for the corporeal composition may be supposed to fluctuate and change as ours does.

"We have no knowledge of other percipients unless by means of

their appearance and discernible actions, therefore cannot know what other powers they might not exert if they had other instruments to serve them: we are ready enough to think that if we had as good a nose as the hound, we could distinguish scents as well as he; or if we had the wings and piercing optics of the vulture, we could soar aloft, and discern objects as far: what then should hinder but if those creatures had our nice texture of brain, they might make as good use of it as we do? or what evidence is there in experience or reason to prove that every perceptive individual is not capable of receiving whatever perceptions any organisation, vitally united thereto, is capable of conveying? Our physiological science does not extend to the laws of Universal Nature governing the worlds unseen, we must take our conceptions of them from our ideas of the divine Attributes; and the boundless Goodness of God is no slight evidence to persuade us that his Mercy spreads over all his perceptive creatures to whom he has given an individuality, rendering them imperishable, and that he has provided laws among his second causes which will raise them gradually from a more abject condition to higher faculties and higher degrees of enjoyment. From whence it seems probable there is a general interest of animals, comprehending that of all other species together with the human.

"I shall not scruple to own that, however this point be determined, it will make no difference in our treatment of the animals; therefore the generality of mankind, to whom it can be of no benefit for their direction in the conduct of life, are welcome to reject it with ridicule and exclamation at the strangeness of the thought; but for such as like to handle the Telescope, to attempt excursions into the boundless regions of Universal Nature, and can find a use in speculation for warming and enlarging their hearts, it may prove not unavailing. For my own part, I place my hopes, not so much in any supposed pre-eminence of my present nature, nor merits of my person, as in the riches of the divine Bounty: and the farther I can persuade myself that Bounty extends, the higher rise my hopes. My principal solicitude is for the fate of the human species, because being one of the number composing it; but if that be secured, if God design me an elder brother's portion, I care not how many of our younger brethren be destined to receive the like: for I have so high an opinion of his inexhaustible treasures, as to lie under no apprehension lest he should be forced to abate from my share in order to make up for theirs. Besides that a good-natured man, who knows what slaughters and hard services the animals are put to for our necessary uses, in some whereof he is forced himself to give a reluctant hand, will feel a satisfaction in having room to imagine their interests so connected with ours, that whatever advances the one must advance the other, and all they do or suffer for our benefit will in the long run redound to their own."

The attempt to give, within a small compass and by practicable quotation, any adequate idea of Tucker's method and style is scarcely more satisfactory than bringing a bucket of water to represent the ocean, or than producing a few sprigs of fern by way of enabling a Londoner to appreciate the scenery of the New Forest. In fact, Tucker's treatise might well be likened to an extensive metaphysical forest, traversed, indeed, by certain high-roads, along which the author knows his way well enough, but which he seldom keeps to for any length of time, having a strong propensity for conducting his reader into alluring by-paths on the one side or the other, and not infrequently bringing him round to see some favourite prospect again and again from a different point of view. At the same time, just as in a walk in the forest, it is these interesting, and sometimes only apparently irrelevant, digressions which are most instructive, while they undoubtedly constitute no inconsiderable part both of the forest's and of the author's charm. Although occasionally attracted by highly imaginative, and what to many may seem even extremely fantastical, speculations, he never loses his grip on the realities of life; and notwithstanding our excursions into various hypothetical states of being, we are always brought back to this world,

> "Which is the world of all of us, and where
> We find our happiness, or not at all."

He is essentially a moralist, and discourses eloquently in praise of honour, rectitude, prudence, fortitude, temperance, justice, and benevolence; and yet, without subscribing altogether to Mandeville's doctrine that private vices are public benefits, he sees that, in such a world as the present, it is certainly sometimes highly convenient that many persons are possessed of qualities the reverse of virtuous. It is undeniable, he says, that much good springs from evil, and that "vices serve like rotten dung to force up those exotic plants the virtues in us."

"How should we man our fleets or recruit our armies, if there were no such thing as idleness, extravagance, and debauchery in the kingdom? I believe few, even among the poorest, ever breed up their children to those services, so that if none were to be taken into them who did not enter out of prudence or deliberate choice, I fear the little state of Genoa might be able to overrun us. The parents wish their lads to get a safe and honest livelihood upon the land by their labour, or to learn some manual trade for a subsistence: but when a young fellow is good for nothing else, or becomes involved in debt, or hampered in some dangerous amour, then away he goes to make food for powder, or a sop in the briny broth of Ocean. And when commenced warrior, he becomes serviceable more by his imperfections than by his good qualities: the watchings and fastings, the wants, distresses, bangs and bruises he has brought upon himself by his irregularities, inure him to a hardiness that nothing can hurt; his averseness to forethought, and the habit of singing 'Hang sorrow, cast away care,' render him intrepid because blind to danger, insensibility proving a succedaneum in the place of fortitude; that hardest of virtues to be acquired by contemplation and reasoning, the last learned by the Divine or the Philosopher."

A sensible man who wants shoes, he declares, will resort to a clever workman, whatever his morals may be, rather than to one who, though scrupulously honest and deeply devout, is a bungler at his trade; and were all our artisans to barter their knowledge and dexterity for a proportionate degree of virtue, the world would suffer greatly by the exchange.

"We speculative people are apt to persuade ourselves it would be a happy world if all men were good, and I must own myself still in that persuasion, provided you allow us our own definition of good men: that is, such in whom reason is so absolute, and the spirit of rectitude so strong, as to overpower all indolence, appetite, terror, and pain, with the same ease as a violent fit of revenge, or love, or jealousy, or ambition, or covetousness can do; which will enable men to bear any toils or hurts in the prosecution of their purpose, without feeling them. But if we must be fetched down from our visionary ideas, and confined to such good men as can be found upon the earth, I much question whether matters would be mended if all others could be brought to resemble them. . . .

"For Providence has so ordered the courses of sublunary affairs, that wickedness, impulse, and folly are made instrumental to wise and gracious purposes, and one vice is employed to correct the poisonous qualities, and prevent the mischievous effects, of another, so that none can be spared unless all are cured; which we must not expect to see

done before the coming of the Kingdom of the just, wherein, to speak in Scripture language, we hope to be born again, and become new creatures."

According to Tucker's philosophy, the gratification of our own desires is the proper business of life; and selfishness consists, not in having a regard for oneself, but in having no regard for anybody else; and yet "life seems to be given, not for the benefit of the individual, but for some service done therein to the whole," for "we were neither born nor talented for ourselves alone: we are citizens of the universe." We all benefit to some extent by whatever any one of us does to increase the general stock of happiness. Though our persons be single and our efforts small, nobody can say what multitudes they may not affect for good or for evil. A little negligence in placing a candle may produce a fire that shall burn down a whole town; and although Noah built his ark to save only a small family of eight persons, "in so doing he saved all the generations of men that have since overspread the earth." By doing good to another a man does good to himself; by hurting another he hurts himself; and not only so, but by doing good to a number of others a man earns more good for himself than he could possibly do by working for his own interest alone. Tucker enforces this doctrine by a quaint allegory of what he calls the "Bank of Heaven":—

"Since the allegory of books has been employed by the best authorities, we may consider the provisions of Heaven as an universal bank, wherein accounts are regularly kept, and every man debited or credited for the least farthing he takes out or brings in. All the good we procure to another, the labour and self-denial we go through prudently, and evil we suffer unavoidably, are written down as articles in our favour; all the evil we do, the fond indulgences we give in to, or good we receive, entered per contra as so much drawn out of our cash. Perhaps something may be taken out for the public services, but then we have the benefit of this in the public conveniences and protection whereof we partake; but the remainder lies placed to each private account for answering our calls or supplying our occasions.

"And this is a better bank than that of England to keep our current

cash; I shall not say for its greater security, because the monied men of this and foreign nations think the other secure enough; but the Bank of England give no interest upon their notes, whereas the Bank of the Universe improve what we have lying there to immense advantage, far beyond what could be made in script by any Jew or clerk in the secretary office let into secrets; and the application to our several occasions lies under wiser management than our own. If I have an account with the Bank of England, and should take it into my head, because other folks are fond of the like, to throw away a large sum in punch and ale for gaining me the huzzas of a drunken mob, and procuring me an opportunity of serving my country which I want abilities to use; or to buy a horse of noble lineage, descended from Turkish or Barbarian ancestors, to run at Newmarket: upon applying to the cashier in Threadneedle Street for a thousand pounds, he will instantly order payment without asking questions: though I may want the money grievously next year to make up a portion for my Serena or my Sparkler. Or should I chance on some distant journey to be reduced low in pocket, if I have no checked paper along with me, I cannot draw for a single sixpence to buy me a little bread and cheese.

"But the directors of the bank above have constant intelligence from all parts of the universe, and their runners traversing to and fro among their customers: so that whatever I have belonging to me there, if I call for a sum to squander away upon some vice or folly, though I beg and pray never so hard, the cashier will not issue me a farthing, because he knows it had better be kept in reserve for more necessary occasions. But if I chance to fall into distress in any disconsolate spot of nature, where a supply would do me real service, though I should not see the danger of my situation, nor have sent advice with the needful per post, I shall have the runner angel privately slip the proper sum into my hand at a time when I least expect it. So we have no need to trouble ourselves about the improvement of our money there, or the laying it out for any particular uses: it is our business to use all our judgment and industry and vigilance for throwing as much as we can continually into bank. Yet this does not hinder us from taking present enjoyments from time to time, where innocent, and lying properly within our reach; for though this be a lessening of our future demands, yet the future were of no avail if it were never to be present; nor is money good for anything but to be spent, provided it be spent prudently, and no more given for things than they are worth.

"Nor have we concern only with the articles of our own account, but with those likewise of other persons; from whence we may receive a pleasure not to be found in the ordinary course of worldly commerce. If on attending at the earthly accountant office, the eye, while the clerks turn over the leaves of their books, happens to catch upon some body else's balance, which appears ten times larger than our own, one

may be mortified to find oneself so inconsiderable in point of riches, compared with him.

"But in the accounts of Providence, a like discovery would prove no such mortification: for, we dealing all in partnership, the profits whereof are to be made equal to each in some shape or other in some part of our period, whatever virtues, talents, or successes we see elsewhere, adding more largely to the common stock than we can do ourselves, must become matter of rejoicing rather than vexation. Because the rule of equality insures to us that we shall either immediately partake of the fruits gathered therefrom, or at some future time be instated in a branch of trade we see to be more profitable than that now under our management."

There is a great deal more in Tucker's seven volumes, both in the way of acute thinking and humorous illustration, which the reader who likes these samples may be left to find out for himself, if perchance he can light upon a copy of the work. Some of the chapters on subsidiary subjects—on habit, on custom and fashion, on vanity, on education—are admirable for sound common sense, original views, and effective handling; and throughout the treatise we are occasionally interested and surprised by an almost prophetic anticipation of modern ideas. Tucker's mind seems to have been of that kind which, although it makes no discoveries in science and creates no era in speculation, is yet so constituted as to have foregleams of the road along which future scientific and philosophical thought will travel. He provided Paley with a scheme of natural theology and moral philosophy, on which several generations of our youths have been nourished. He anticipated a good deal of the utilitarian doctrine which we associate with the names of Mill and Bentham; and if he did not quite invent the famous formula of the Utilitarian school, he at any rate came very near it in his persistent advocacy of an endeavour after "that general happiness wherein we shall always find our own contained." He was the first to draw attention to those curious mental phenomena which have since been named "unconscious cerebration"; and he expressly advocated that very recent development of psychology, the scientific study

of the child-mind. A century before Pasteur he held the belief that all our diseases may proceed from "an imperceptible vermin swarming within us," and some of his ideas about the constitution and divisibility of matter bear a curious resemblance to what we have been hearing lately about electrons and radio-activity. It would be too much to assert that he had an anticipation of Darwin's doctrine of the origin of species, though he did say that perhaps nature originally made us to go on all fours, and that we have ourselves laboriously acquired the erect posture; and when he declares that the common worm, perhaps, "assists the ploughman to fructify the earth by turning it continually, . . . so that we may be beholden to him in part for our daily bread and owe him more thanks than anger for defiling the turf in our gardens," he most distinctly anticipates the interesting theory of the action of earth-worms to which Darwin devoted a volume a century or more afterwards. We may imagine with what delight the author of the hypothesis of the "vehicular state" would have learned, as we have learned recently on the highest scientific authority, that when the atoms of oxygen unite with the atoms of hydrogen they rush into one another's embraces as if they were animated beings, which, indeed, Haeckel declares they are; and what play he would have made with Herbert Spencer's "physiological units," with Weismann's "biphors," and "ids," and "idents," and the whole theory of the germ-plasm, or with the modern scientific statement that fifty million atoms of average size if laid end to end, would measure only about one inch in length, while, according to Sir Oliver Lodge, an "electron" could roam about in one of these inconceivably minute atoms like a mouse in a cathedral.

But it is as a practical moralist and a metaphysical humourist that Tucker most conspicuously shines. With no illusions about human nature, knowing most men to be "so unreasonable that they expect to buy understanding and sentiments, as they do clothes, ready-made at a shop," and

finding plenty of voluptuaries in devotion as well as in eating, who, as he slily observes, would find "a sip of Davy's elixir, in the morning rising, a powerful means of grace," his temper is yet so truly equitable that he would not only do as he would be done by, but think as he would be thought by. And throughout the whole of his work he shows himself to be a friend and hearty well-wisher to all, whose main object is the inculcation of universal charity and unreserved benevolence. It is impossible to read through "The Light of Nature Pursued" without conceiving a hearty admiration for the honest, candid, simple, religious, yet shrewd and humorous character of its author; and any reader who has accomplished that rather long-drawn-out but nevertheless delightful task will probably echo Hazlitt's remark that he had never come across anything in the shape of a metaphysical treatise which contained so much good sense so agreeably expressed.

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